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OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

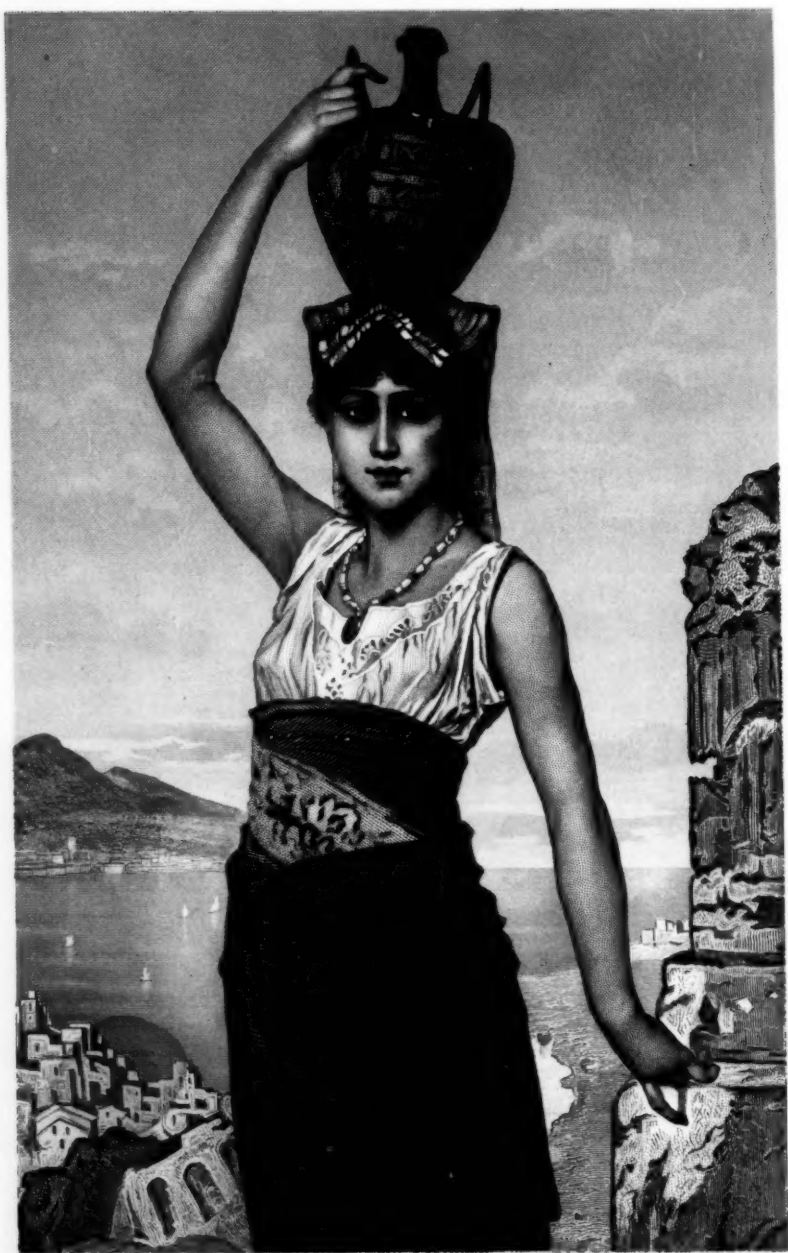
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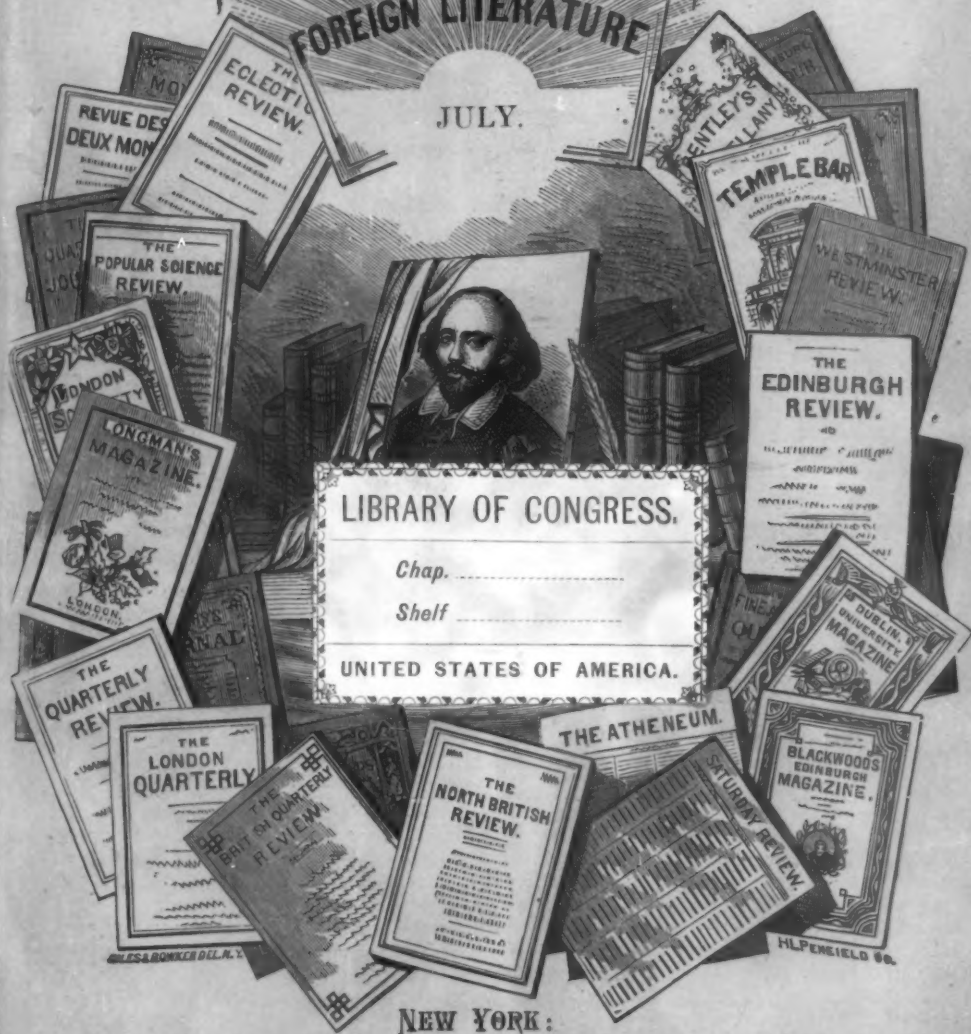
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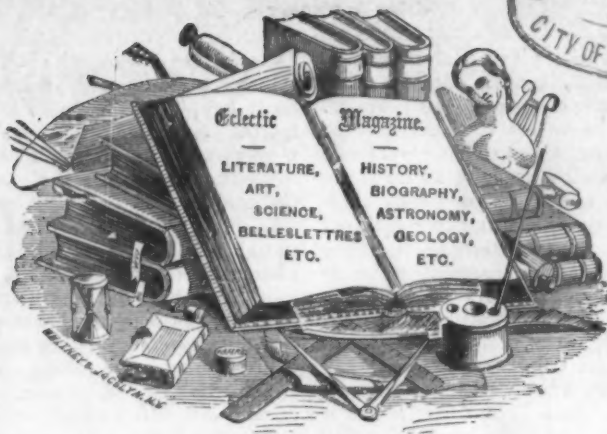
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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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plete in 63 vols.

GORDON.

I.—HOW WE LOST GORDON.

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS, WAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" IN THE SOUDAN.

MILITARY history cannot be properly written over military telegraph wires. Considerations military, political, and personal alike forbid it. Besides, promptness is of the essence of correspondents' work in the field, and promptness is seldom compatible with completeness. Of this, above all kinds of journalistic effort, may it be truly said that when the work is done we see how unfinished is the workmanship. There are little facts which modify first impressions, but which cannot be learnt until after the news has set the world talking; there are appearances which are deceitful in marches and battles, as in other departments of human effort; and, above all, the correspondent must not tell the whole truth about anything, lest

in giving information to his readers at home he affords instruction to enemies in the field, and so brings himself into collision with the military authorities, who are perfectly within their right in insisting upon a strict censorship of telegrams, and would, in Europe or India, be within their right if they insisted on a strict censorship of letters; for there is no knowing how much mischief may lurk in a phrase or a turn of expression undreamt of by the writer, or how the enemy may be burning to know and the staff anxious to conceal something which appears to the correspondent a mere ordinary item of camp news. It may be said, and it can be truly said, that the correspondent who gives such information does not thoroughly know his

business ; but there is no guarantee whatever at present that a correspondent knows even the elements of his business. And if he knew his business ever so well, he will be liable to sin inadvertently in English camps, so long as he is not taken, at least as much as junior staff-officers are taken, into the confidence of those commanding head-quarters, or the column to which he happens to be attached. General officers commanding the armies of other nations have thought it compatible with their duty to treat correspondents confidentially, and they have not been known to suffer from it. The mischief has been done, where it has arisen, through correspondents being kept in the dark, and the staff trusting to luck that the journalists would not find out what their keen eyes and sharp ears and ready wits have nevertheless discovered, and the immense competition for news has led them to publish. Instances of all these things can be adduced if required, but the point in hand is the justification of the existence of a censorship ; and where a censorship exists, whether it be of the mild type affected by Colonel Swaine, or of the more rigorous sort thought necessary by Colonel Grove, the correspondent cannot put before the public the whole facts of the case, or even the whole of the facts which he knows at the time of writing his communication to his employers. When he leaves the field of operations, however, he recovers his liberty, and so long as he does not play into the hands of the enemy he has a right to correct errors, and supply what has been omitted. Of course, in the vast majority of cases it is not worth while to do so, the public interest in the matter having passed away, and the policy of letting sleeping dogs lie being one dictated alike by prudence and by good-fellowship.

There are, nevertheless, times when silence is a sin against the public confidence reposed in correspondents, and I venture to think that to keep silence about how we lost Gordon is called for by no considerations of private or general policy. It is a sad tale, and one that, told without exaggeration and with as little as may be of the personal element, has many lessons for us in the future. I will pass over the political phase of it, since there are no material

facts known to me which are not also known to the world at large. Still it must be placed on record that the plan for the rescue of Gordon was before the Government so long ago as last May, while no action was taken upon it before the middle and end of August. That this delay was a main cause of the deplorable and exasperating failure goes without saying, and I think it is no secret that when the order was given the Government was told the instructions were probably too late. If the task was, notwithstanding, undertaken, we ought to admire the spirit which set itself to overcome difficulties artificially created, rather than to carp at a want of success which was assuredly due to lack neither of energy in the officer commanding in chief nor of sound judgment. For present purposes it is enough to start with the formation of the Staff by which the work was to be directed. This Staff included, naturally, the officers of an Intelligence Department. On no point has Lord Wolseley expressed himself more decidedly than on the necessity of having an Intelligence Department composed of the ablest men. "The utmost care should be taken in the selection of them," he says in his well-known *Pocket-Book*. Now, there ought to have been no difficulty in this choice in the present instance. We had been for two years in the occupation of Egypt ; we had all the strings of its government at the ends of our fingers ; we had room and verge enough for knowing the best of the men who had been manipulating the strings ; we had even two or three able men at our disposal who had for months been on the border of the destined scene of operations, and the officer commanding made a selection which was at the time deemed satisfactory. Major Kitchener and Colonel Colville were included in the Department because they had shown a mastery of the work required in its preliminary stages ; Major Slade was added because he had recommended himself at the head-quarters at Cairo by his assiduity and his aptness. The superintendence of the whole Department was confided to Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., an officer whose military services had been limited in the extreme, never, I believe, passing beyond those of a lieutenant of Sappers,

but who, having been employed on diplomatic and other similar work in Arabia and Asiatic Turkey, had still been permitted to gain high regimental and army status, so that he had become a lieutenant-colonel of Royal Engineers, nominally posted at Dublin, and a full colonel in the army, by the month of April, 1883. The bearing of these facts will be seen presently.

Sir Charles Wilson as nearly as possible fulfils the conditions prescribed years ago by Lord Wolseley, who said that an officer appointed to such a post as that of Chief of the Intelligence Department should be "of middle age, and have a clear insight into human nature, with a logical turn of mind; nothing sanguine about him, but of a generally calm and distrustful disposition." In addition to these qualifications Sir Charles Wilson has a thorough knowledge of the Arabic tongue, if not of the Nubian or Rotani language, and has a way of worming himself into the confidence of Orientals over a cigarette that in itself would almost have justified his nomination. All went well for three or four months. The General commanding was entirely satisfied with the working of the Department, and I believe still thinks that in the matter of information he was exceedingly well served. He must be a better judge of the facts than the cynics and wits of his force, who bestowed upon this branch of the Quartermaster-General's office the name of The Unintelligent Department. Anyhow, the Department, if it did not lavish money, did not spare it. Means were found for opening and keeping open communications with Gordon in Khartoum quite as often as was useful. No mistake was made as to the dispositions of the various tribes along the Middle Nile. The Department made sure of every step of its way, and was ready for the advance before the troops were. But the delays which had been caused by the overt or actual obstruction of some English and of several Egyptian officials, who had pronounced an opinion hostile to Lord Wolseley's plan, and seemed resolved that events should justify their views, had thrown everything in the way of supplies and of the movements of troops over the date fixed in the plan by as much as a month or six weeks, and the time came when it was

necessary to play a bolder game than had been originally contemplated. For the first time in his life Lord Wolseley was impelled to take a "leap in the dark"—to project a force "into the air." Dividing his strength, which was not in itself too great for the purpose originally contemplated, he sent that capital officer, Major-General Earle, to pursue the river route, chastising on his way the murderers of the gallant and accomplished Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, while he threw across the Bayuda peninsula a small but well-formed column under the command of Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, whom he described to the writer as "the best soldier he ever knew, at home both with cavalry and infantry." Of Sir Herbert's dash all men knew who knew about military questions; his prudence was, in the minds of most, more doubtful. Yet it turned out that his dash would have gained, without fighting, an object which was only achieved after two severe struggles. Had he been permitted to take his first column past the Pools of Gakdul and right across the peninsula to the Nile, he would have occupied Metemmah without serious opposition; but discretion forbade this step, and the result is before the world. As second in command General Earle was given Colonel Henry Brackenbury, R.A., one of the foremost soldiers of the time, and an accomplished writer and critic upon military subjects. No one doubted that two such men as Earle and Brackenbury would do all that was required of them, and do it in a thoroughly workmanlike way. General Stewart had no second in command named in General Orders; but Colonel Fred. Burnaby, who had, in his wonted way, volunteered from England for service in any capacity, was, after Stewart's second departure for Gakdul Pools, sent to overtake him, with private instructions to assume the command in case of need. Now Burnaby was a colonel of 1884; Sir Charles Wilson was a colonel, as we have seen, of 1883. In the absence of a promulgation of the appointment of Burnaby to be second in command, his assumption of the post would have seemed to the army and to the world a slight upon Wilson. Lord Wolseley has been very severe, justly severe, upon trusting

important commands to those whose chief qualification is seniority. He has denounced the practice as "a blunder if not a crime;" and yet, if any fault is to be found with his arrangements, it is upon this that his critics will first place their fingers. In the result the question whether Burnaby was publicly appointed proved of no practical importance, but the vice of seniority was most flagrantly exemplified. Burnaby was killed in the first fight, in consequence of an order that he gave to the heavy cavalry under, as it would seem, a misapprehension, for he made an effort, unhappily too late, to correct the error.

When Stewart fell, seriously and, as it proved, mortally, wounded in the second fight, the command devolved, as of course, on Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., who had "never set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew more than a spinster"—who, in point of fact, could hardly have remembered how to drill a squad—who was possessed of less military knowledge than many volunteer officers at home, and whose training and habits peculiarly unfitted him for any duties of command. Failing him, there came in the roll of seniority a number of lieutenant-colonels of the Foot Guards, the senior of whom had no greater experience of war or the handling of men in combined arms than he could obtain as, at the setting out of the expedition, senior captain and regimental adjutant of the Coldstream Guards. When in due course the command passed from him it fell to a lieutenant-colonel and regimental captain of the Scots Guards. Now not one of these had any knowledge whatever of the mind of Lord Wolseley upon the duty or business of the column. Sir Charles Wilson, indeed, had instructions bearing upon his functions as political officer, and of these more anon. But he was not many minutes in command, by virtue of his nominal seniority, when it became evident that he would have to rely upon a naval officer and a cavalry officer for anything like a plan of operations. From that time for weeks we were commanded by a committee, and of all the impossible things in the world, the most impossible is probably the conduct of a campaign by a committee. "I would not presume

to give you an order," said one officer in nominal command to a subordinate; "you must know as well as I what should be done." "What do you think?" was the query continually on the lips of commanding officer after commanding officer when he met heads of departments. Sir Charles Wilson at the moment command came to him found the brigade had repulsed the enemy but had not beaten off the Soudanese. They were still in force between us and the water for which we were almost, and our camels were quite, dying. To get water within a very few hours or perish was the condition of the situation, and we had been standing on the defensive five hours four miles from water. Something might be said as to the discretion of Sir Herbert Stewart in halting where he did to give battle, he being in column and moving, and the enemy having still to take up formation and to move in a nearly parallel line to keep us from the water. But he was encumbered with a large number of baggage and ammunition and riding camels, and he was unwilling that his men should be asked to fight in a moving square after an exhausting night march of sixteen hours and with empty stomachs. Whether he made a mistake in not advancing at all risks on the Nile and accepting battle on one of the rolling gravel hills nearer the river, and free from the scrub which encompassed our actual position, and which gave shelter to the enemy's marksmen, must remain a matter of controversy. But for Sir Charles Wilson, on succeeding to the command, there were but two courses. One was to take his whole force through an enemy who had had time to choose his positions, and with a cumbrous column this was on the face of it unadvisable. The other was to leave a small force to hold the zereba and to march a fighting and flying column right through the foe to the point required. A soldier would not have hesitated; Sir Charles Wilson hesitated. As it returned from the river the next morning, Sir Charles Wilson sent a message to Lord Charles Beresford, whom he had requested to take charge of the zereba in spite of the Government order afore-mentioned, saying that he intended to advance at once and take Mettemmah, and would be glad of Lord

Charles's co-operation. The idea was for the moment given up, so the flying column returned to the zereba, and it was put about that we would march to the river that afternoon "and take Metemmah" the next morning. We marched to the village called El Goubat officially and Abu Kru really. At six the next morning we advanced against the town. The column marched to the north of Metemmah; after an hour it marched to the southwest of it. Since the famous exploit of the King of France with twenty thousand men, never was there such marching up hills and then marching down again; never was there such an objectless movement of troops in close order under fire. After six hours; after five of them under fire; after establishing, by the efforts of the Royal Engineers and the picked shots of the Rifle Brigade, an admirable little fort within 650 yards of the town, and after being reinforced by the men and some of the guns of Gordon's steamers, which most opportunely arrived, we—retired! Then only did the attempt on Metemmah come to be called a reconnaissance in force. The name was given to it jokingly by myself, but it was seized upon at once as affording a very complete justification of the entertainment of the forenoon. Towards evening I went to Sir Charles Wilson to ask him if he intended to send any messages to Lord Wolseley, as I desired to get off a dispatch. He informed me that he had handed over the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Boscawen, as he intended to go on to Khartoum with Gordon's steamers. That was on Wednesday, January 21st. Already Lord Charles Beresford had had the two principal steamers examined, and, where needful, repaired by the naval artificers. Before three o'clock that afternoon they could have started for the beleaguered city. But they did not go, though their departure was urged by Khasm-el-Nus, who commanded Gordon's fleet. It was subsequently remarked by a distinguished officer at Korti, on the receipt of Sir Charles Wilson's much-delayed despatches and letters relating to the second and third days' fighting, "The man has lost all his nerve." If I differ from this it is only in wondering whether he had any to lose. His personal pluck is

as great as that of most Englishmen, but like, perhaps, the majority of diplomatists, he has an overweening dread of the consequences of any step which has not been looked at from every side and at leisure. Be this as it may, he was to be off to Khartoum to consult with General Gordon. But he did not go. Wednesday passed, and Thursday was dawdled away in conversation with Gordon's steamer crews; Friday came and went in the same aimless fashion; but on Friday night it was given out the steamers would certainly start in the morning, with some bluejackets and some men of the Royal Sussex. The Saturday morning came, yet Sir Charles Wilson did not start. It was high noon on Saturday, the 24th, before he went, or three full days after he had given up the attempt on Metemmah, sixty-nine hours after the steamers had been reported to him as ready for him, and sixty-six hours after he had been urged to start by Khasm-el-Nus. Even when he did go, at noon on Saturday, the 24th, he insisted on stopping for the night just above the camp, under plea of wooding the two vessels, though they were crammed with wood enough for many days' steaming—had, in point of fact, as much wood as they could fitly carry. We could not understand this delay then; it is still more difficult to understand it now, when it is known that Lord Wolseley had directed him to proceed to Khartoum forthwith. Here would appear to be not a question of nerve only, but of direct disobedience of orders. I have not the papers here, but by this time they have been published in England, and on reference they will be found to more than bear out the view now taken. If the instructions had been carried out, Sir Charles Wilson would have left Abu Kru on the afternoon of the 21st January; he would have reached Khartoum on the evening of the 24th or the morning of the 25th. Gordon was not sacrificed till the morning of the 26th. Sir Charles Wilson left on the afternoon of the 24th, really on the morning of the 25th, and sighted Khartoum on the morning of the 28th, or just forty-eight hours too late. Even when he did get there he made no serious effort to ascertain Gordon's fate. The bluejackets and Sussex men on

board are positive upon the point that the steamers did not approach the city near enough to make sure of anything in it. Some put the distance at a mile; some say nearly two miles, when the steamers turned and ran down the river. Beresford would hardly have been content to come away without learning something more than could be seen through long-distance telescopes and aluminium field-glasses. Perhaps it was because he was suspected of some such conduct that he was left behind. But one report that the steamers went within two hundred yards of Khartoum is absurd on the face of it, when we are told that there were batteries and thousands of riflemen playing upon the craft, and shells bursting on board. If this were so, how is it that neither steamer had a man hit in the very slightest way? The truth is the steamers ran for it, taking more care to get out of range than to find out the facts. That they were both wrecked when well on their way down is quite on a piece with the rest of the story. Had an officer of nerve been in command neither would have been lost; or if the first had been, as the native witnesses at the court-martial admitted she was, lost deliberately, the captain and pilot would have been shot out of hand instead of their escape being permitted, and the lesson would have secured the safety of her consort.

When the news came down in the gray of one morning, the committee commanding was at its wits' end. It issued an injunction that the story should be kept secret. Within twenty minutes a private in the Household Cavalry woke me up with it; in half an hour it was all over the camp. There was not a man who did not feel inclined to shed tears—only it seemed too bad to be true. And then the instinct of the men fastened on the one point of hope. If the steamers had not had a man even wounded they could not have run the gauntlet of all the batteries reported; consequently they could not have gone where they were alleged to have gone, therefore they could not have ascertained the facts accurately; and Gordon had, after all, probably fortified himself in the church which he had turned into a magazine, and was holding out till the steamers and troops got up to him.

Small as the force at Abu Kru then was—it had been depleted to find guards for convoys, and did not exceed 800 men—it would have willingly marched on Khartoum that morning if the word had been given. But the committee commanding made no sign. It had no more notion of what could or should be done than a bugler. It could only leave Lord Charles Beresford to his own devices with his two remaining steamers, and leave Major Dorward to throw up more earthworks and improve into impalpable dust those he had already made. If it had not been for Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, commanding the 19th Hussars, and Major F. Wardrop, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, Assistant Adjutant-General, the vitality of the camp must have come to an end. Lord Airlie, the Brigade-Major, had been twice wounded, and one of his wounds was so troublesome that he had to lie up, but so far as he could he kept the ball alive. Practically the column was paralysed. People kept on saying to one another that it was high time General Buller came, and not without reinforcements; in fact we lived from day to day a whole brigade of Micawbers. And all this came about because we had the ill-luck to have one officer killed and another wounded. When the want of nerve of Sir C. Wilson had borne its fruits and Gordon had been sacrificed, there was nobody in the force who had applied his mind to the contemplation of such a state of things, though it was, and had for months been, liable to occur from day to day. Everyone admitted that Lord Wolseley and the Government must have forethought what should be done in the event of the fall of Khartoum, but nobody was informed as to the result of that forethought. Chaos had come again when Sir C. Wilson was rescued by the heroism of Beresford and Benbow, and started for Korti to see General Wolseley, whose side it would have been well he had never left. But Major Kitchener, who would never have blundered like his chief, had been kept as adviser and Intelligence Officer at Korti; and as to Sir C. Wilson would have fallen the honor of rescuing, so on him must rest the responsibility for losing Charles Gordon. Even at the last moment he might have recovered,

if not the advantages he had squandered, at least the prestige he forfeited. It never seems to have occurred to him to show a white flag on his leading steamer as an indication that he wished to open communication with the occupants of Khartoum. It is said that they would not have recognised it—that they are too barbarous to respect the custom which has obtained for centuries among civilised people, and so forth. But no harm would have been done by trying, and, as a matter of detail, Sir Redvers Buller had a letter sent to him at Abu Klea under the very white flag of which we are told the Mahdi's followers do not know the meaning. Nay, when Captain Pigott, of the Mounted Infantry, took Buller's reply, and was fired upon, the firing ceased the moment he shook a white kerchief in the wind. Therefore we have no right to say Sir Charles Wilson's overture of a white flag at Khartoum would have been ignored; but somebody has said that there was a good deal more of the white feather than of the white flag at this time. Far be it from me to say so much of the man who rode so coolly from the second zebra to the Nile when he was at length induced to go, or who exposed himself—and his troops—so unnecessarily at Metemmah on the 21st January. Still, if he had plenty of courage, he had no presence of mind in face of a contingency which he, as well as his chief and the Administration, must have contemplated; and the result was that he left the vicinity of Khartoum as ignorant of Gordon's fate and of the facts of the surrender as before he sighted the blending waters of the two Niles. There is one more count in the charge which has been made against Sir Charles Wilson. He had opened up frequent communications with Gordon; but he never appears to have, as it were, sealed Gordon's promises to the chief native officers. They had, rightly or wrongly, conceived the idea that, like Othello, they would find their occupation gone when the British troops reached the goal of their efforts and raised the siege. They had Gordon's word that they would have their reward, but that word was never endorsed by the agents of the Government outside. It could in any case have done no harm; it now seems

it might have done very much good had rewards been promised to those who so long had held out shoulder to shoulder with Gordon. But though inquiry has been made, no trace of any such idea, to say nothing of any such message, has been found in the Intelligence Department.

The case is sufficiently strong, however, without pressing home the latter point. I have shown that the loss of Gordon is directly traceable to two co-ordinate causes. First, Sir Charles Wilson's army seniority, which enabled him, knowing nothing of the science of war, to take the command of a force operating in the field at a critical juncture, and thus get rid of the importunity with which any capable and dashing soldier would have urged him to lose not a moment in going to Khartoum. Had anyone else been in command and in possession of Lord Wolseley's wishes and orders, it is inconceivable that Sir Charles Wilson would have been allowed to dawdle for three full days at Abu Kru, or that he would have been permitted to fly in the face of his instructions so far as to not only not proceed forthwith, but actually leave behind the very man who had been chosen by the General Commanding in Chief to see him through. Secondly, the extraordinary want of nerve which prevented him from seeing what a risk he was running, if only with his own reputation, by hanging about at Abu Kru instead of proceeding forthwith in the steamers which had kept the appointment he had himself made. The first of these causes arises from the very absurd system which enables officers of the Royal Engineers to devote their lives to civil pursuits, while ignoring entirely the progress and the practice of military science, and at the same time to rise to rank and the chances of command over the heads of men who have been doing the practical work of soldiers and risking their lives over, perhaps, a quarter of a century. Is it too much to hope that this hideous example of the effects of the system may not mend it, but end it? The Royal Engineers stand conspicuously to the front as enjoying the privilege of gaining army rank without doing army service; but they are not alone in this very scandalous privilege, and whether in

their case or that of any other corps, the existence of such a right should be determined at once and for all. From the second cause we learn, I think, that a diplomatic mission, supported by a military force, ought never to be left in diplomatic hands. Hesitation is the "note" of diplomacy, and in a crisis in the field hesitation is fatal. The man whose business it is to take prompt decisions is the man who ought to have the last word and the power of doing the last act in the presence of danger. Our practice hitherto has been mainly the other way. We are told now by the Intelligence Department that Khartoum would have fallen, Gordon been betrayed and murdered, or a prisoner, and the Mahdi master of the place, even if Sir Charles Wilson and the steamers had arrived on the 24th, as they ought, instead of merely starting on that day. But I am sure Lord Wolseley believes no nonsense of this sort, which has been originated in the fertile brains of those half-bred Circassians who are the curse of the Egyptian, as they are of the Turkish, public service. The story that Faragh Pacha and the rest of them preferred to trust the Mahdi rather than the English is one which far-seeing diplomacy might have anticipated and guarded against, as I have before suggested, by sending them confirmation of all Gordon's promises. But to suppose that they could have chosen their own time for betraying Gordon is to imagine they were the sole factors in the situation. They must have had to take their measures to blind Gordon and to persuade their troops as well. Besides, is it not true Sir Charles Wilson has himself said with a deep sigh that if he had got to Khartoum in time the disaster would not have occurred? But why did he not get there in time? I have shown in the fullest detail why, and I confidently refer to the Parliamentary Papers which, in the nature of the case, I cannot have seen, to bear out my statements. They have not been made except under a deep sense of responsibility; they are true in substance and in fact. But do I, therefore, urge that any measure of punishment should be meted out to Sir Charles Wilson? Far from it. I can conceive no punishment for him equal to the calm afterthought of what might

have been had he only possessed nerve, had he not inexcusably dawdled, had he even carried out the instructions with which he crossed the desert, and which he would have been compelled to carry out had not fate unhappily made him, by virtue of his nominal army seniority, absolute master of his actions.

With the news of his loss all the romance faded from the expedition in the minds of the troops. What to them was or is Khartoum more than any other town in the middle of Africa, but for the nimbus that the heroism, and devotion, and isolation of Gordon had cast around it? And now they have learnt with surprise that has, so to say, a deep black border of regret, of the intention of the Government of England to take Khartoum in the autumn, after the avowed motive for taking it at all has been eliminated. Let there be no mistake about it; the prosecution of the war is thoroughly and hopelessly unpopular among all sorts and conditions of British men on the Nile. If I may not say that it is continued against the advice of Lord Wolseley, I believe it is true at least that he has not recommended it should be carried on. Those who are apt to know his mind make no secret about the opinion that it will involve a waste of money, life, and energy which might be much better employed in much worthier spheres of action. Some of them go so far as to peak of the retention of the troops in the midst of the Soudan during the next four or five months as a phase of midsummer madness. Nowhere does one hear a word in support of the plan save the grim remark that this is a fine policy for soldiers, as pay and promotion and chances of distinction must arise even out of a prolonged Soudan campaign. Whether that is quite the point of view which will commend itself to the English people is another thing; and English soldiers are English citizens, with prejudices, passions, and opinions like the rest of their countrymen. They have, moreover, conceived a sort of respect for their opponents here. If the followers of the Mahdi do not know how to believe in the Kaliph of Stamboul, at least they know how to fight and how to die. They have conquered the esteem of those who have been shooting them down willingly so

long as there was any hope of getting Gordon out of their clutches. For that end no sacrifice, personal or national, was deemed too great by the army. But what remains now? To avenge his death? Would a policy of revenge have commended itself to him? To secure the Soudan? What use is it to us, or to anybody but the natives, who get out of it all it can give? To defend Egypt? Have we it not on the authority of the Government itself that Egypt can best be defended by a line drawn beyond the deserts of the Batn-el-Hagar and Wady Halfa? To exterminate the slave-trade? Yet is it not true that we have approved of its authorised revival, so far as legalising the possession of slaves anyhow acquired can go? And if we are in earnest about this, had we not better begin in Cairo than in Khartoum? It is the conviction of the army on the Nile that, bad as the outcome of the enterprise has been, the last state of the expedition will be worse than the first if it persevered with. I have found no Englishman in the Soudan and the army who can bring himself to believe the country will allow the autumn campaign to go on when it comes to realise what is meant and involved in its prosecution. Do we annex the Soudan, or do we not? If we do, then must it be said that the game is not worth the candle; if we do not, what are we lingering here for? The game is not worth playing, because not only has the prestige of the Mahdi been mightily augmented by recent events, but his material resources have been increased in no less proportion. He had, at the most, to last him from the time of Hicks's defeat till the end of January, seven Krupp guns, six Nordenfelts, and twenty-nine brass pieces, smooth-bored or rifled. Of these he had the seven Krupps, with four Nordenfelts and twelve or thirteen brass pieces of sorts, firing on Khartoum. But there he took twelve Krupp guns mounted on the lines, with six Nordenfelts. He has, therefore, besides mountain guns, nineteen Krupps and

twelve Nordenfelts; and as he had from Hicks's and Baker's forces about 17,000 Remington rifles, he may be taken now to have thrice that number. Then he took, before January last, a million of Remington cartridges, and about 200 rounds per gun of field ammunition. Supposing that to have been all exhausted in his campaigns, we know that he took 20,000 rounds of ammunition for his guns in Khartoum, and 2,000,000 Remington cartridges, and we must lay our account with this quantity at least. Then he has the arsenal at Khartoum, and he has Gordon's trained artificers, while he has two energetic and ingenious Europeans to devise work for them. Doubtless his resources are limited, in the sense that he must come to the end of them, and cannot reasonably hope to replace what he expends. But at the worst he has only to retire to the waterless country of Kordofan, where we cannot follow him, do what we will. Do we see the end of this policy of adventure? If we guarantee Egypt, is it not enough to hold Suakin and Wady Halfa, thus, with the help of Italy, taking care of the Red Sea ports, and so scotching any attempt to revive the slave trade? As for extending our trade, let this be said distinctly: the people of the Soudan grow their own cotton and weave their own cloth. Not one-tenth of the very limited consumption of textile manufactures comes from abroad; and as for nicknacks, and what we called Sheffield and Birmingham goods, the little which reaches the very inferior bazaars is rubbish of Austrian or German origin, and if poor is cheap. Luxuries in any European sense of the word are unknown, and if they were known, there is no money to buy them. In very truth the best thing for us to do with the Soudan is to quit it now, when a European crisis appears to impend, and for ever, and never to give it another thought save in connection with the memory of Charles Gordon, and a sigh of regret over "the saddest words of tongue or pen, 'What might have been.'"

II.—IN MEMORIAM.

BY ERNEST MYERS.

I.

On through the Libyan sand
Rolls ever, mile on mile,
League on long league, cleaving the rainless land,
Fed by no friendly wave, the immemorial Nile.

II.

Down through the cloudless air,
Undimmed, from heaven's sheer height,
Bend their inscrutable gaze, austere and bare,
In long-proceeding pomp, the stars of Libyan night.

III.

Beneath the stars, beside the unpausing flood,
Earth trembles at the wandering lion's roar;
Trembles again, when in blind thirst of blood
Sweep the wild tribes along the startled shore.

IV.

They sweep and surge and struggle, and are gone:
The mournful desert silence reigns again,
The immemorial River rolleth on,
The ordered stars gaze blank upon the plain.

V.

O awful Presence of the lonely Nile,
O awful Presence of the starry sky,
Lo, in this little while
Unto the mind's true-seeing inward eye
There hath arisen there
Another haunting Presence as sublime,
As great, as sternly fair;
Yea, rather fairer far
Than stream, or sky, or star,
To live while star shall burn or river roll,
Unmarred by marring Time,
The crown of Being, a heroic soul.

VI.

Beyond the weltering tides of worldly change
He saw the invisible things,
The eternal Forms and Beauty and of Right;
Wherewith well pleased his spirit wont to range,
Rapt with divine delight,
Richer than empires, royaler than kings.

VII.

Lover of children, lord of fiery fight,
Saviour of empires, servant of the poor,
Not in the sordid scales of earth, unsure,
Depraved, adulterate,

He measured small and great,
But by some righteous balance wrought in heaven,
To his pure hand by Powers empyreal given ;
Therewith, by men unmoved, as God he judged aright.

VIII.

As on the broad sweet-watered river tost
Falls some poor grain of salt,
And melts to naught, nor leaves embittering trace ;
As in the o'er-arching vault
With unrepelled assault
A cloudy climbing vapor, lightly lost,
Vanisheth utterly in the starry space ;
So from our thought, when his enthroned estate
We inly contemplate,
All wrangling phantoms fade, and leave us face to face.

IX.

Dwell in us, sacred spirit, as in thee
Dwelt the eternal Love, the eternal Life,
Nor dwelt in only thee ; not thee alone
We honor reverently,
But in thee all who in some succoring strife,
By day or dark, world-witnessed or unknown,
Crushed by the crowd, or in late harvest hailed,
Warring thy war have triumphed, or have failed.

X.

Nay, but not only there
Broods thy great Presence, o'er the Libyan plain.
It haunts a kindlier clime, a dearer air,
The liberal air of England, thy loved home.
Thou through her sunlit clouds and flying rain
Breathe, and all winds that sweep her island shore—
Rough fields of riven foam,
Where in stern watch her guardian breakers roar.
Ay, throned with all her mighty memories,
Wherefrom her nobler sons their nurture draw,
With all of good or great
For aye incorporate
That rears her race to faith and generous shame,
To high-aspiring awe,
To hate implacable of thick-thronging lies,
To scorn of gold and gauds and clamorous fame—
With all we guard most dear and most divine,
All records ranked with thine,
Here be thy home, brave soul, thy undecaying shrine.
—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE JURY IN AMERICA.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE.

Most intelligent Americans agree that, in point of practice, trial by jury throughout the United States—especially in criminal cases—has become unreliable. The reasons are not hard to find. It appears to me in the first place, that

Republican Institutions engender a repugnance to the infliction of punishment, and that this arises partly out of a morbid tenderness for the liberty of the citizen, and partly because the manner in which courts are constituted, and trials held, tend to give a *personal* character to the administration of justice. Under these influences the law is not considered as a revolution of society that such and such things must, or must not, be done; and that those who disobey must be subjected to such and such penalties as an example, and for the protection of the community against similar offences; but as a sort of foreign power which society should distrust, dislike, and keep down. Even in England what are known as "advanced thinkers" are sometimes found to have their sympathies enlisted on the side of the criminals against society, not because their guilt is doubtful, but because they are being, or about to be, punished for it.

In America every State tries its own criminals according to its own laws, before judges who are either elected by the people, or nominated by authorities so chosen; and who serve for terms varying from two to five years. Thus the political lawyer, who has gone through the process by which alone political office can be obtained, never loses his identity—never has his personality absorbed into a system so that the sentences he passes are regarded as its decrees and not his own. Thus such a feeling as that "poor Smith ought not to be sent to the penitentiary by that fellow Brown" is engendered. Parallel with this runs another consideration—equally subversive of justice, viz., the character of the person against whom it is alleged that an offence has been committed.

There were public prosecutors all over the United States long before we made such appointments, but it seems impossible (unless it be in the interests of the prisoner to do so) to make the jury act as though they had a public duty to perform. Thus, such defences as that "Jones is a mean fellow, and deserves to be robbed," or that "Robinson is a bad man, and deserved to be killed," are made in impassioned language, and plausible phrases subject (as will hereafter appear) to no sufficiently authoritative correction. A glance

through half-a-dozen American newspapers taken at random will suffice to show how powerfully personal considerations influence the judgment of an otherwise cautious people; and how wide is their range. Numerous cases could be cited in which the merits of the measures were lost sight of in debating the character of the men who proposed them. These prejudices are imbibed by the citizen before he becomes a jurymen—they surround him afterwards. It is not in the nature of things that the atmosphere of the court house should hold them in suspense during his period of service, even supposing him to be a man of average intelligence and honesty. When we find—as we shall presently—that the average intelligence and honesty of any community is not represented when most required in its juries, the influences in question become very powerful.

Before he is allowed to sit upon a trial, the citizen summoned as a juror is himself tried. He is sworn to truly answer "all such questions that may be put to him touching his competency to become a juror." The prosecuting officer takes him in hand first. What is his name? Where does he live? What is his business? Is he any relation to the prisoner? Does he know him? Does he know anything of the case? Has he formed any opinion about it? He is then either "excused" or "tendered." The counsel for the defence unusually makes it a point of honor not to attend to this questioning, and begins it all over again. "What is your name? Where do you live? and so on;" but he generally presses the last point. Has the proposed juror formed an opinion which it would require *some* evidence to remove? Here is the mesh in the net through which intelligence escapes, and fraud very frequently comes in.

There is a widespread disinclination amongst the better classes to serve on the jury. It takes a man away from his business, it subjects him to unpleasant remarks from one side or the other. He also will be judged as a person, and not as the twelfth part of a system. In the concrete even, the jury is not unfrequently treated as though amenable to personal feeling. We often read of an acquitted prisoner shaking hands with

the jury, and "thanking them warmly." Not long ago a man was tried for murder (he saw one who had insulted his sweetheart). A verdict of not guilty sent him straight from the dock to the matrimonial altar; the jury followed in a body, and the judge proposed the health of the bride!

This happened not in the much maligned South, or the wilds of the West, but in the Empire State of New York. What would be the fate of one who felt it his duty to stand out against a popular verdict in such a condition of things? If the person on trial to become a juror has formed an opinion upon the case (he may not be asked what that opinion is), he will be rejected. This precaution belongs to a period when newspapers were few, and the means of distributing them scanty; when one who desired information about a case would have to go and seek it for himself. Now it is almost thrust upon him. The American people are inquisitive, and cannot find fault with its press for not supplying it with the details it loves respecting any important or scandalous case. These become the common talk; and no one who reads a paper, belongs to a Commercial Exchange, and is asked when he goes home to dinner, "what is the news?" can avoid forming an opinion, and expressing it at some time or another. This is fatal to his competency as a juror. Perhaps he has expressed that opinion with the purpose of becoming incompetent. Perhaps it has slipped from him inadvertently. It took ten days in the Beecher case to get together a dozen men who had not prejudged it. If after eliminating those who talk a case over, and try it out of court, a residuum capable of approaching the question with acute and well-balanced minds could be found, this would be very well; but, practically, it is not available. A material amenable to the wiles of the jury-broker, and which, if honest, is dull and easily misled, is all that is left.

The accepted juror will be sworn to give a true verdict "*according to the law and the evidence.*" The practice now under consideration, therefore, starts by giving him to understand that he cannot do so—or at least that he is considered incapable of doing so—if he

has previously formed an opinion. The incomplete jury is told over and over again, as each possible companion is examined, that in the estimation of law an opinion is unchangeable. This appears to strike at the root of the object for which a trial is held, *i.e.*, disputative discussion in which contradictory statements are weighed, and the balance of credibility struck. If an opinion based upon street talk and the sensational paragraphs of newspaper reporters cannot be changed by sworn testimony, heard under the obligation of an oath to judge it "well and truly," why should not one based upon the evidence for the prosecution *only*, or upon that for the defence *only*, or upon that of one witness, discarding all the rest, prevail? The frequent practice of waiving opening speeches on both sides deprives the jury in America of much assistance. A set of facts are, so to speak, pitchforked at them, and then they hear a series of long speeches on evidence which has not made its mark. I am afraid that this practice has its root in carelessness, upon one side at least. I have heard important cases conducted by Attorneys-General and District Attorneys, in a manner which would deprive a sessions barrister with his first brief of the chance of ever holding a second. "State what you know of this case," says the prosecuting counsel lolling back in his chair. He cannot put those short, pertinent questions we are accustomed to, because he has not prepared himself to do so. The witness rambles on, checked only by objections from the defence, and there is no one to keep him to the point. The jury, having no opening statement to guide them, do not know where the point is. Thus cases, which would be tried before a slow English judge in two or three hours, are dragged through days and sometimes nights.

The American jury gets very little assistance from the judge. He may not sum up the facts to them. They are sworn to give a true verdict "according to the law and the facts," and have to be told that they are sole judges of both. All that can be done from the bench is to state what is the law as laid down in the Statute, with the remark that juries usually go by it. This, like

many other American principles, is founded upon a fear of abuses which prevailed in the old country. Because certain British judges of a happily by-gone age abused the power of commenting upon evidence, American judges are not allowed to comment upon it at all; and so the jury is left to pick their way as best they can through a maze, in an atmosphere befogged by the conflicting statements of counsel. And here comes in another difficulty. As the judge does not sum up, he takes no notes. The jury may not. If counsel differ as to what a witness said, there is no authority to decide between them. For the same reason they cannot have their memory refreshed or corrected upon any point, if after having retired they differ upon it between themselves. In constituting the jury sole judges of law and fact, it was never of course intended that they should make the former. They were to ascertain the facts, judge if the law upon which the indictment was framed applied to them; and if so, return a verdict in accordance with those facts and that law. But this principle has been so strained that in these days juries, warped by false sentiment or baser influences, take upon themselves to unmake the law, if they cannot get over the facts. Thus we find in many cases where justice has miscarried a verdict of "Not guilty as charged." A. B. has been killed; C. D. killed him "of malice aforethought," as the law defines it. The jury disregard this definition and acquit him. As judges of the law they find that killing with that particular sort of malice is *not* murder. He is tried for murder, and is therefore not guilty "as charged."

To say of a country in which universal suffrage prevails, that it does not possess the power which we recognize as *public opinion*, may sound like a paradox, but the observer of American modes of thought will admit it is a fact. There is political opinion, class opinion, sectional and race opinion, but no public opinion in the sense of a force which will promote good and condemn evil on the general merits of the case; or that will prevent an official, or a set of officials, from doing what they have the power to do, because it is wrong. The power to do seems to carry with it the

right to do, and this is tolerated because the power is only temporarily held.

When Tweed was upbraided for the despotism he wielded in New York, and the means by which he gained and was maintaining it, his answer was—not a denial, or excuse—but the question, "Well! what are you going to do about it?" And this has been the position taken a thousand times before, and since. The remedy is not to turn the powers that be from their purpose, but to turn them out from office at the end of their terms; and so America bears with patience, for two or three years, evils which would raise a tempest in any other constitutionally governed country before which the offending officer, or government, could not stand. This motive acts upon jurymen. They have become a jury by right of passing the ordeal already described; they have the power to do as they please, and they execute it accordingly in cases where feeling is involved. They do this, not always with wilful perversity, but undeterred by the wholesome sense of responsibility which the free exercise of public opinion evokes. A perverse verdict is seldom censured by the press; if it be, the censure is not taken as public opinion, but merely as the idea of the particular editor, to be gauged by his personal character and politics. The spasmodic action of vigilance committees, regulators, and lynchers, cannot be considered as expressions of public opinion. Public opinion is against them. Vigilance committees and regulators not unfrequently prove harder masters than the gangs they have dispersed, and Judge Lynch has sent his masked horsemen with halters for the wrong men. Were this otherwise, the almost superstitious reverence in which the American people hold their institutions, would lead them to condemn irregular or irresponsible action. They would rather see a murderer acquitted "in due form of law," than have him unceremoniously executed, however clear his guilt may be. If substantial justice were not so often sacrificed to "form of law," this feeling would be entitled to the highest respect. What may be called local sentiment operates sometimes in a strangely erratic fashion. D wrote insulting letters about N's daugh-

ter. A personal conflict ensued. The combatants were parted, N, an elderly man, leaned exhausted on the mantel-shelf; D, standing in the door-way, eluded the vigilance of the peacemakers, and deliberately shot him. The slayer was acquitted on the ground of self-defence. Months afterwards a son of the slain laid in wait for D, killed him, and was acquitted on the ground of "emotional insanity." The evidence on this plea commenced with his boyhood. He had been strange in his conduct for twelve years, and there was insanity in the family. Nevertheless, on the day after the trial, he was judicially pronounced to be sane and released. E, a policeman, arrested X, a negro, of very bad character, who resisted and shot him. There was evidence that the prisoner had been roughly used by his captors and he was convicted of murder without capital punishment. On his

way from the jail to the court to receive sentence, E's son came up behind him and blew his brains out. E has not yet been tried, but public sentiment points distinctly to a verdict of not guilty on some ground—it little matters what.

I think that the jury were wrong in D's case and right in that of E; but the lamentable corollary—that private vengeance may inflict a punishment which the law declines to impose—follows from both.

All the above remarks apply to the jury in criminal cases as it *is*; not as it might be. The evil is admitted—the remedy is clear. The rules excluding intelligence should be amended, and then the practice of the Courts so quickened that jurors could have no excuse for shirking one of the public duties, which all good citizens are bound to discharge.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

THE BORDER BALLADS.

BY MARY A. BAILLIE-HAMILTON.

To understand the Past is one of the most earnest desires of the present Age, which seems to seek compensation for its own somewhat tame and unromantic features in historical familiarity with the savage impulses of more primitive times. Hence the prevailing and ever-increasing curiosity concerning literatures once deemed extinct or unimportant. The national poetry of every land must, perforce, be stamped with the impress of the people that has created it; and hence the revived interest in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. The character and attributes of a race have never been more faithfully embodied, or more strikingly delineated, than in the annals of those moss-trooping heroes whose deeds of daring, and of "rank reviving and lifting," have been thus handed down to us in verse which must possess an interest for all lovers of natural poetry, and which has an indescribable fascination for those who know and love the Borderland.

It is to Sir Walter Scott that we chiefly owe the resuscitation of the Border minstrelsy. The spell of the magician

passed over the whole of his native land, but it was perhaps wielded most powerfully, and it has certainly lingered most lovingly, in that district to which he was so proud of belonging. As he has himself told us, he reckoned among his happiest days those spent in long rambles into Liddesdale, visiting scenes celebrated in Border lore, deeming himself fortunate if he lighted on anyone who could recall a fragment of some old song, and gathering together with skilful hand the threads wherewith to weave the enchanting verse in which he has clothed and vivified the half-forgotten traditions of the past. That he was imposed upon in respect of some of the ballads, and that his judgment may have been at fault in regard to the antiquity of others, is possible, but critical discussion is beyond the scope of an article such as the present; and reading them in conjunction with the graphic introduction and notes with which he has prefaced the Minstrelsy, it would be difficult to imagine a more vivid picture of "that old, simple, violent world," and of the men who lived in it.

The Borderers were a race entirely by themselves; as distinct from the Highlander on the one side, as from the genuine Lowlander on the other. A race of freebooters, almost of outlaws, despoiling their countrymen in the Lothians and Fife, as readily as their neighbors on the English marches, and, while displaying the most devoted loyalty towards their own chieftains, testifying but scant reverence for their kings—by whom, indeed, they were occasionally expressly resigned to the retaliation of the English—they were a thorn in the side of Scotland and of England alike. But, notwithstanding these truculent and predatory characteristics, the Marchmen were, except in the case of deadly feud, neither cruel nor inhuman; and although catastrophes undoubtedly occurred sometimes, the raids were as a rule accomplished without bloodshed, while a certain degree of sympathy and even of friendly intercourse was habitually maintained between both sides of the Border. In short, though reckless and law-defying to the last degree, they were not destitute of many nobler qualities; and it could seldom be charged against them that they broke faith with either friend or foe who trusted them. So that, as men and times went, "the lads of the snaffle, spur, and spear" may fairly claim to have been, in the words of a contemporary chronicler, "gude, honeste men, and true, savyng a little shiftyng for theyr levyng," who acted honorably according to their own code of morality; from which, it is needless to say, all trace of the Eighth Commandment was effectually erased. At the same time, however, it is to be observed—as Sir Walter, with grave humor, points out—that there was a great distinction taken in the Debateable Land between a "freebooter" and a "thief." For, every man's possessions being constantly at the mercy of his neighbor, an answer in kind appeared a fair reprisal; and as the Warden himself, failing redress for depredations, was entitled to retaliate on the English by means of a Warden-raid, a certain air of legality was imparted to these otherwise informal proceedings, so that they did undoubtedly assume a different aspect on the Border to that which they wore elsewhere; although, unfortunately, the inland counties had

great difficulty in appreciating the distinction. The Borderers remained Roman Catholic later than the rest of Scotland, but religion does not seem to have entered greatly into their life. "They come to church," says Fuller, "as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the kalendar;" and "save to patter an Ave Mary when I ride on a border foray," would probably have embodied the devotional exercises of most of the moss-troopers. If, however, their observance of religion was open to doubt, their superstitious faith was unquestionable; for, besides an orthodox belief in spells, magic, witches, and ghosts, it embraced also fairies, brownies, bogles, and kelpies; and remnants of this creed have held their ground here later, probably, than in any other part of the south of Scotland.

The love of poetry, as is observable among all restless and war-like races, was very strongly developed in the Borderers; their life of adventure, the incidents of which supplied endless themes for inspiration, creating an atmosphere peculiarly favorable to its existence, while the Scottish dialect was at the same time eminently adapted to rhyming, and to that special form of verse most congenial to the taste of the people. As is well known, however, few of the ancient ballads exist at all, and those which have been preserved can hardly have descended to us in their original form, since they were handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth only, so that it is impossible that they should have survived altogether unchanged; while even those of a later period, published as they were in the garlands and chapbooks of the day, have usually perished.

The most striking feature in the Border ballads appears to be that they are so peculiarly instinct with the individuality of the people that inspired them. Bold and vigorous as the deeds they record, though softened now and again by a line of pathetic beauty, or by a touch of quaint humor, they breathe the very spirit of wild and daring enterprise that characterized the lives which they reflect; the terse, simple language in which they are told, harmonizing so favorably with the nature of the incidents portrayed, and bringing the scene before

the reader with a marvellous charm and reality ; while the note of the trumpet and the clash of steel ring out unmistakably, loud and clear, through them all. It is noticeable that, in the older songs, the scenery of the country is rarely more than indicated, and is never described. The reason obviously is, that having their origin in the district to which they relate, and among those to whom its features were necessarily familiar, anything beyond a mere mention of the localities would have been superfluous. But the descriptions of nature, brief though they may be, are invariably most graphic and picturesque, and are often very beautifully rendered. The mariner's warning of the storm, in *Sir Patrick Spens*, is a fine example of this :

I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
And, if we gang to sea, Master,
I fear we'll come to harm.

"The bard," says Coleridge, "be sure, was weatherwise who framed the grand old ballad of *Sir Patrick Spens*." And, reading on, one can almost feel the "lift" growing dark, and the "faem" dashing in one's face, while the tale is told of that "deadly" storm which wrecks the "gude" ship, and drowns "the best sailor that ever sailed the sea."

Most beautiful, perhaps, of all the old historical songs is *The Battle of Otterbourne*, of which Sir Walter gives the Scottish version :

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride,
Into England to drive a prey.

But, like *Sir Patrick Spens*, it is too well known for quotation.

Among the numerous Border-raid ballads it is somewhat perplexing to make a choice ; but no sketch of the moss-trooping tales would be complete without some mention of Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, one of the most striking figures in the annals of the Marches. He appears to have been a brother of the Laird of Mangertoun, Chief of the Armstrongs, a powerful and lawless clan, who occupied a large district of country in the Debateable Land and in Liddesdale. Johnnie Armstrong "reived" and flourished during the early part of the sixteenth century ; and that he did

the first with success seems certain, since he is said to have spread the terror of his name as far as Newcastle on the English side, while in Scotland his neighbors, for many miles round, found it advisable to pay him black-mail as a guarantee for his forbearance. The turbulent condition of the Borders determined James V., about 1529, to undertake an expedition for the purpose of reducing the Marchmen to order ; and, under guise of a hunting expedition, he assembled an army, and having taken the preliminary precaution of imprisoning several of the principal Border chieftains, and of executing Cockburn of Henderland, and Scott of Tushielaw, called "the King of the Border," he marched through Ettrick forest and Ewesdale at the head of 10,000 men. The ballad represents the King as inviting Armstrong to meet him :

The King he wrytes a luvyng letter,
With his ain hand safe tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrong,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene ;
They were a gallant companie—
"We'll ride and meit our lawful King,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie."

* * * * *

They ran their horse on the Langholm howm,
And brak their spears wi' mickle main ;
The ladies lukit frae their loft-windows—
God bring our men weel hame agen !

But, however the meeting may have been brought about, it is certain that Armstrong was so ill-advised as to present himself before the King at the head of a following of thirty-six horse most gallantly equipped and arrayed.

When Johnie cam before the King,
Wi' a' his men sae brave to see,
The King he movit his bonnet to him ;
He ween'd he was a king as weel as he.

"May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me ?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrong,
And a subject of yours, my liege," said he.

"Away, away, thou traitor strang !
Out o' my sight soon mayst thou be !
I grantit never a traitor's life,
And now I'll not begin wi' thee."

In the hope of saving his life, he then makes offer of various kinds of service to the King, but is always met with the same stern reply, and the ballad ends with a touching protest against the scant mercy shown him.

"To seek het water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a greit folie—
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me.

But had I kenn'd ere I cam fra hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me!
I wad have keepit the Border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee."

Johnnie Armstrong and his "gallant companie" met their doom at Carlenrigg, and the tradition in the country is that the trees on which they were hanged withered away in manifest token of the injustice of their sentence. One only of the band is said to have escaped, who broke through the King's Guard and bore the fatal tidings to Gilnockie.

Perhaps, however, the most typical of all the Border-raid ballads is *Kinmont Willie*.

O have ye na heard o' the fause Salkelde?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
On Haribee to hang him up?

Its hero, also an Armstrong, was a descendant of the celebrated Johnnie, and that he was no unworthy representative of his redoubted ancestor is evident from the fact that on the occasion of a serious dispute between James VI. and the citizens of Edinburgh, that monarch reduced his contumacious subjects to obedience by means of "ane grate rumour and word among the townes-men that the King's M. would send in *Will Kinmonde, the common thiefe*, and so many southland men as would spulye the town of Edinburgh." And that their apprehensions were well grounded is apparent, since, some ten years previously, Stirling had been ransacked by the Borderers, notably by a party of the Armstrongs under Kinmont Willie, who had then asserted his predatory instincts by "lifting," not only the horses and cattle, but also the iron gratings from the windows. The incident which the ballad commemorates took place towards the end of Elizabeth's reign; Lord Scrope being Warden of the West Marches in England, while the Lord of Buccleuch had charge of Liddesdale as "keeper of the Scottish side." A day of truce had been agreed upon, as was frequently the custom, for the purpose of settling arrears of justice, when all persons attending were held safe from molestation "from the tyme of meeting of the wardens or their deputies, till the

nixt day at the sun rying;" an infraction of the peace being punishable by death. On the occasion in question the wardens were represented by their deputies; Salkelde acting for Lord Scrope, and Scott, of Hanynge, for the Lord of Buccleuch. Kinmont Willie had accompanied Scott to the meeting, which had passed off quietly, as was usually the case, and was riding homewards by the side of the Liddel, when, at a spot where it forms the boundary between the two countries, some of the followers of Salkelde, who was pursuing his way on the English side, perceiving that Armstrong had only three or four men with him, "brake a chase of more than 200 men out of the English trayne," pursued and took him prisoner, and handed him over to their leader; who, considering, probably, that in the case of so redoubted a freebooter the end justified the means, carried him off to Carlisle Castle.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
They tied his hands behind his back;
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-rack,
And also through the Carlisle sands;
They brought him to Carlisle Castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
And whae will dare this deed avow?
Or answer by the Border law?
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?"

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
There's never a Scot shall set thee free;
Before ye cross my castle gate,
I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie;
"By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope,"
he said,

"I never yet lodged in a hostlerie,
But I paid my lawing before I ga'ed."

Now word is gane to the bauld keeper,
In Branksome Ha', where that he lay;
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont
Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!"

O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch,
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

Buccleuch at once demanded the release of the prisoner, which Lord Scrope declined to grant, referring the question to Elizabeth and the Council of England. The affair had now assumed great importance, the King himself making remonstrances, first through Bowes, the English Ambassador, and finally to Elizabeth herself; but all was unavailing, and Buccleuch accordingly resolved to take matters into his own hand.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen of the bauld Buccleuch,
With spur on heel and splent on spauld,
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

Here the ballad probably assumes some poetical coloring. It represents the party as divided into bands of ten: the first disguised as hunters, the second as "Warden's men arrayed for fight," the third "like a mason gang that carried the ladders lang and hie," while the last come "five and five" like "broken" (outlawed) men. As they reach the English side of the Debateable Land they meet with Salkelde, who questions each party as they pass him concerning their errand, receiving from each appropriate though evasive rejoinders, until the last ten, composed of the "broken" men, come up, led by Dickie of Dryhope, who, being apparently a man of few words, and having no suitable answer ready, has recourse to a simple though practical reply:—

The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance thro' his fause bodie.
But there is no historical ground for supposing that Salkelde or anyone else lost his life on this occasion.

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd:
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the Laird garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!"

"Now sound out trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
"Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew,
O wha dare meddle wi' me?

They then force their way into the castle, and to the inner prison where their comrade lies.

And when we came to the lower prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
"O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
Upon the morn that thou's to die?"

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft;
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd frae me!
Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
And a' gude fellows that speir for me."

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—

and thus mounted, and in his irons, he is borne down the ladder and carried off in safety; a force which proposed to intercept them deeming it more prudent "not to adventure upon so doubtfull ane event."

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he—
"If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes
When through the water they are gane.

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wadna have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie."

But this was by no means the end of the business. Elizabeth, when the news reached her, "stormed not a little," the English Council took the matter up, there were further remonstrances on both sides, and the English ambassador was instructed to represent that the peace of the two countries would be endangered unless Buccleuch were sent to England. At length a commission was appointed to consider the affair, and sat at Berwick, but, before it met, Buccleuch had offended Elizabeth still more seriously by catching and hanging thirty-six of the Tynedale men, in revenge for a successful raid they had made into Liddes-

dale. The Queen was now "storming" furiously, and feeling had grown very strongly on the English border. The commission decided that the delinquents on both sides were to be given up; and finally, to meet the wishes of the King, Buccleuch consented to surrender himself to England, where he remained for four months. The tradition in the family, as Sir Walter relates it, is, that while there Buccleuch was presented to Elizabeth, who, referring to the affair of Carlisle Castle, asked him how he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous? "What is there," answered Buccleuch, "that a man dares not do?" Upon which the Queen observed, "With ten thousand such men our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe." The rescue of Kinmont Willie was one of the last of the Border raids. James VI., having ascended the English throne, took stringent measures for establishing security on the Marches, and, finding that various proclamations forbidding the use of horses and arms were futile, a system of extirpation was resorted to. Buccleuch collected the most formidable of the moss-troopers under his banner, from whom he organized a force which took service in Holland; numbers were executed without trial, or, as the saying was, "with Jeddart justice," i.e. trial after execution, and, on the English border, the clan of Graham was transported to Ireland, and forbidden to return under pain of death.

The romantic ballads, gathered as they are from all parts of Scotland, are more varied and better known, but less strikingly characteristic than those belonging more exclusively to the Border. *The Douglas Tragedy*, *Helen of Kirkconnell*, *The Cruel Sister*, with its refrain of "Bin-norie," and others, must be familiar, by name at least, to many.

It is unfortunately impossible to quote fully from several of the earlier romances, and this is more particularly to be regretted in *The Lass of Lochroyan*, and *Clerk Saunders and May Margaret*, in other respects two of the most beautiful and touching of all; the last especially containing passages of the most weird and exquisite pathos. The hapless lover has been slain by the lady's brother, but, the night after his burial, his

"wraith" stands at her window "an hour before the day."

"Are ye sleeping Margaret?" he says,
"Or are ye waking presentlie?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thee."

And he implores her to hasten and grant his request, so as to let him "fare him on his way."

"O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,
And I, ere now, will be miss'd away."

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,
And she has stroken her troth thereon;
She has given it him out at the shot-window,
Wi' mony a sad sigh and heavy groan.

"I thank ye, Marg'ret; I thank ye Marg'ret
And aye I thank ye heartilie;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Marg'ret, I'll come for thee."

But she rises and follows him to "the green forest."

"Is there ony room at your head,
Saunders? Is there ony room at your feet
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"

* * * * *

"Cauld mould is my covering now,
But and my winding-sheet;
The dew it falls nae sooner down,
Than my resting-place is weat.

"But plait a wand o' bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And shed a tear upon my grave,
And wish my saul gude rest.

And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,
And Marg'ret o' veritie,
Gin e'er ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

Seldom has anything been written more touchingly pathetic than these last lines.

The latter part of the Minstrelsy is devoted to imitations of ancient ballads, of which Sir Walter's are by far the most important, his charming version of *Thomas the Rhymer*, *Glenfinlas*, *The Eve of St. John*, and *Cadyow Castle*, being among them. Of these, the last—the story of the assassination of the Regent Murray—appears to us the most powerful; and, as has been well observed, it affords the strongest presage of the genius which soon afterwards produced *Marmion*.

One of the most striking of those contributed by other writers is the weird story of Lord Soulis, the wizard of Her-

mitage, as told by Leyden, that eccentric genius who was one of Scott's most ardent coadjutors in the collection of the Minstrelsy. Lord Soulis appears to have been one of the most powerful of the Border Barons in the fourteenth century, but, having engaged in a conspiracy against the Crown, he was sentenced to forfeit his vast estates, which, besides lands in various other counties, included the whole district of Liddesdale. Cruel, treacherous, and avaricious, he was held in terror and detestation by the people around, who, in accordance with the spirit of the age, concluded that he accomplished his wicked deeds by the aid of sorcery, holding conferences with evil spirits in a chamber at Hermitage, which, once in seven years, is still opened by the demon to whom, on his forfeiture, he confided the key of the castle.

The legend of his death is that, irritated by the repeated complaints against his tyranny and cruelty, the King, in a moment of angry haste, told his petitioners to "boil him, if they pleased, but to let him hear no more of him"; and that they availed themselves so promptly of the permission given them, that a messenger who was hurriedly despatched to prevent the possibility of the catastrophe, arrived only in time to witness its consummation. This tale is still preserved most circumstantially in the district. And, indeed, it is not wonderful that tradition and legend should survive in a locality fraught with associations so favorable to both as Hermitage Castle. Standing at the entrance of one of the wildest passes in Liddesdale, and surrounded on all sides by an apparently boundless range of lonely grey hills, it would be difficult to find a situation more in harmony with a belief in the dark deeds and superstitions of the Middle Ages. One of the most important strongholds in the Marches, and, as one of three border castles garrisoned by the Crown, ranking as a royal fortress, it was long an appanage of the Douglasses. It was, therefore, intimately connected with the fortunes of that race which exercised so potent a sway over the destinies of Scotland, and it was here that the Knight of Liddesdale, forgetful of the claims of old comradeship in arms, treacherously carried off Sir Alexander Ramsey, throw-

ing him into the dungeon to perish of starvation. Its most interesting association, however, will always be with Mary Queen of Scots, on that memorable occasion when, after holding the Court of Justice at Jedburgh, she rode out, accompanied by Murray, to visit Bothwell, who was lying there wounded, from an encounter in a recent border fray.

The ballad of Lord Soulis opens with a conversation with the spirit of the castle.

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,

And beside him old Redcap sly;

"Now tell me, thou sprite, who art mickle of might,

The death that I must die?"

"While thou shalt bear a charmed life,

And hold that life of me,

'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,

I shall thy warrant be.

"Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,

Shall e'er thy limbs confine;

Till threefold ropes of sifted sand

Around thy body twine.

"If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,

With rusty padlocks bound;

Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,

And listen to the sound."

A royal messenger then arrives, the bearer of an unwelcome mandate from the King, and, by Lord Soulis' orders, both horse and man are plunged forthwith into the dungeon. He next proceeds to carry off the affianced bride of his neighbor, the heir of Branhholm; and, by way of filling the measure of his iniquities, he also seizes that chieftain himself, and has him brought prisoner to Hermitage. Upon this, Branhholm's "ae" brother, determined to rescue him, "raises the Teviot high and low." Soulis, as enjoined in case of peril, consults the magic chest, but, omitting to observe the injunctions prescribed while doing so, the charm is broken. He consoles himself, however, for this calamity, by the resolve that it shall not prevent him from accomplishing the death of Branhholm, to whom he considerably grants the privilege of choosing the tree on which he is to be hanged. In pursuance of this object they repair to the greenwood; but Branhholm is difficult to please, and rejects one tree after another, until, wearing in their steel caps a branch of witches-hazel as a charm against sorcery, he perceives his brother's men approaching. Lord Soulis

is duly captured, but the difficulty now arises how he is to be disposed of, his charmed life rendering him invulnerable to any ordinary method of extinction. At this crisis, Thomas the Rhymer opportunely appears on the scene, bearing with him "the wondrous book" of Michael Scott.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
Impress'd with many a warlock spell ;
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,

That mortal man might never it see ;
But Thomas did save it from the grave,
When he return'd from Faërie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turn'd the leaves with curious hand :
No ropes did he find, the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the nine stane burn,
And shaped the ropes sae curiouslie ;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

They then try adding chaff to the sand, but all is rendered useless by Redcap, who is present unseen, and who frustrates all their endeavors.

And still beside the nine-stane burn,
Ribb'd like the sand at mark of sea ;
The ropes that would not twist nor turn,
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

Finally, however, a solution is found.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took,
Again its magic leaves he spread ;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boil'd in lead.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones, but barely nine ;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnish'd brass did glimmer and shine.

They roll'd him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall :
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill the cauldron still,
The men of Liddesdale can show ;
And on the spot where they boil'd the pot,
The spreath and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow.

A fact which, even to the present day, is stoutly maintained by the inhabitants of the district.

It would be impossible to conclude this imperfect sketch of the Border Ballads more appropriately than in the words of Sir Philip Sidney in writing of *Cherry Chase* : " I never heard," he says, " the old song of Percie and of Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet ; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style."—*National Review*.

THE KALEWALA.

BY CANON F. C. COOK.

THE subject of this paper is the great national epic of Finland, the Kalewala. Until about the period of the annexation of Finland to Russia, its literature was unknown, and even its language, regarded as barbarous by its masters, the Swedes, was fast dying out. But about the beginning of the century attention was called to the language and the national songs of Finland by certain professors of the University of Abo, and vigorous efforts were made to collect the *Volkstlieder*. The chief result of much research was that Dr. Lönnrot, to whom the foremost place in Finnish literature must be assigned, collected the songs handed down by oral tradition among the people about Vainamoinen, his brothers Ilmarinen and Lemminkainen, and

other principal persons of the Kalewala, into one great poem, now regarded by the Finns, Hungarians, and Germans, as the national epic. In the years 1828 and 1831, he collected a considerable number of Runes (*i.e.*, Cantos), in the course of his journeys through Finland ; and in 1832 he gathered still more important results in a journey through the districts of Archangel, inhabited by Finns. In 1835 he published his collection of the epic poems of the Finns, in two volumes, with the title " Kalewala," in thirty-two Runes or Cantos, containing more than 12,000 lines ; and finally, after an exhaustive search of every corner of the land, conducted by a number of young students, the work was largely extended, and a new edition published

by Dr. Lönnrot, in 50 cantos, with 22,800 lines.

This epic has been well translated into German by Anton Schiefner, and more loosely into French; and a brief notice of it appeared in a work by Mr. Andrew Lang, published by Messrs. Longman, in 1884; but I am not aware that any adequate account of it has appeared in English. I have therefore thought that the readers of this REVIEW may well be disposed to give attention to a somewhat more detailed account of the contents of this remarkable poem, not only from the literary point of view, but on account of its singular interest in reference to the history of religion.

The work, it has been said, consists of fifty Runes. In the first Rune, the poet gives a striking and highly original account of the circumstances under which he wrote, and of the main object which he kept before him. This Preface, so to speak, occupies about a hundred lines. It is of importance, both as indicating the unity of the composition—inasmuch as here, and as will be seen at the close, the poet intimates some of its main features—and as showing the true position and circumstances under which it was composed. He speaks of himself as having learned the songs from his father, who sang them while carving the handle of his hatchet, and from his mother while turning her spindle. It must be remembered, however, that in that country, and at the time when the poem was composed, occupations of this kind were assigned to persons of high rank. In fact the combination of domestic and mechanical work with a considerable amount of mental cultivation and high position, is one of the most striking features of the whole poem.

In the next place, the writer marks out very distinctly the contents of the Kalewala, which he calls the "Song of the Race," produced under an irresistible internal impulse. He names at once the great personages of the whole poem, the ancient Vainamoinen, the chief hero; Ilmarinen, his brother, the ideal smith;* and the third brother, Lemminkainen, whose character is at once pointed out

by the epithet assigned to him, "wielding a sword."

Some general notions are needed in order at all to understand the character of the book. All the chief personages belong to the period between the mythology which deals entirely with deities and that which speaks simply of human heroes. They are not indeed Gods, but they are of divine origin, demi-gods; in fact, coming nearer to the deities than Hercules, Theseus, and other Grecian heroes. There are sudden and striking alternations in the description of their acts and feelings. But for the most part, we are brought into the presence of beings who, in the imagination of the earliest Turanian families, occupied a high place in the supernatural region.

One distinguishing point is the magic power which is attributed to all these persons, especially to Vainamoinen. He is represented not only as mastering all the evil forces of the universe, and controlling the course of Nature by words of supernatural power, but the magic differs altogether from that of the Shamans, the priests and sorcerers of the Tartar and Mongolian tribes. Vainamoinen is, in fact, the ideal of calm majestic wisdom, as comprehended by the greatest spirits of the race. His magic power is exerted in antagonism to moral and physical evil. It is so closely connected with knowledge of the highest truth that when his memory or powers of thought are in a state of confusion he loses altogether the mastery over antagonistic influences (see especially Runes viii. ix.). The evil works of magic are, on the contrary, attributed to the inferior and more superstitious races of the extreme north, the country, as it is called in the Kalewala, of darkness and confusion.

We must now consider the exact course of the narrative. In the first Rune, we begin with the birth of Vainamoinen. His mother, a divine being, called a daughter of the air, is one of the living agencies by whom the Creation (itself the work of the Supreme Deity, called Ukko, that is, the ancient one, and Jumala, the exact equivalent of the Elohim of the Hebrews, the absolute personal Deity) was moulded into its actual state. She is described as

* Corresponding to the Wayland of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian poetry.

descending upon the waters, borne along by mighty rushing winds, moulding islands, promontories, &c., and, in fact, acting the part of a subordinate Demiurge.

After a period of preternatural duration and pangs of terrific severity, during which she invokes the Supreme Being, she gives birth to Vainamoinen (who is, however, represented as self-acting in this crisis, in a passage that reminds us strangely of the birth of Indra in the Rig-Veda). He enters upon existence in full possession of supernatural powers. After long tossing to and fro upon the waters he is cast upon the earth, as yet a barren, woodless and desolate solitude.

In the second Rune, we have a singularly interesting account of the process by which the earth was reclaimed and fitted for the habitation of man. Points of great interest, for which we cannot now find space, are dwelt upon. One, however, of the highest importance, the invocation of Ukkoor Jumala, the Supreme Being, must not be passed over.

"Ukko, thou, O God, who dwellest,
Father of all in highest Heaven,
Thou who rulest in the welkin
To the clouds their course assigning."

Then follow special prayers for winds and fructifying showers, prayers which are at once answered by the Deity.

One curious point must also be noticed, as it bears upon a crisis in the history of Vainamoinen. In order to prepare the earth for the reception of grains, Vainamoinen, with the assistance of a divine messenger, hews down the trees of the forest which had come into existence. But he leaves one tree standing, a birch, "for a resting-place for the birds," as he says,* and as he repeats to an eagle, who comes to inquire how it is that that tree alone is left standing. Pleased with his answer, the eagle at once supplies fire, which speedily reduces the whole forest to fertilizing ashes.†

* This exactly represents the process by which the Fins at present clear and fertilize their soil. A good account is given by M. Léovzon Le Duc—"La Finlande," vol. ii. p. 124 f.

† The verses at the end of the second Rune are a good specimen of the lighter style of the poet:—

The third Rune describes the further work of Vainamoinen in his true and highest character—that of the inspired bard of the earth.

"Vainamoinen, old and trusty,
Lived henceforth his life so noble
On the fields of famous Vaina,
On the plains of Kalewala;
There he sang his lovely ditties,
Sang for ever full of wisdom.

Sang from one day to another,
Singing through the long night-watches,
Sang the tales of ancient ages,
Sang the origin of all things,
Legends now not known to children.
Not indeed by any hero,
Now in these unhappy seasons,
In these dark degenerate ages."

The fame of Vainamoinen extended at once far and wide, far to the south and to the extremest north. There lived Joukahainen, one of the most original characters in this strange poem. He is called a mean Laplander, son of the king or chief of the country, himself remarkable for talent, but still more so for self-assertion and audacity. He hears, to his disgust, of the fame of one who could compose and sing more beautiful songs than those which he himself had learned from his father. Filled with envious fury, he goes to his mother—a person who occupies a conspicuous place in the narrative—and declares his intention of setting off at once to contest the claims of Vainamoinen to superiority. Both his parents dissuade him, and warn him of certain discomfiture, and of the penalties which he must pay for his rashness. His answer is characteristic:

"Good indeed my father's knowledge,
Better still my mother's wisdom,
But my own is far the highest."

"Then came the bird of spring, the cuckoo,
And the graceful birch beholding,
Asked 'Why thus this birch so slender
Hast thou left alone uninjured?'
Then said ancient Vainamoinen:
'It is for this the birch remaineth
That to full growth it attaining,
May give thee place for cheerful singing.
Cry out here, thou dearest cuckoo,
Sweetly sing with throat so pliant,
Clearly sing with voice of silver,
Sing with ring of purest metal,
Sing at morning, sing at even,
Sing aloud at the full mid-day,
That this place may fully prosper,
And the growing of the forest,
May enrich this lonely district,
And fill with plenty all its cornfields.'"

So he proceeds at once to carry out his own plans, mounts his car with its fire-breathing steed, and on the third day arrives at Kalewala. There he meets Vainamoinen driving quietly through the fields. The impetuous youth rushes at once upon him, there is a fierce collision, both are thrown out, but stand facing each other. Vainamoinen asks quietly who he is, and where he comes from. The youth answers insolently: "I am the young Joukahainen: Whence comest thou? To what base family dost thou belong?" Vainamoinen answers, "If you are young get out of my way, as becomes a young fellow;" but Joukahainen answers in tones that recall Elihu and Job: "Here the age of a man matters little, whether he is young or old. To him who stands higher in wisdom, the other must give way." He then challenges Vainamoinen to a trial of skill. The answer of Vainamoinen deserves to be quoted:

"I for my part am not skilful,
All my life in desert regions
Has been passed in my own homestead;
I have only heard the cuckoo:
But do thou, my golden fellow,
Say what knowledge thou possessest
Greater, wider than another."

The youth then names commonplace facts touching home-life, the habits of fish, of beasts—as, for instance, the reindeer—the numbers and names of waterfalls, lakes, and hills in the district. These answers Vainamoinen treats with utter contempt, as beneath the notice of a bearded man, and calls upon him to tell the origin and essential nature of things.

The answer of the youth is striking. He speaks first of the nature of animals and of the elements. "Water," says he, "is the first of forces, and the most effective in enchantments." But he adds in two striking lines:

"Of all healers, the Creator,
Of all helpers, God is greatest."

Here I must remark that he uses the name Jumala, recognized by the noblest family of the Finns, including the Laplanders, as the Supreme Being.

Then, irritated by the contemptuous words of Vainamoinen, the youth boasts, in a wild, exaggerated style, that he himself had been present at the act of creation, one of the seven heroes to

whom the moulding of the earth was entrusted. He claims the ordering of the atmosphere and the making of the firmament, the course of the moon and of the beautiful sun, of the Bear and other stars of heaven.

Vainamoinen is now effectually roused to fury. He treats the youth as an insolent liar. We feel that the contest is virtually settled, but the youth at once appeals to the decision of the sword:

"Now thou aged Vainamoinen,
Come now, O thou big-mouthed singer,
Let us this fierce quarrel settle
With our swords and sharp-edged weapons."

We have thus the two characters and habits of mind distinctly before us. On the one side stands the representative of youthful audacity; on the other the calm maturity of wisdom. Vainamoinen quietly refuses the challenge, and after another wild outburst of passion on the part of the youth, utters words of sovereign power, the expression of a superhuman wisdom, which by their magic efficacy seize the youth, strip him of all his accoutrements, car, horse, and weapons, and plunge him into a morass up to the waist.

The youth now feels his weakness and his folly in challenging the wise and aged hero to a trial of skill. After ineffectual attempts to escape, full of anxious terror, he calls with loud wailing to the wise and eternal magician, and promises an ample ransom for his deliverance. In succession he offers magic weapons, the choice between two wonderful boats, then horses, and abundance of gold and silver, lastly the whole of his lands. To all these offers, Vainamoinen has but one answer: all that the youth offers, he has already in his possession. With reference to the last offer, he says:—

"Best are ever one's own acres,
Best are ever one's own harvests;"

and, continuing his magic song, plunges the youth deeper and deeper in the morass.

We now come to the last and only acceptable offer which the youth makes in his desperation. But to understand its exact bearing, we must remember habits common not only to the Finns and Laplanders, but to all branches of the Turanian race. No man could marry

a wife of his own family, or even of his own tribe. He had to obtain one either by compact with the parents for a sum sufficient to recompense them for the cost of their daughter's training and the loss of her services, or to seize her by main force. A considerable portion of the Kalewala, and of the national poetry of other families of the race, is occupied with transactions referring to the acquisition of a bride.* The bride and her family looked upon marriage contracted under such circumstances as a serious calamity, unless they had some reason to trust the wooer. The maidens were educated, however, with reference to their future position as brides in a strange family, somewhat between slaves and mistresses of a household. This will be illustrated by many passages in the Kalewala. Here it is necessary to bear this fact in mind with reference to the last offer of Joukahainen, and its acceptance by Vainamoinen. In the last agony of approaching death he cries out:—

“O wise and noble Vainamoinen
Leave, oh leave thy spells of magic,
Leave me still my life so lovely.
If the enchantment thou recallest
And the evil curse removest,
I will give thee mine own sister
Aino, daughter of my mother.
Who shall keep thy house in order,
Always clean and always tidy,
Who shall keep the casks well polished,
Thy bed with sheets and blankets cover,
Coverlet with gold embroider,
Bake thee bread as sweet as honey.
Then the aged Vainamoinen
Felt exceeding bright and cheerful,
That he now the youngster's sister
For his old age thus was promised.”

The result is that Joukahainen is at once delivered, mounts his sledge, and hastens home in a state of extreme distress, there to seek his own dear mother, the gray-haired, aged woman. She inquires into the cause of his evident displeasure. His answer is:—

“Dearest, thou who once didst bear me,
Cause enough to-day for weeping,
Ever must I mourn and sorrow,
That I thus my own dear sister
Have to Vainamoinen given
As a bride to him, the singer,
To the weakling a stout helper
And protector for his household.”

* See the “Samoeidischen Legenden und Tartarischen Heldensagen.”

His mother, however, does not share his feeling, and declares that she had always hoped to have the noble hero, the strong Vainamoinen as her son-in-law.

But the poor sister wept bitterly on hearing the tidings, nor is she at all consoled by her mother's assurance, that she will be mistress of a noble house, and pass her time quietly at the window, or in domestic occupations. The form in which the maiden expresses her sorrow is characteristic—

“Mother, thou who me didst carry,
Well may I, oh dearest, sorrow,
For my beauteous plaits be weeping,
Which my young head so adorneth,
For the soft and flowing love-locks
Which from henceforth must be hidden
And their full growth ever covered.”

She weeps for her young life, the love of the dear sun, the sweetness of the fair moonlight, the joy of her whole life, when, as maiden and as child, she had been allowed to sit in the workshop of her brother* under the windows of her father. The mother simply answers that God's fair sun (notice the expression, “sun of Jumala,” the Supreme God) shines in other parts of the earth, and that the enjoyments of childhood she may still have as a wife.

I have quoted this Rune at some length, because of its highly characteristic portraiture of the old Turanian habits, and its indications of a true theology.

In the next Rune Vainamoinen sees the maiden in the copse and says to her quietly:

“Not for others wear, O virgin,
For me only wear, O virgin,
Lovely pearls as thy fair necklace,
Silver cross upon thy bosom,
Wear for me thy plaits so lovely,
Bind for me thy hair with ribbons.”

His address stirs the wrath of the maiden, who flings away the cross from her bosom, the rings from her finger, the pearls from her neck, the red ribbon from her head, and, weeping and wailing loudly, runs to her house. There she finds her father, who asks her at once why she is weeping; then her brother and young sister; and at last her mother, who is at the dairy skimming the milk, and says:—

* The love of brothers and sisters is dwelt upon with special interest in other Finnish poems.

" 'Why thus weeping, my poor daughter,
My poor daughter, my young maiden?' "

She tells her mother all that has happened, but the only answer she gets is a direction to dress herself beautifully, with the offer of a present of splendid robes with a golden girdle, which her mother had once in early youth received as a gift from the daughters of the moon and the sun, but after wearing a few days set aside as far too precious for common use.

Deaf to her mother's pressing and fascinating offer, the poor girl runs away bewailing her fate. "Better," says she, "had it been for me never to have been born than to have grown up to see a day so wretched. Had I lived only six nights, then my little body would have needed but a small shroud, a little spot of earth; then my mother and father would have wept for me but a little, and my brothers scarce a little." One more attempt she makes to persuade her mother, but in vain. Then putting on her most precious ornaments she flees from the house, over fields and meadows, "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," ever crying out and longing for death. "My time," she says, "is now come to hasten from this world to the realm of Mana,* to the region of death. Weep not, oh! my father; mother, be not angry; sister, dry thy cheek; brother, give up weeping when I sink into the water, to the depths of the sea." At last she comes to the sea-coast, and sits there weeping through the evening and the whole night. There she sees three sea-nymphs, and in haste to join them flings off her robes and ornaments. But as she is just about to leap into the water, the crag on which she is sitting falls, and the poor maiden, Aino, is flung headlong into the waves.† Her dying song occupies some lines which I must pass over. Her death awakens even the sympathy of the wild beasts. The question is, which shall bear the tidings to her parents? The bear, the wolf, and the fox are rejected; but the hare, a tender-

hearted beast, hastens to the home, where he barely escapes being seized and roasted. The maidens of the household, who were in the bath-room with brooms in their hands,* threaten him; but he succeeds in telling his sad tale, which is heard with bitter grief by the poor mother, who in her agony exclaims:

" 'Never, oh! poor mother, never,
Never, while your life endureth,
Press your daughter on to marriage,
If the man she will not fancy,
As I now, unhappy mother,
Urged my sweet unwilling daughter.' "

The quaint grief of the parents occupies the rest of this Rune.

The next Rune begins with the effect of the tidings on Vainamoinen. Weeping like a genuine Homeric hero, he goes at once to the seaside and calls upon the god of dreams to tell him where he should find the sea-nymphs with whom, as his instinctive wisdom told him, the lost maiden was now dwelling. Receiving instructions on this point, he takes a boat, which he prepares with the utmost care, and goes with his fishing-rod to explore the bed of the sea.†

At last a large salmon seizes the bait, Vainamoinen catches it, of course, immediately, and describes its beauty and special charms for a fisherman. His one thought is to cut it up for a meal, and he draws out his knife for this purpose. He is about to cut it open, when the salmon slips out of his hand and springs into the water, where it immediately rises to the surface and addresses him thus:

" 'Oh, thou poor old Vainamoinen,
Never did I come as salmon
To supply thee with a supper,' &c.

" 'Why, then, did you come?' " asks Vainamoinen. Whereupon she declares that she came with the intention of being his bride, describing at full length the domestic duties which she would have gladly undertaken. She says, "I was not a real salmon, but a bright young maiden, the sister of Joukahainen, whom thou hast so long wished for.

* Mana, the Pluto of the Turanians, the Yami of Indo-Aryans.

† In the first edition, 1835, this was represented as a deliberate act of suicide, which Castrén holds to have been the original legend; this appears to me somewhat questionable.

* The bath-room is the most important room in the house of every Finn.

† The details of this are given with great precision, being of course of special interest to a population of fishermen.

Thou poor old fool! Vainamoinen! without discernment. You knew not how to hold me fast, I who now am a sea-nymph, the daughter of the waves."

The poor old man, in sad distress, implores her to come to him again; but she disappears at once and forever. Vainamoinen indulges in long and fruitless regrets; but finding all in vain, he utters a last lamentation, and then hastens homewards. There he speaks of the departure of all joy, but, above all, regrets the absence of a mother who, had she been still upon earth, would have told him what he could do to soothe his grief.* His wailing is heard by his mother in the other world; she answers him from beyond the grave, and advises him at once to return to the north, where he will find more beautiful maidens, more remarkable for grace and especial charm of Finnish housewives—active and neat-handed in household duties. Vainamoinen goes at once; but he is watched by his old enemy, Joukahainen, who aims a fiery arrow at him, which pierces his horse. He falls at once into the water, where he is carried away by a terrific storm; he remains many days in the open sea; but is at last saved by the eagle who remembers with gratitude his thoughtful kindness in sparing a birch tree for the good of the birds, and deposits him at once on the northern shore, where the Queen of the North receives him hospitably, and detains him with promise of bestowing upon him her daughter in marriage, if only he will prepare the mysterious and marvellous thing called a *Sampo*,† the possession of which secured riches and prosperity to the happy owners. Vainamoinen cannot do this himself, but undertakes, on his return home, to send his brother Ilmarinen, the smith; whereupon the Queen of the North supplies him with chariot and horses, warn-

ing him that if he does not go straight home, without allowing his attention to be disturbed by any object, some terrible calamity will befall him.

But, as the eighth Rune tells us in the beginning, Vainamoinen's attention was at once arrested. A wondrously beautiful daughter of the North is seen, seated on the vault of heaven, in vestment of heavenly brilliancy, engaged, as became a daughter of the North, in weaving a robe of gold and silver thread. The sound of the shuttle and the silver spindle in its rapid movement made a loud noise immediately over the head of Vainamoinen, and it at once arrests his rapid and impetuous course. Regardless of the warnings he had received, he looks up to heaven, sees the beautiful maiden, and at once stays his horse and cries out to her:

"Come hither to my sledge, oh maiden!
By my side at once be seated."

The maiden answers, "What should a maiden do in his sledge?" His answer is that of a genuine Finn. She should come to do all domestic work which becomes a matron; bake his bread, prepare his beer, sing blithely at his table, and, sitting at the window, enjoy the outlook over the wide plains of Kalewala. Her answer is characteristic and amusing:

"I went to the flowery meadow,
Yesterday, just after sunset,
There I heard a bird sing sweetly,
There I heard a thrush thus warbling,
Singing of a maiden's feelings,
And a married woman's feelings.
Then I asked this little warbler,
Tell me, oh sweet bird distinctly,
Which is better and more pleasant,
To live as maiden with one's father,
Or as matron with a husband?"

"Answer gave the lovely warbler:
Bright and warm are days of summer,
Warmer still a maiden's freedom.
Icy cold in frost is iron,
Colder still the joy of women.
In her home still the maiden dwelling,
Is a sweet fruit in a garden;
But the wife beside her husband,
Like a dog chained to his kennel.
Seldom is a servant pardoned,
Never is a wife forgiven."*

Vainamoinen answers simply, that a bird's singing and the thrush's twittering are all folly. A maiden in her home

* This is inconsistent with the account of his birth in the first Rune; but in a long poem which was certainly composed at different periods, such discrepancies are common.

† What the *Sampo* was is much disputed among commentators. Some adopt the very prosaic account given in the edition of 1835, that it was simply a mill adapted for various purposes. Others, with whom Castrén agrees, are content to leave it in obscurity. It occupies a very prominent position in the whole poem.

* A very full account of the trials of a Finnish wife is given in Rune xxiii. line 1 to 478.

is but a child; but as a wife is duly honored. So he repeats his invitation, modestly stating his pretensions, as a man not to be looked down upon as inferior to other heroes. In answer, the maiden proposes conditions impossible, as she supposes, two of which he fulfils at once. The third, however, brings him into misfortune. He has to form a boat out of her broken shuttle. Vainamoinen feels that no one under the vault of heaven could make such a vessel as well as he could. He sets to work at once, and goes on for two days successfully, but on the third day his skill fails him. Two malignant spirits, often named in the poem and in the legends of the Finns, are on the watch, and give his hatchet a thrust which drives it into his knee, forcing it, in fact, into the flesh and into the arteries, so that the blood gushes out like a torrent. Vainamoinen, at first unconcerned, speaks magic words; but in his state of mental confusion, brought on probably by the sight of the maiden, he forgets the special words which would at once have effected a cure. Blood flows forth, as is described, in an unceasing stream, not as the blood of a mortal, but of a demi-god. Finding all means which he tried to stop it ineffectual, he gives way to terror and grief, and, though not without difficulty, gets into his sledge and drives his horse rapidly to a place where three roads meet. He tries first the lowest, then the middle one, but although both bring him to places where he hoped to find succor, he fails in each case. The third road, however, which leads him upwards, brings him to a house where an old man with a gray beard is sitting by the stove, who in answer to his question: "Is there any one here who can stop a torrent of blood?" says that "three words of the Creator could arrest rivers, and streams, and torrents." Vainamoinen enters the house; the blood streaming from his wound fills at once all the vessels that can be produced, and teaches the old man that one of the race of heroes is in his presence. Unfortunately, the old man cannot find the words needed on this occasion; words that describe the origin of iron. Vainamoinen here, however, can supply him with the knowledge, and narrates at length a myth, followed by an account of the way

in which iron was moulded and wrought by his brother, the smith Ilmarinen. This account, which occupies some 250 lines, gives the old man the information which he requires.* He sets his son at once to work, and, after a solemn invocation of God the Creator and Father in Heaven, he prepares an ointment of magic efficacy, which at once stills the agonizing pains and restores the wounded knee to perfect soundness. The efficacy of this remedy he attributes entirely to the power of God, whom he addresses as "God, full of beauty, mighty Creator, preserver from all evil."

Vainamoinen expresses his deep feelings of joy and gratitude in words so full of deep Christian feeling that Castren regards them as proof of the influence of Christianity itself.

"Then his eyes did Vainamoinen
Raise in thankfulness to heaven."

And said :—

" 'Tis from thence all help proceedeth,
E'en from thence, from highest heaven,
From the mighty great Creator.
Praised be Thou in heaven, O Highest !
All praise to Thee, oh Great Creator !
That Thou help to me hast granted,
And vouchsafed me Thy protection,
In these pains so hard and cruel
By the cruel steel inflicted."

He concludes his address with these words :—

" ' God alone the end effecteth,
He alone the great Creator,
Ne'er will it be found by hero,
Ne'er by mighty hand accomplished."

With this strange and noble utterance, the first series of legends, which describe the character and work of Vainamoinen, comes virtually to a close.

The next Rune finds him in his own home, where he at once endeavors to persuade Ilmarinen to fulfil his own promise to the Queen of the North. This part of the subject is dealt with briefly; but it is of importance, as touching the central point in the whole series of transactions. Ilmarinen is described as second only to Vainamoinen in wisdom and sound judgment. He is himself a demigod, a divine artificer,

* The account given by Vainamoinen is interesting, both as regards the legend which personifies natural agencies, and also for the acquaintance which it shows with the miner's and metal-worker's art.

who, as is assumed throughout, in subordination to the Supreme Deity, gave form, if not existence, to the firmament. In the tenth Rune he forms a mysterious *Sampo*, which Castrén regards as a magical instrument or talisman, to which certainly are attributed the wealth and prosperity of the nation who have the good fortune to possess it. As a reward of his work he receives the promise of the daughter of the North in marriage; but, like his brother Vainamoinen, he fails to secure her love, and returns home bitterly disappointed.

The following Runes bring us into contact with one of the most striking and original characters in the poem, named Lemminkainen. In the eleventh and twelfth Runes we are told of his adventures with the beautiful but frail Kyblikki, whom, however, he abandons, and after a long discussion with his mother, who seeks to dissuade him, he resolves to go northwards, and court the beautiful daughter of the North. His adventures in this expedition, which are singularly wild and interesting, are described in the thirteenth to the sixteenth Runes. The next four Runes describe the second expedition of the two elder brothers, when Ilmarinen at last obtains the hand of the beautiful girl. The ceremonies of the wedding, which are full of curious details, form an episode of not less than six Runes; and the conduct of the impetuous Lemminkainen, who, indignant at not being invited, resolves to go to the North and revenge himself, forms another episode, extending over Runes twenty-seven to thirty.

This part of the subject has been here of necessity dealt with very concisely; but it contains some of the most striking and interesting details in the whole poem. The characters of the three brothers, so unlike, yet all standing apart from other beings in the strength and originality of their nature, come before us with singular vividness, and excite a lively interest. The details of domestic life are in no place marked more distinctly than in Runes thirty-two, thirty-three, and thirty-four.

Then follows a long episode of remarkable beauty, but wholly unconnected with the main subject of the poem. It relates to the disastrous adventures of

an ancient hero, Kullervo, terminated by his suicide. There can be no doubt that this formed a separate chant in the recitation of the singers. But it bears evident marks of identity of authorship. The thirty-seventh Rune leads us back to Ilmarinen, who, having lost his wife, attempts to supply her place by magic creation. But failing in this, he resolves once more to go to the North and woo the younger sister of his late wife. He is ill-received by the parents; but carries the girl off by force. Indignant at her reproaches he casts her off and changes her into a sea-mew. On his return home he gives his elder brother an account of the extraordinary prosperity of the North, now in possession of the *Sampo*. The effect of this is described in Rune thirty-nine. Vainamoinen at once resolves to invade the North and obtain possession of the *Sampo*. In this expedition the two elder brothers are joined by Lemminkainen.

Here follows another digression of strange interest. On their way the boat strikes on the back of a monstrous pike. They capture it, and with the backbone Vainamoinen forms a harp, on which he exercises his wondrous magic skill as the musician and songster of the universe. All living beings in earth and sea and atmosphere come at once to listen to his music, the effect of which is described as so affecting as to bring tears to every eye; great tears falling from his own eyes into the water become beautiful pearls. This passage, of course, reminds us of the old Greek legends of Orpheus and Bacchus; but it is evidently original.

We have now an account of the achievements of the three brothers, and especially of Vainamoinen, in the North. He claims the *Sampo*, as a matter of right. But the Queen of the North, Louhi, calls upon her warriors to oppose the invader. Vainamoinen, as in all other cases, trusts entirely to his wondrous magic power, and taking his harp, by his melodies lulls the whole people of the North into a deep sleep. He then seizes the *Sampo*, which the Queen of the North had hidden in a rocky mountain, and sets off to return home. On the third day, Louhi awakes from her sleep and sends a dense fog and strong wind against the robbers of

the *Sampo*. In the storm Vainamoinen's new harp falls into the water. Louhi pursues them in a warship, and a desperate battle is fought on the sea, in which the forces of Kalewala are triumphant. Still the northern queen succeeds in getting hold of the *Sampo*, which she throws into the sea, where it is broken to atoms. Yet all places where fragments fall are enriched by it, the adjoining coasts especially, to the great joy of Vainamoinen. In the next Rune Vainamoinen seeks for his harp, which had fallen into the sea, but cannot find it, and makes himself a new harp of a birch, which he plays, and fills all beings that hear him with exceeding joy. In the forty fifth Rune, the Queen of the North sends pestilence and sundry diseases against Kalewala, ills which are met at once by Vainamoinen's magic skill. In the next Rune he also slays a bear, sent by the same foe, and, in accordance with Finnish customs, still observed in that district, a great feast is held, at which Vainamoinen plays on his harp and expresses hopes for the future prosperity of Kalewala.

The forty-seventh Rune is one of the most remarkable in the poem. The moon and the sun come down to listen to the songster; but the Queen of the North makes them both prisoners, hides them in a mountain, and steals all the fire from the homes of Kalewala. Then Ukko, the god of the atmosphere, indignant at the darkness in Heaven, creates fire for a new moon and a new sun; here we have what looks like a reminiscence of Genesis i., but it is certainly of independent origin.*

We have then circumstances undoubtedly significant and suggesting deep and true meanings, but obscure and open to speculation. Fire falls on the earth, and Vainamoinen and his brother go out to find it. The Daughter of the Air—that is, the mother of Vainamoinen in the ancient myth—appears to them and directs them to the place where it can be found. But unfortunately it has been swallowed by a mysterious fish. After fruitless attempts to catch the fish, they construct a magic net, in which he is caught. The fire at once spreads

around and lays waste the whole district, until at last it is overmastered by the magic art of the two brothers; from being a master it becomes a useful slave, and warms the homes of Kalewala.

This brings us to the real close of the poem (Rune forty-nine). Ilmarinen first attempts to make a new sun and moon, but fails to supply them with light. Vainamoinen, again ascertaining by magic where the true moon and sun are hidden, determines on an expedition to the North to recover them. Failing in this, he returns home, and with his brother Ilmarinen sets about making new implements to open the rocky mountain. The Queen of the North, dreading the result, sets the sun and the moon free. Vainamoinen hails their return with a song of grateful feeling, which concludes the forty-ninth Rune.

The fiftieth and last Rune. The forty-ninth Rune ended with the last acts and words of Vainamoinen, as the true head and representative of ante-Christian civilization. The fiftieth Rune begins in an altogether different tone. We have in it the close of the system by which the national life of Finland had been previously moulded.

It begins abruptly; without any previous intimation we are brought into the presence of a beautiful virgin named Mariatta. She passed the first years of her life in the house of her father and dear mother. She is described as exceedingly beautiful, chaste, humble, and full of loving tenderness. She abstains from all animal food, even from eggs, not as things unclean in themselves, but because of her exceeding love for all living creatures. Her address to the golden cuckoo (as we have seen, the favorite bird of the Finns)* is full of terms of endearment. She lived long as a shepherdess, in which condition no venomous or unclean creatures dared to touch her. There she is addressed by a mysterious fruit, which asks her to gather and swallow it. She listens to its request, but the mysterious result is that she conceives a child. Her anxieties and distress during pregnancy are described, especially the pangs of childbirth. When they are coming on, in

* Observe the order—first fire or light, then sun and moon as luminaries in heaven.

* Thus, too, in the Russian "Bylines," the cuckoo takes the place of the nightingale.

accordance with Finnish customs, she beseeches her mother for the bath ; but her mother rejects her request with indignation, feeling assured of her guilt. So also her father. Her answer to both is a simple assertion of chastity and the declaration that she would give birth to a great hero, a noble being, who would rule over the mighty, and especially over Vainamoinen. Strangely enough, she then addresses herself to a prince or king, named Ruotas, a name which all commentators identify with Herod. He and his hateful wife tell the maid, through whom she sends her request, that the only place fit for Mariatta would be a stall in the forest ; there, surrounded by horses, she might give birth to her child. The maiden acts as she is thus directed. Her prayer to the Creator, full of piety and love, is given in a few lines, asking for deliverance and preservation of life in her hour of bitter agony. Her loving care of the infant is then described, special mention being made of the swaddling clothes. But suddenly and mysteriously the child disappears. She seeks him for a long time in vain. Then she calls upon a bright star which appears to her suddenly :

“ O thou star by God created,
Canst thou tell me of my infant,
Where my little son abideth ? ”

The star makes a remarkable answer :—

“ If I knew I would not say it,
He Himself is my creator. ”

The same question is addressed to the moon, and the same answer given. Both the moon and the stars speak of their melancholy state in the cold and gloom of night. Finally, she addresses the sun :

“ Sun, O thou by God created,
Know'st thou aught of my sweet infant ? ”

The sun answers in joyous tone :—

“ Well I know thy lovely infant,
He it is who me created
That with golden rays the daylight,
I might give to happy mortals. ”

He tells her that the infant is plunged in a marsh. There Mariatta finds her child, whom she brings home, but can give him no name. All the mothers call him the Flowret ; but strangers call him *Idler*. We then read that the child

is to be baptized. An aged man, called Virokannas, came to baptize and to bless him ; but will not do this until the child has been thoroughly examined and proved.

The result is that Vainamoinen himself, as the representative of wisdom, is called in to examine the child. But, with a mysterious instinct of antipathy or terror, the aged hero declares that it is a child of the marsh and of a fruit, and that the fitting treatment is to throw it on the ground where the fruits grew, or to carry it to the marsh, and there crush its head with a tree.

Then in words that remind us, though indistinctly, of the Apocryphal legends of the infancy, the child, though but two weeks old, calls out :

“ O thou old man without wisdom,
Without wisdom, full of folly ;
How unrighteous is thy judgment,
What unsound interpretation ! ”

and tells him that he will have to expiate his crime against the child of his own mother, and will be plunged in the marsh.

Thereupon the aged Virokannas baptizes the child and pronounces the formal blessing, that it should be King of Kariala and protector of all the powers of the universe. By Kariala we are to understand either the district then inhabited specially by the Finns, or, more probably, the whole earth, of which it was regarded as the centre. We have the clear announcement of a new dispensation under the sovereignty of an almighty king. But to Vainamoinen the result is utterly ruinous. He feels that his own work is come to an end. It began with the cultivation of the earth, and civilization of its inhabitants ; and ended with a restoration to prosperity and happiness. But it is now all over. Once more, he sings for the last time, and, by words of magic power, calls into existence a boat of metal. On this he takes his departure ; and, as he passes away over the waste of waters, he utters these words :

“ Let the dear time pass away.
Men will still feel need of me ”

that I may create another *Sampo* (that is, the means of all earthly prosperity), and renew in Heaven the moon and the sun, without which the earth is bereaved of all joy.”

And so the aged Vainamoinen leaves this earth and sails away to the unfathomable depths of space. There he still remains, on his magic boat.

"Still he left his harp among us,
Left the beautiful tones in Suomi,*
To the people's endless gladness,
Lovely songs for Suomi's children."

So ends this mysterious but noble poem. Before we consider its general bearings, we must call attention to the last words added by the poet himself. He says he must now bring his songs to a close, for all exertions have an end. Horses and steel, and water and fire, all cease when their work is done. Must not, therefore, song and poetry end, when wearied after the long joys of even, after the last hours of sunset?† He then speaks, in the melancholy tones which are specially characteristic of Finnish poetry, of his early youth. His mother, he tells us, died very early; her love and her brightness, too, soon forsook him. Without human sympathy, he had grown up among the firs and birches of the forest, ever dear and friendly to him. There he grew up like a young lark or thrush, but under the government of a strange woman, a step-mother, who assigned to him the windy corner of the room, and the north side of the house, where the unprotected infant might be abandoned to the pitiless storms. There, he says, he began, as a lark, to move freely, "to fly as a bird" full of anguish; there he learned to know every wind, to understand each sound of the forest, to tremble at the frost, and to lament in the cold; so, to use the words of the most unhappy child of genius in our own days:

"He learned in suffering what he taught in song."

He tells us he received no instruction, learnt nothing from the great or noble of the earth, received nothing from strange languages or distant lands. Alluding to the words which we read at the beginning of the poem, he says he had in his own house his teaching by the spindle of his mother and the car-

penter's bench of his brother; yet, as he says at last, "be this as it may, I have shown the way to singers, and cleared their path for them. In future this is the way that must be trodden, this is the sure path open for all singers, rich in talents, and for all poets, who will sing to the youth now growing up, to the coming race."

In a very few words I will now state the chief impressions made on my mind by this most remarkable poem.

I. It has the fullest and justest claim to be called a national epic. We observe the singular unity of the composition, a unity not merely external, though in that respect it is rivalled by few, and surpassed by none; for with the exception of the single episode from Runes thirty-one to thirty-four, every part of the poem is concerned with the actions and sayings of the three brothers. Among them Vainamoinen stands foremost. He is the chief and representative of all pre-Christian civilization. The poem begins with his mysterious birth, and ends with his no less mysterious disappearance. His mother is a divine being; and he belongs to the same supernatural sphere. His first acts upon earth are connected with its cultivation. From first to last he performs all his exploits by virtue of words of magic efficacy, giving mysterious expression to his deep insight into the origin and powers of the universe. On one occasion only is he represented as acting by mere force of arms, presenting in this respect a striking contrast to the Homeric ideal of heroism. He is spoken of always as a person of deep and tender affections; loving his mother, his brethren and his people. He is the great ideal musician, charming and ruling all powers of Nature by his soul-controlling melodies, and bequeathing at last his harp to his own people. On one occasion only does his wisdom fail him, owing to mental perturbation. We find that, far from regarding the magic power which he possesses and uses so freely as his own inherent endowment, he recognizes one Supreme Being as source of all power, giver of all good gifts. It is true that Castrén looks upon these passages as proofs of Christian influences, but wherever the sacred name Jumala (*i.e.*, God) occurs,

* *i.e.*, Finland. It is the only proper name of the district and people.

† This refers to the Finnish habit still preserved of reciting poems in the long winter evenings.

it is used precisely in the same spirit as we find in every unsophisticated race of early periods. The idea of a personal and Supreme God, no mere abstraction or result of curious speculations, but an ever-present and all-controlling principle, dimly apprehended, but inseparably connected with human consciousness, is to me the most conspicuous and interesting fact bearing on the unity of the race and the divine origin of all true religion.

In considering the unity of the poem we must bear in mind that in its present state it was collected from the mouths of the people, and was liable of course to all influences which would affect its integrity. Many repetitions, many discrepancies find in this circumstance a complete explanation. But we may congratulate ourselves, not merely on the almost unexampled retention of poems of such extent, abounding in variety of details, but on the still more remarkable preservation of unity of characters, principles and feelings.

With regard to the language, I may be allowed to state that when I first began to read Finnish, I was struck by its very remarkable characteristics, and by its near resemblance to the noblest and most cultivated languages of Aryan antiquity. The metrical system is at once simple and effective. It moves with an easy and elastic flow, carrying us on with a resistless movement not surpassed in the finest chants of the Rig-Veda, or the Homeric poems.

Whether we regard the language, the poetry, or the religion of the Kalewala, I find striking confirmation of the principles which I have asserted in my work, "The Origin of Religion and Language." We have in the first place, the transitional link between the Aryan, or flexional, and Turanian, or so-called agglutinative languages. This fact is distinctly recognized by critics who are certainly not influenced by what is now regarded as dogmatic prejudice. Castrén, and all other Finnish scholars, Ujfalvy, Budenz, and other Hungarian philologists, equally remarkable for acuteness and sound judgment, prove, on purely scientific grounds, that Finnish comes nearest to the oldest forms of Aryan, so near, indeed, as to justify the assumption of direct descent; and

again brings all other Turanian languages within the limits of an intelligible and complete system, comprehending all branches, from the North-West to the extremest East of the old continent.

Taking Finnish as the centre, we see at once its connection with the original language of the Japhetic race, retained in its purest and most developed form by the old Aryans; and, on the other hand, with the most ancient forms of the Turanian languages, the old Median, the Accadian or Sumerian, not to speak of Turkish or Hungarian, which is now admitted by all native scholars to be directly descended from the Ugro-Finnish.

II. Poetry. In extent the Finnish Epic stands between the national poems of the Indo-Aryans and the "Iliad" or "Odyssey." In unity of structure, and in variety, and truth, in its representation of personal character, it certainly presents a striking contrast to the wilder features of Scandinavian and Indo-Aryan poetry. Vainamoinen is at once more human than the heroes of classical antiquity, and, at the same time, free from the prevalent characteristics of mere physical force and ferocity. These points, to my mind, have an important bearing upon the question as to the unity of all branches of the human race. The deepest sympathies of our common nature are appealed to and elicited.

III. Religion. As for the religion of the Kalewala, without discussing speculative questions, indefinite in extent and utterly inconclusive, I would simply insist on one unquestioned fact: one Supreme Deity, Creator and Lord of the Universe, is called Jumala, a name which, as Castrén proves, is far more ancient than any designation of a God among the Finns, and their congeners. In character, attributes, and powers, this Deity occupies precisely the position assigned to Varuna in the Rig-Veda, or to Ahuramazda in Eranian tradition; and, on the other hand, to the Being recognized, though it might seem unconsciously, in spite of later superstitions, by all branches of the Turanian race. These points would, of course, require more space and time than are at my disposal; but the results appear to me certain, and if not undisputed, yet essentially incontrovertible.

It is only to be hoped that England will take the part which becomes her in the elucidation of this unique production of the Turanian mind. Much certainly remains to be done towards the right adjustment of several portions of the work; much also for the assignment of its true place with regard to the language itself. But one thing must be asserted as the general outcome. No labor on this poem will be lost that is rightly

and conscientiously directed. The poet, the philologist, the philosopher, and the scientific theologian, will each be rewarded in proportion to the candor and honesty of his investigations. Nor do I feel it wrong to state my gratification that in this brief treatise I have brought the subject, as it would seem, for the first time—at least with adequate fulness—before the minds of my countrymen.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE METHODS OF AUTHORS.

THE method by which a man works is always interesting as an indication of character. So thinks the biographer of Buckle, whose method was chiefly remarkable for careful, systematic industry and punctilious accuracy. His memory appeared to be almost faultless, yet he took as much precaution against failure as if he dared not trust it. He invariably read with "paper and pencil in his hand, making copious references for future consideration. How laboriously this system was acted upon can be appreciated only by those who have seen his note-books, in which the passages so marked during his reading were either copied or referred to under proper heads. Volume after volume was thus filled, written with the same precise neatness that characterises his MS. for the press, and indexed with care so that immediate reference might be made to any topic. But careful as these extracts and references were made, there was not a quotation in one of the copious notes that accompanied his work that was not verified by collation with the original from which it was taken."

Trollope's system is well known, but we may quote a curious explanation of his fertility.

"When I have commenced a new book I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered day by day the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labor,

so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time—whether my other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed—I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty, and has risen to one hundred and twelve. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain two hundred and fifty words; and, as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went."

Much has been said about the quality of Mr. Trollope's work. There seems a consensus of opinion that it had degenerated. "Mr. Trollope," says Mr. Freeman, "had certainly gone far to write himself out. His later work is far from being so good as his earlier. But, after all, his worst work is better than a great many other people's best; and, considering the way in which it was done, it is wonderful that it was done at all. I, myself, know what fixed hours of work are, and their value; but I could not undertake to write about William Rufus or Appian Claudius up to a certain moment on the clock, and to stop at that moment. I suppose it was from his habits of official business that Mr. Trollope learned to do it, and every man undoubtedly knows best how to do his own work. Still it is strange that works of imagination did not suffer by such a way of doing." Mr. James Payn says that Trollope has injured his reputation by publishing his methods of writing, and the *Daily News*, in referring to Al-

phonse Daudet's history of his own novels, doubts whether he has acted wisely. As the editor says, "An effect of almost too elaborate art—a feeling that we are looking at a mosaic painfully made up of little pieces picked out of real life and fitted together, has often been present to the consciousness of M. Daudet's readers. That feeling is justified by his description of his creative efforts."

M. Daudet's earlier works were light and humorous, like *Tartarin*, or they were idyllic, and full of Provençal scenery, the nature and the nightingales of M. Daudet's birthplace, the South. One night at the theatre, when watching the splendid failure of an idyllic Provençal sort of play, M. Daudet made up his mind that he must give the public sterner stuff, and describe the familiar Parisian scenery of streets and quais. His wise determination was the origin of his novels, *Jack*, *Froment Jeune et Rissler Aîné*, and the rest. Up to that time, M. Daudet, with M. Zola, M. Flaubert, and the brothers Goncourt, had all been more or less unpopular authors. It is not long ago since they had a little club of the unsuccessful, and M. Daudet was the first of the company who began to blossom out into numerous editions. M. Daudet's secret as a novelist, as far as the secret is communicable, seems to be his wonderfully close study of actual life, and his unscrupulousness in reproducing its details almost without disguise. He frankly confesses that not only the characters in his political novels, but in his other works, are drawn straight from living persons.

The scenery is all sketched from nature, M. Daudet describing the vast factories with which he was familiar when, at the age of sixteen, he began to earn his own living, or the interiors to which he was admitted by virtue of his position under a great man of the late Imperial administration. Places about which he did not know much and which needed to be introduced into his tales, M. Daudet visited with his note-book. M. Daudet's mode of work is, first, to see his plot and main incidents clearly; to arrive at a full understanding of his characters, then to map out his chapters, and then, he says, his fingers tingle to

be at work. He writes rapidly, handing each wet slip of paper to Madame Daudet for criticism and approval. There is no such sound criticism, he says, as this helpful collaborator, who withal is "so little a woman of letters." When a number of chapters are finished, M. Daudet finds it well to begin publishing his novel in a journal. Thus he is obliged to finish within a certain date; he cannot go back to make alterations; he cannot afford time to write a page a dozen times over, as a conscientious artist often wishes to do.

The Quaker poet, Whittier, considers himself unlike other authors, for he says he never had any method. "When I felt like it," he says, "I wrote, and I neither had the health nor the patience to work over it afterwards. It usually went as it was originally completed." Charles Dickens had the faculty of making his fictitious characters real to himself. Charlotte Brontë was equally interested in the characters she drew. Whilst writing *Jane Eyre*, she became intensely concerned in the fortunes of her heroine, whose smallness and plainness corresponded with her own. When she had brought the little Jane to Thornfield, her enthusiasm had grown so great that she could not stop. She went on writing incessantly for weeks. At the end of this time she had made the minute woman conquer temptation, and in the dawn of the summer morning leave Thornfield. . . . "After Jane left Thornfield, the rest of the book," says Miss Martineau, "was written with less vehemence and with more anxious care—the world adds, with less vigor and interest." Wilkie Collins's book, *Heart and Science*, so mercilessly excited him that he says he continued writing week after week without a day's interval or rest. "Rest was impossible. I made a desperate effort; rushed to the sea; went sailing and fishing; and was writing my book all the time 'in my head' as the children say. The one wise course to take was to go back to my desk and empty my head, and then rest. My nerves are too much shaken for travelling. An arm-chair and a cigar, and a hundred and fiftieth reading of the glorious Walter Scott—King, Emperor, and President of Novelists—there is the regimen that

is doing me good. All the other novel-writers I can read while I am at work myself. If I only look at the *Antiquary*, or *Old Mortality*, I am crushed by the sense of my own littleness, and there is no work possible for me on that day."

Literary partnerships are common in France, but in England they are confined almost exclusively to dramatists. The one well-known exception was that of Messrs. Besant and Rice. Mr. Rice's partnership with Mr. Besant commenced in 1871, and ended with the death of Mr. Rice. "It arose," explains Mr. Besant, "out of some slight articles which I contributed to his magazine, and began with the novel called *Ready-Money Mortiboy*. Of this eleven years' fellowship and intimate, almost daily intercourse, I can only say that it was carried on throughout without a single shadow of dispute or difference. James Rice was eminently a large-minded man, and things which might have proved great rocks of offence to some, he knew how to treat as the trifles they generally are."

In France, the best example of literary partnership is found in that of M. Erckmann and M. Chatrian. How these men work in concert has been described by the author of *Men of the Third Republic*.

"M. Chatrian is credited with being the more imaginative of the two. The first outlines of the plots are generally his, as also the love-scenes, and all the descriptions of Phalsbourg and the country around. M. Erckmann puts in the political reflections, furnishes the soldier-types, and elaborates those plain speeches which fit so quaintly, but well, into the mouths of his honest peasants, sergeants, watchmakers, and schoolmasters. A clever critic remarked that Erckmann-Chatrian's characters are always hungry and eating. The blame, if any, must lie on M. Chatrian's shoulders, to whose fancy belong the steaming tureens of soup, the dishes of browned sausages and sauer-kraut, the mounds of flowery potatoes bursting plethorically through their skins. All that M. Erckmann adds to the *ménu* is the black coffee, of which he insists, with some energy, on being a connoisseur. Habitually the co-authors meet to sketch out their plots, and talk them over amid

much tobacco-smoking. Then, when the story has taken clear shape in their minds, one or other of the pair writes the first chapter, leaving blanks for the dialogues or descriptions which are best suited to the competency of the other. Every chapter thus passes through both writers' hands, is revised, re-copied, and, as occasion requires, either shortened or lengthened in the process. When the whole book is written, both authors revise it again, and always with a view to curtailment. Novelists who dash off six volumes of diluted fiction in a year, and affect to think naught of the feat, would grow pensive at seeing the labor bestowed by MM. Erckmann and Chatrian on the least of their works, as well as their patient research in assuring themselves that their historical episodes are correct, and their descriptions of existing localities true to nature. But this careful industry will have its reward, for the novels of MM. Erckmann and Chatrian will live. The signs of vitality were discovered in them as soon as the two authors, nerved by their first success, settled down and produced one tale after another, all too slowly for the public demand. The *Story of a Conscript*, *Waterloo*, *The History of a Man of the People*, and above all, *The History of a Peasant*, were read with wonder as well as interest."

As an illustration of the care taken by some authors over their works, we may quote an anecdote relating to the late G. P. R. James, whose novels at one time had a very large circulation. "I found him," one of his friends says, "dolefully seated over a manuscript. He was not writing, but he was gazing at it in melancholy despair. I thought he was ill, and asked him whether this was the case. 'No,' he replied; he was physically well. What, then, was the matter with him? I anxiously enquired. 'It's my heroine,' he replied; 'I've got her in such a fix that I cannot extricate her without a slight violation of the rules of propriety.' 'Then let her be improper, and don't let us be late for the train,' I flippantly said. 'My dear friend,' he replied, 'do you want to ruin me? Are you not aware that I live by never allowing my heroines to do anything to which the most stringent mamma might object? If

once the slightest doubt were raised about my novels being sound reading for the most innocent of schoolroom girls, my occupation would be gone.' And so we missed the train; but the heroine emerged from the pages of the novel a model of all the heroine ought to be under difficult circumstances."

Much might be said of the feelings of readers in reference to the fate of the characters drawn by the novelist. "Mrs. Burnett, how could you kill Tredennis?" asked a reader of *Through One Administration*. "Why, I wrote two conclusions," was the answer. "First I killed both, but that would not do, and there was nothing for it but to kill the soldier. It broke my heart, for I loved that man, but he had to die!" On the other hand, the Mrs. Proudie of Anthony Trollope became such a bore that he determined to get rid of her by killing her.

The difference in the methods adopted by different authors is as great as the difference in their choice of subjects. There is a story quoted in illustration of the different characteristics of three great nationalities which equally illustrates the different paths which may be followed in any intellectual enterprise.

An Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German, competing for a prize offered for the best essay on the natural history of the camel, adopted each his own method of research upon the subject. The German, laying in a stock of tobacco, retired to his study in order to evolve from the depths of his philosophic consciousness the primitive notion of a camel. The Frenchman resorted to the nearest library, and ransacked its contents with a view to collect all that other men had said upon the subject. The Englishman packed his carpet-bag and set sail for the East, that he might study the habits of the animal in its original haunts. The blending of these three methods is the perfection of study; but the Frenchman's method is not unknown even among Englishmen. Nor is it to be absolutely condemned. The man who reads a hundred books on a subject, in order to write one, confers a real benefit upon society, provided he does his work well. But some very capital work has been written without the necessity either of research or of original investigation. Trollope drew

his famous Archdeacon without ever having met a live Archdeacon. He never lived in any cathedral city except London; Archdeacon Grantly was the child of "moral consciousness" alone; he knew nothing, except indirectly, about Bishops and Deans. In fact, The Warden was conceived not primarily as a clerical novel, but as a novel which should work out a dramatic situation—that of an honest, amiable man who was the holder, by no fault of his own, of an endowment which was in itself an abuse, and on whose devoted head should fall the thunders of those who attacked the abuse.

Bryan Waller Procter had never seen the ocean when he wrote *The Sea*; neither Schiller nor Rossini had seen Switzerland when they wrote their *William Tell*s. George Cruikshank's sketches of the Boulevards and the Palais Royal, elaborated from sketches furnished to him, were wonderfully spirited and true, although he had never been across the Channel. Indeed, he never got beyond a French seaport in the course of his long life. A day at Boulogne comprehended all his Continental experiences.

Harrison Ainsworth, the Lancashire novelist, when he wrote *Rookwood* and *Jack Sheppard*, relied absolutely on his power of reading up and assimilation, and never had the slightest intercourse with thieves in his life. It is said that when he wrote the really admirable ride of Turpin to York, he only went at a great pace over the paper with a road-map and description of the country in front of him. It was only when he heard everybody say how truly the country was described, and how faithfully he had observed distances and localities, that he actually drove over the ground for the first time, and declared that it was more like his account than he could have imagined.

"A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are generally the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return." This was the advice of Lord Bacon, whose example has been followed by many eminent men. For instance, it is said of Hobbes that, when he composed his *Leviathan*, he walked much, and mused as he

walked, and that he had in the head of his cane a pen and inkhorn, and a notebook in his pocket. As soon as a thought darted into his mind, he entered it in his book. Miss Martineau has recorded that Barry Cornwall's favorite method of composition was indulged when alone in a crowd, and best in the streets of London. He had also a habit of running into a shop to write down his verses. Tom Moore's custom was to compose as he walked. He had a table in his garden, on which he wrote down his thoughts. When the weather was bad, he paced up and down his small study. It is extremely desirable that thoughts should be written as they rise in the mind, because, if they are not recorded at the time, they may never return. "I attach so much importance to the ideas which come during the night, or in the morning," says Gaston Plante, the electrical engineer, "that I have always, at the head of my bed, paper and pencil suspended by a string, by the help of which I write every morning the ideas I have been able to conceive, particularly upon subjects of scientific research. I write these notes in obscurity, and decipher and develop them in the morning, pen in hand." The philosopher Emerson took similar pains to catch a fleeting thought, for, whenever he had a happy idea, he wrote it down, and when Mrs. Emerson, startled in the night by some unusual sound, cried, "What is the matter? Are you ill?" the philosopher softly replied, "No, my dear; only an idea."

Thackeray confessed that the title for his novel, *Vanity Fair*, came to him in the middle of the night, and that he jumped out of bed and ran three times round the room, shouting the words. Whether in town or country, Landor reflected and composed habitually out walking, and therefore preferred at all times to walk alone. So did Buckle. Wordsworth was accustomed to compose his verse in his solitary walks, carry them in his memory, and get wife or daughter to write them down on his return. His excursions and peculiar habits gave rise to some anxious beliefs amongst the ignorant peasantry. Even his sanity was questioned. The peasantry of Rydal thought him "not quite hissel'," because he always walked

alone, and was met at odd times and in odd places. Some poets have been in the habit of humming or repeating their verses aloud as they composed them. Southey, for instance, boomed his verses so as to be mistaken for a bittern booming by Wilson, who was a keen sportsman. If so, Southey's voice must not have been very harmonious, for the bittern is Shakespeare's "night-raven's dismal voice."

The question of the authorship of certain popular works has given rise to a great deal of speculation. A few months ago, the Americans were puzzling their brains to discover the name of the author of *The Breadwinners*. Amongst other stinging charges against him, to induce him to break the silence, was that it was a base and craven thing to publish a book anonymously! "My motive in withholding my name is simple enough," he said to his furious critics. "I am engaged in business in which my standing would be seriously compromised were it known that I had written a novel. I am sure that my practical efficiency is not lessened by this act, but I am equally sure that I could never recover from the injury it would occasion me if known among my own colleagues. For that positive reason, and for the negative one that I do not care for publicity, I resolved to keep the knowledge of my little venture in authorship restricted to as small a circle as possible. Only two persons beside myself know who wrote the *Breadwinners*."

A far more serious dispute followed the publication of the *Vestiges of Creation* forty years ago. The theologians of Scotland were wild with rage at the audacity of the author, who would have been torn to pieces had he been discovered. In scientific circles Mr. Robert Chambers was credited with the authorship; and Henry Greville seems to have had no doubt upon the matter. In *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville* there is an entry under the date December 28th, 1847, as follows: "I have been reading a novel called *Jane Eyre*, which is just now making a great sensation, and which absorbed and interested me more than any novel I can recollect having read. The author is unknown. Mrs. Butler—Miss Fanny Kemble—who is greatly struck by the talent of the

book, fancies it is written by Chambers—who is author of the *Vestiges of Creation*—because she thinks that whoever wrote it must, from its language, be a Scotchman, and from its sentiments be a Unitarian; and Chambers, besides answering to all these peculiarities, has an intimate friend who believes in supernatural agencies, such as are described in the last volume of the book." Thackeray also had the credit of the book.

Nobody knew Charlotte Brontë; but she was unable to keep the secret very long. The late R. H. Horne was present at that first dinner-party given by Mr. George Smith, the publisher, when Currer Bell, then in the first flush of her fame, made her earliest appearance in a London dining-room. She was anxious to preserve the anonymity of her literary character, and was introduced by her true name. Horne, however, who sat next to her, was so fortunate as to discover her identity. Just previously he had sent to the new author, under cover of her publisher, a copy of his *Orion*. In an unguarded moment Charlotte Brontë turned to him and said:

"I was so much obliged to you, Mr. Horne, for sending me your—" But

she checked herself with an inward start, having thus exploded her Currer Bell secret by identifying herself with the author of *Jane Eyre*.

"Ah, Miss Brontë," whispered the innocent cause of the misfortune, "you would never do for treasons and strata-gems!"

The late John Blackwood corresponded with George Eliot some time before he knew that she was a woman. He called her "Dear George," he says, and often used expressions which a man commonly uses only to a man! After he found out who "Dear George" was, he was naturally a little anxious to recall some of the expressions he had used. Charles Dickens, however, detected what escaped the observation of most people. Writing to a correspondent in January, 1858, he said: "Will you by such round-about ways and methods as may present themselves convey this note of thanks to the author of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, whose two first stories I can never say enough of, I think them so truly admirable? But if those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then shall I begin to believe that I am a woman myself."—*All the Year Round*.

BISMARCK: A RETROSPECT.

BY PRINCE OUTISKY.

THE "aureole of unpopularity" which encircled Bismarck's brow during four short years of inaugural premier-ship has, to all appearance, vanished under the influence of unbroken success, making room throughout the world for a confiding deference to his capacity and forethought, that every year seems to intensify. It is he, in the belief of most Governments, who has preserved to them what never was more indispensable for their very existence—peace in Europe. With supreme adroitness, he avoids entanglements for himself and his country, bears many an affront patiently before retorting, keeps up the appearance of a good understanding after its substance has long passed away, but, when fairly engaged in diplomatic contention, lays out his field in a manner that insures

success. People agree, therefore, that it is best to take him as he is. And it is in the nature of man when he has once accorded that favor to a fellow-creature, to "take him as he is," that he ends by liking him. Thus Bismarck, of all living men the most unlikely to succeed in the race after a worldwide popularity, is probably at this moment the best-liked man in either hemisphere.

His own countrymen have shown a decided indisposition to admit him among their household gods. To them he was, from the commencement of his political career, the very embodiment of what had gradually become the most objectionable type of Teuton existence—the unmitigated squireen or *Junker*, with his poverty and arrogance, with his hunger and thirst after position and good

living, with his hatred for the upstart Liberal burgher class. "Away with the cities! I hope I may yet live to see them levelled to the ground." Is there not a ring of many centuries of social strife, so laboriously kept down by the reigning dynasty, in these stupendous words, which were pronounced by Bismarck in 1847, when among the leaders of the Conservatives in the first embryo Parliament of the Prussian monarchy? And if uncongenial to the generation of Prussians among whom he had grown up, how infinitely greater was the dislike against him of South Germans, more gifted, as a rule, by nature, to whom the name of Prussian is synonymous of all that is strait-laced and overweening and unnatural and—generally inconvenient.

Little of that sentiment remains among the Germans of the present day. Such strangers as have had the opportunity of observing the attitude of the nation during the late celebrations of his seventieth birthday agree in declaring them to have been spontaneous, enthusiastic, and at times almost aggressive. Some tell us, to be sure, that the farther from Berlin the more gushing has been the ecstasy. The electors of Professor Virchow and of Herr Löwe, in whose electoral districts a torchlight procession on the eve of Bismarck's birthday had to elbow their way through immense crowds, must have kept at home. The municipality of Berlin, a model body of civic administrators, sent a birthday letter to their "honorary citizen," but abstained, with proper self-respect, from tendering their congratulations through a deputation. No Berlin citizen of any importance had a hand in the management of the procession. Yet, if thousands kept aloof, tens of thousands shared the national enthusiasm—students of universities chiefly, but older men too, even in distrustful, Radical Berlin. And as for South Germany, where the gospel of Protection seems, perhaps, to be more firmly believed in than any other, we read of trains to Berlin taken by storm, banquets, processions, chorus-singing—of real, heartfelt, rapturous effervescence.

There cannot be a shadow of doubt that, to numberless non-Prussians at any rate, the new era of German Unity has brought a symbol of greatness not before known, and that they worship in Bis-

marck the hero who has given them a country to love, who has delivered them from the pettiness and self-satisfaction of Philistinism.

Now, if this be so—if, indeed, the countries of the world at large, and Germany in particular, acknowledge him almost affectionately as the leading statesman of the day, would it not be an interesting study to examine the degree of merit due to him personally, the character of the present Administration, and what lasting good or lasting evil may be expected from this new phase of European politics? The subject, through its weight and its bulk alike, excludes full treatment within the limits of an essay. Nevertheless, since it intertwines itself with nearly every other question of moment, a few remarks by an outsider may be acceptable.

None but the incorrigibly childish can be inclined to ascribe to good luck a prosperous career extending over near twenty-three years, spent under the fiercest glare of the world's sunshine. No minister of any age was more bitterly assailed or opposed, even at the Court of which he is now the acknowledged *major domus* in the manner of the Pepins and other *Thum-Meiers* of the Frankish monarchy. The King's brother, Prince Charles, detested the innovator whose opinions on the necessity of Austria being removed from membership in a remodelled German confederation had for years leaked out from the despatch-boxes of the Foreign Office. Even the *Junkers*, whose dauntless leader he had been before and after the revolutionary events of 1848, shrank instinctively from a man who could not be credited with veneration for the Holy Alliance. It is remembered in Berlin that, on the nomination of one of them, well at Court, a diplomatist of some standing, to the post of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the new member of the Government confessed to his friends that he accepted the post *in spite* of Bismarck's "foreign" policy and only in consideration of his contempt for parliamentarism. The Queen, on the other hand, brought up in principles of constitutional government, and strongly attached to the English alliance, viewed with horror the bold pugilist who was daily assailing, not the persons only of the people's rep-

representatives, but some of the very foundations of every parliamentary edifice. Yet fiercer was the animosity shown him on every occasion by the Princess Royal of England, whose father had early taught her that a throne, to be safe, requires absolute solidity of institutions and agreement with the people, and who seriously trembled for the preservation of her children's future. Her husband expressed himself forcibly on a public occasion against some reactionary measures of the Government. As the Court, so the Liberal parties, so the people in general. When a fanatic, of the name of Kohn, attempted Bismarck's life in May, 1866, there were few persons who did not regret his failure. It may be said with truth that, for years, two men only understood a portion at least of his political views, and shared them. One was King William. Isolated as Herr von Bismarck was, he learned to rely implicitly on his sovereign's faithfulness, and has had no reason to regret his trust; for the King, though greatly his inferior in intellect, and far from unblest with Legitimist predilections, was as firmly convinced as his minister that the confederation of German States, and Prussia herself, might be swept away, unless placed upon a new footing, in one of those tornadoes which used periodically to blow across the Continent of Europe. Thus, the new departure was as much his own programme as Bismarck's, and although he started (in 1861) with a hankering after "moral" rather than material conquests, he gradually understood the necessity for war, and has of a certainty "taken kindly," as the saying is, to material conquests of no inconsiderable magnitude.

None, even among Bismarck's modern sycophants, would pretend that their hero was the inventor of German Unity. Passionately, though not over wisely, had that ideal been striven after and suffered for by the best patriots in various parts of Fatherland, their vision becoming hazy just as often as they attempted to combine two opposite claims, that of a national texture, and that of a headship of Austria, which is non-German in a majority of its subjects, and alien in nearly all its interests. The Frankfort Parliament of 1848 marks the transition to a clear insight, inasmuch

as its final performance, the Constitution of 1849, placed the new crown on the King of Prussia's head. When offered, it was haughtily declined under the applause of Bismarck and his friends. The King refused because its origin lay in a popular assembly; in Bismarck's eyes its chief defect was that Prussia would be dictated to by the minor states. It was not until later, in 1851, when appointed Prussian Ambassador to the Germanic Diet, chiefly because of his defence of the Treaty of Olmütz which placed Prussia at the mercy of Austria, that he recognised the central point to be the necessity of thrusting Austria out of the Confederation. It is proved now that he was sagacious enough also to perceive that such a wrench would not lead to a permanent estrangement, but that Austria, removed once and for all from her incubus-like and dog-in-the-manger position within the federate body, would become, in her own interest and that of European peace, New Germany's permanent ally.

These, then, became the two purposes of his active life ever since the day when, at the age of thirty-six, he obtained a share of the responsibility in the management of affairs as ambassador in Frankfort: first, to transfer *Austria to a position in the East*, and then to bestow upon Fatherland *political Unity under Prussia, the royal prerogative in the latter remaining uncurtailed* so far as circumstances would allow. Thirty-four years have now elapsed. His opponents in his own country or out of it are at liberty to reiterate that he was born under a lucky star; that he merely took up the thread of German unification where the Frankfort Parliament of 1849 had let it drop; that anybody could have utilised such mighty armaments as those of Prussia with the same effect; that, given total disregard of principle or moral obligations, the result, in the hands of any political gamester, must have been what it was. There is something to be set against each of these assertions. For it was not the goddess of Fortune which pursued Bismarck in the ungainly shape of his former friend, that spiteful Prince Gortschakoff. The Frankfort Assembly had left the Austrian riddle unsolved, and apparently insoluble. There was no hand in the

country firm or skilful enough, no brain sufficiently hard or enlightened as to the needs of the day—not the King's, not Count Arnim's, nor certainly that of any other known to his contemporaries. And finally, when a public man so deftly gauges the mental capacities or extent of power of his antagonists—such as Count Beust, or Napoleon, or Earl Russell—that he knows exactly how far he can step with safety, then such a "gamester," however terrible the risks to which he may have exposed his country, is a great man. Complete unity of aims throughout, power given to carry them out, a wonderful absence of very serious mistakes, and finally a life sufficiently prolonged to admit of retrospection; in each of these respects the career of Bismarck resembles that of Mr. Disraeli.

The oft-told story of his diplomatic adventures at Frankfort, at Vienna, at Petersburg, and at Paris, and still more of his rulership in Prussia since 1862, and in Germany since 1866, has been uniform under two aspects. First, as already mentioned, in the stern continuity of his purposes. And secondly, in the mistaken view entertained regarding him at each successive period of his public life. Passing under review the whole career of this political phenomenon, you naturally pause before its strangest and its most humorous feature, viz., that, although living under the closest inspection, he was misunderstood year after year. Who would, consequently, deny the possibility at least of Bismarck's being so misunderstood, by friend and foe, at this present moment?

Whilst those despatches were written by him from Frankfort which Poschinger's researches have now exhumed, their writer was thought, by his partisans just as much as by his enemies, to be occupied solely with strengthening the "solidarity of Conservative interests" and the supremacy of Austria, or with spinning the rope of steel which was to strangle all parliaments in Germany. And yet we know positively at present that with increasing vigor day by day did he warn his Government against the scarcely concealed intention of Austria to "avilir la Prusse d'abord et puis l'anéantir" (Prince Schwarzenberg's famous saying in 1851); we observe

with surprise how quickly Legitimist leanings disappear behind his own country's interests; we stand aghast at the iron sway obtained by so young a man over the self-conceit of a vacillating yet dogmatic and wilful King (Frederick William IV.). It was he whose advice, given in direct opposition to Bunsen's, led to the refusal by Prussia of the Western Alliance during the Crimean War. But he did not give this advice, as German Liberals then believed, out of subservience to the autocrat of the North, whose assistance his party humbly solicited in order to exterminate Liberalism. He persistently gave it to thwart Austria and to preserve Prussia (then in no brilliant military condition) from having to bear the brunt of Muscovite wrath, which he cunningly judged to be of more lasting importance in the coming struggles than the friendship of Western Europe. At a time when European politicians considered that he was the mouthpiece of schemers for a Russo-French alliance in his repeated and successful endeavors to gain Napoleon's good will, he was adroitly sounding the French Emperor's mind and character. He soon convinced himself that it was shallow and fantastic, and he built upon this conviction one of the most hazardous designs which ever originated in a brain observant of realities—that identical design which eventually led Prussia, some years later, first to Schleswig and then to Sadowa, with the "arbiter of Europe," as Napoleon was then called, stolidly looking on! And what is one to say of the four years of parliamentary conflicts (1862 to 1866), during which no one doubted but that his object in life and his *raison d'être* consisted in a reinstatement of the Prussian King on the absolute throne of his ancestors—a reaction from all that was progressive to the grossest abuses of despotism? All this time he was fighting a desperate battle against backstairs influences, which with true instinct were deprecating and counteracting his schemes of aggrandisement and national reorganisation. It is clear on looking back to that period which has left such indelible marks on the judgment of many well-meaning Liberals, that his exaggerated tone of aggressive defence in the Prussian Landtag, the furious onslaught of his harangues, were intended

to silence the tongues at Court which denounced him as a demagogue and a Radical. Paradoxical as it may sound, one may safely assert that nothing more effectually helped King William in his later foreign policy than the opinion pervading all Europe in 1864 and 1866 that, having lost all hold upon the minds of his people, weakened and crippled in every sense of the word by Bismarckian folly, his Majesty could never strike a blow.

There was peace and concord in Germany between 1866 and 1877. Without becoming a Liberal, and whilst opposing every attempt to outstep certain limits, Bismarck created and rather enjoyed an alliance with the majority formed in his favor by the National Liberals and a moderate section of the Conservatives. The German Empire, proclaimed by the German sovereigns at Versailles and established upon somewhat novel principles of federation by a Parliamentary statute, looked to outsiders as a home for progress and liberty. There were dangers lurking, it is true, beneath many a provision of the new constitution, such as the absence of an upper house, and the substitution in its stead of delegates from the separate Governments, acting in each case according to instructions received, authorised to speak whenever they choose before the Reichstag, but deliberating separately and secretly both upon bills to propose and upon replies to give to resolutions of the Reichstag. In fact this *Bundesrath*, or Federal Council, represents the governing element under the Emperor, with functions both administrative and legislative. By an artificial method of counting, Prussia, although she would command three-fifths of all the voters by virtue of her population, has less than one-third. Thus the possibility of an imbroglio between the Governments is ever present, as well as that of a hasty vote in the popular assembly.

It will never, probably, be quite understood why Prince Bismarck broke loose from a political alliance which, it would seem, had given no trouble whatever. In foreign affairs the House in its immense majority abstained from even the faintest attempt at interference. As for patronage, it has been said that no appointment was ever solicited for any-

one by a member of the Liberal party. From ministerial down to menial posts no claim was raised, no request preferred. If the section of moderate Conservatives above mentioned has furnished a few ambassadors like Prince Hohenlohe, Count Münster, Baron Keudell, and Count Stolberg, that was by the chief's free will. Why then, it has been asked, a change so absolute as the one the world has witnessed, from the saying of the Chancellor in 1877 that his ideal was to have high financial duties on half-a-dozen objects and Free Trade on all others, to one of the most comprehensive tariffs in the world two years later? His own and his friends' explanations are lamentably deficient—"growing anaemia and impoverishment of the country," "drowning of native industry by foreign manufacturers," "corn imported cheaper than produced," and what not. The present writer, looking from afar, has always thought two motives to have been paramount in the Chancellor's mind when he separated from the Liberals and became, not a convinced, but a thorough-going Protectionist. It is not said that these were his only motives. Chess-players know that each important move affects not only the figures primarily attacked, but changes the whole texture of the play.

First, then, and foremost, fresh sources of income were wanted to make the finances of the Empire independent from the several exchequers of the states bound by statute to make up for any deficiency *pro rata parte* of their population. Two or three objects would have provided the needful, viz., spirits and beet-root sugar and (with due caution) tobacco. Or an "Imperial" income-tax, changing according to each year's necessities. Or both systems combined. Tobacco, it is true, was tried, and the attempt failed. Spirits would bear almost any taxation, but the Chancellor does not choose to tread upon the tender toe of the great owners of land who are potato-growers, and consequently distillers on a large scale. And another important class of agriculturists, the beet-root-growers and sugar-producers, were not to be trifled with either. But how about direct taxation, the manly sacrifice of free peoples, the plummet by which to sound the enlightenment of a

nation? The Chancellor instinctively felt, I believe, that there he would be going beyond his depth; that under such a *régime* the free will of citizens must have the fullest swing; that "prerogative" would suffer, if not immediately, yet as a necessary sequence. And so he deliberately abandoned Free Trade and espoused indirect taxation and Protection.

Success, let Free Traders say what they please on the subject, success has accompanied Bismarck's genius on this novel field, as well as on the other fields where all mankind acknowledges his superiority. For the coffers of the Empire are filling. A motley majority in the Reichstag not only accepts, but improves upon, his Protectionist demands. He has become the demigod of the bloated manufacturing, mining, and landlord interests throughout the country. He is now about to win the last of the great industries, and the one which withstood his blandishments the longest, viz. the trans-oceanic carrying trade. He is credited with having improved the state of certain trades, even by such as know perfectly well that, like the former depression, the present improvement in those has been universal. The whole country is becoming Protectionist. All young men, even in Hamburg and Bremen, believe in Protection as "the thing." The Prussian landlord, whose soul was steeped in Free Trade so long as Prussia was a grain-exporting country, cherished Protectionist convictions now that she must largely import cereals. The bureaucrat who had never sworn by other economic lawgivers than Adam Smith and his followers, now accepts Professor Adolphus Wagner's ever-changing sophisms. And as for the south and the west of Germany, why they adore the man who has fulfilled that dream of Protection in which they, as disciples of Friedrich List, had grown up. It is true that all large cities even there are protesting against the lately imposed and quite lately increased duties upon cereals; but then, "Can any good thing come out of" large cities? Compared to the difficulties that impede the action of the Free Trade party in Germany, Mr. Bright's and Mr. Cobden's up-hill work sinks into insignificance.

An even graver aspect is presented by the Vatican question, graver in the same proportion as religious, or at least Church differences, have a stronger hold upon the German mind even nowadays than purely political or economic ones. There can be no doubt that the week or more which Archbishop Ledochowski spent at headquarters in Versailles in the winter of 1870 to 1871 forms a turning-point in modern history. When may we hope to learn the details of those secret interviews? That he implored and threatened alternately is certain, and there can be no doubt as to the alliance he was authorised to offer or the price at which it was to be obtained. Rome and Latium, or war to the knife! Not many weeks afterwards Bismarck returned to Germany, and was not a little surprised to find an army in battle-array in his own country, called out by the war-whoop of a clergy the great majority of which, with nearly all the bishops as their born leaders, had opposed the Vatican decrees only eight or nine short months before. Not that warnings had been wanting previously. For had not Prince Hohenlohe, the eminent statesman who is now filling the post of ambassador at Paris, then Prime Minister in Bavaria, invited the Governments most interested in the result of the coming Vatican Council to come to an understanding beforehand as to the treatment its decrees should receive at their hands? Bismarck did not then see his way about interfering, although we read in one of his despatches of 1869 that "far-going changes in the organism of the Church of Rome, as designed by the absolutist tendencies of the Curial party, would not remain without influence upon the relations of that Church to the State." Prince Hohenlohe's attempt failed, but its tendency remained impressed upon Bavaria's action ever since, and it is a significant fact that the final impulse to what has since, to no purpose, alas! been called the *Kulturkampf*, or "battle for (higher) culture," in 1873, had not Bismarck for its author but the Government of Bavaria. Then followed three years of unremitting warfare, in order to circumscribe once for all the permissible freedom of the Vaticanist Church. *Feriatur bellua quotidie*, was at that time a favorite expression of the Chancellor's. A

whole code of bills was gradually presented, partly to the Prussian Chambers and partly to the Reichstag, all tending to define the autonomy of the State in its relations to the Papacy which, during the seventeen years' reign of a romantic king (Frederick William IV.), and since, had drilled the spiritual rulers of its eleven millions in Prussia and of its eighteen millions in Germany into a State within the State. The object was, so far as can be gathered from the debates and documents of those anxious days, honestly to seek a formula in which the populations on either side and, in the long run, the clergy—if not the Pope himself—could acquiesce. "Im Reich dieser Welt," as Bismarck said in words not easily translatable without loss of tone and energy, "hat der Staat das Regiment und den Vortritt."

To pick a hole in many if not in all these "Falk" or "May" Laws of 1873 to 1875 is an easy task. But what has more importance is to be impressed with the fact that they have proved an utter failure. By whose fault cannot be doubtful. Oppose a Roman priest to a Teuton master-mind, and the former will win the day. The Kulturkampf was begun with the assent, and even under the propelling influence, of a large proportion of the Romanist population. When it began to be abandoned by the Government in 1880, that population was as nearly as can be unanimous in repudiating it. Non-success had brought about its accustomed results. Leo XIII. had, it is still believed by many, the honest wish, at the time of his elevation to the Papal throne, to meet the Chancellor half-way. Cardinal Franchi, who carried on the negotiations as the exponent of Leo's will, and successfully too, was found dead in his room after having enjoyed perfect health a few hours previously. "Novi stilum curiae romanae," may have been his dying words, like those of Sarpi. The Pope's advisers, more cunning than his Holiness, taught him that to give way on any single point was a needless sacrifice, and their prediction has proved true. The Prussian Government, after obtaining discretionary powers as regards the Falk Laws—not indeed as to their abrogation, but as to the degree of enforcing them—has first retreated "of her own accord," then has

waited some time for parallel action on the part of the Vatican, and when this was not forthcoming, given way again and again until, as Margaret in Goethe's *Faust*, Prussia has "but little more to bestow." The attempt to place the relations of the State in a country nearly half Catholic on a sober and intelligible footing has failed once more, whilst it succeeds with perfect ease in countries absolutely Catholic. Witness several States of South America, or France, or Bavaria, or Austria, in all of which the Episcopacy were made to acknowledge the superiority of the temporal power in its own sphere. Bismarck's failure is manifest, and until it be absolutely consummated, it rests like an incubus upon the nation in the shape of the "Centrum" or Catholic party, which commands about one-fourth of all votes in Parliament and falsifies all its decisions. Shall I be pardoned if I say regarding this German crisis, as in the case of Free Trade, the difficulty for Germany is far more serious than it ever was in England? If the statistics of the British Isles showed the same proportion of Roman Catholics to the rest of the population, the temple of Janus could not have been so permanently closed. There would then be, for England as for Germany, a succession of armistices only, instead of peace in perpetuity.

Nothing, to a beginner in the study of Bismarck's character, would appear so utterly puzzling as his demeanor towards the Communists, Socialists, or, as they call themselves in Germany, Social Democrats. One of his most trusted secretaries is an old ally and correspondent of Herr Karl Marx, the high-priest of Communism, who, towards the end of his London career, rode the whirlwind and directed the storm of German Socialism. Bismarck himself confesses to having received in private audience Lassalle, one certainly of the most capable men of modern Germany, and to whom as to its first author a retrospective inquiry would trace back the present formidable closely-ruled organisation of Socialist operatives of Germany. The first minister of the Prussian Crown was closeted once—people say more than once, but that does not matter—with the ablest subverter of the modern fabric of society. He found

him "mighty pleasant to talk to." He liked his predilection for a powerful supreme authority overawing the organised masses, though "whether he did so in the interest of a dynasty of Lassalles or of Hohenzollerns" seemed to Herr von Bismarck an open question. After Lassalle's tragical death in 1864, we observe how the Prussian Government, while watching with Argus-eyes every excess of speech among Liberals, allowed his first successors, Schweizer and others, a vulgar set of demagogues, such licence of bloody harangue as has of late years got Louise Michel into trouble in republican France. Then we hear of nothing as between Bismarck and the Socialists for some years, the years I have described above as years of peace and concord in Germany, till suddenly, on the occasion of two attempts made in 1878, by Hödel and by Nobiling, against the Emperor's life, he came down upon that sect as with a sledge-hammer. His famous Anti-Socialist Bill was at first rejected. It passed into law only after a dissolution, the electors having in their affectionate pity for the wounded Emperor unequivocally given their verdict in favor of suppression. It has since been re-accepted three times by an unwilling House and with diminishing majorities through Bismarck's personal exertions, the exertions of the same man who had fostered and protected the beginnings of Socialism, and who had the watchword given out at the last general elections of 1884, that "His Serene Highness the Chancellor would prefer the sight of ten Social-Democrats to that of one Liberal (*Deutsch-Freisinnige*.)"

Now what is the clue to this Comedy of Errors? No mere waywardness or perversity of character, but some powerful bias and a first-cousinship in principle must account for one of the strangest anomalies in modern history. Perhaps the following consideration will render both the "bias" and the "first-cousinship" at least intelligible. Prince Bismarck is a good hater. Now if he has any one antipathy stronger than another, and that through life, it is that against the burgher class, the reverse of aristocrats, the born Liberals, townsmen mostly yet not exclusively—the "bourgeois," as the French call them (al-

though, if I err not, the exact counterpart to the "bourgeois" species is not found on German soil), a law-abiding set, independent of Government, paying their taxes, and thoroughly happy. When they, through their representatives, bade him defiance in 1862 to '65 and thwarted his measures of coercion, his inmost soul cried, *Acheronta movebo!* He sent for Lassalle, he paid his successors' debts, and generally assisted the sect. So much for the "bias." And now for the "first-cousinship." No student of history will deny that despotism, whenever it has arisen, or been preserved, in highly civilised communities, will extend more of a fatherly care to the masses than Liberalism. This cannot be otherwise; for Liberalism sets itself to educate the masses to self-responsibility, and each individual to thrift and self-reliance. The sight of an able-bodied beggar is, to a genuine Liberal, a source of anger first and only on further contemplation of pity. He will exert all his energies to remove every obstacle from out of the way of his poorer brethren; he will preach wise economy, and facilitate it by personal sacrifices and legislative inducements; but he will not tempt the Government of his country to act as a second Providence for the operative classes. Quite the reverse is Bismarck's opinion. According to him the State should exercise "practical Christianity." With Titanic resolution to drive out Satan through Beelzebub, he does not shrink from acknowledging and proclaiming the "right of labor." There is probably nothing left to say after your lips have spoken these unholy, blood-stained words. If there was, he would be the man to say it rather than allow himself to be outbid by mob-leaders of the Socialistic feather. *Droit au travail*, forsooth! The phrase has cost thousands their lives in the Parisian carnage of June, 1848. In the mouth of Karl Marx and other outspoken champions of his cause it means absorption by the State of all the sources of labor, such as land and factories, because by such absorption only can the State insure work for the unemployed. In the mouth of Bismarck it means a lesser thing, of course, in extent but not in its essence. As Chief Minister of Prussia he has ably brought

about the purchase of nearly all lines of railway within that monarchy. As Chancellor of the Empire he has tried his very best to obtain a monopoly on tobacco. All Accident Insurance Companies have already been ruined and their place taken, so far as accidents to factory-hands, &c., are concerned, by an Imperial Office. His mighty hand is stretched out already to suppress and absorb all other Insurances. The kingdom of the Incas in ancient Peru, as described in Prescott's volumes, has probably not done more work for its subjects than Bismarck's ideal of a German Empire would do for its inhabitants. With every species of occupation or enterprise managed directly by Government, why should the ruler of an Empire, or of a Socialist Republic, hesitate about proclaiming a right to labor? A critic might object that its proclamation by Bismarck in 1884 was premature, inasmuch as he had failed in carrying his Monopoly Bill, and could not be certain of success regarding other State encroachments. Granted. But a "first-cousinship" between his views on social reform and those of Messrs. Bebel and Liebknecht is an actuality of modern Germany and should be seen to by those who desire this central power of Europe to remain exempt from a social revolution.

Cursory as this review of Bismarck's past life and present policy has of necessity been, some indulgent reader may perhaps bestow upon me—besides his thanks for having withstood the temptation to quote the pithy and at times impassioned utterances of the wittiest man in power of the present day—just enough of his confidence to believe that I have suppressed no trait of importance.

However, since there is one thing more important still than a great man, namely his country, let us not dismiss the interesting subject of this retrospect without inquiring what that country has gained and what lost through his agency. Germany possesses a federation, not constructed after any existing pattern, not made to please any theory, not the object of anybody's very passionate admiration, but accepted in order to alter as little as possible the accustomed territorial and political arrangements. In one sense it has no army, for the Prus-

sian and the Bavarian armies, although the Empire bears the cost, still exist. In one sense it possesses not the indirect taxation, for the individual States do the collecting of custom-house duties, &c. In one sense it has scarcely any organs of administration, for the whole internal Government, the schools, courts of law, and police, all belong to the single States; and foreign affairs, the navy, the post-office, and railways in Alsace, are the only fields of Imperial direct administration. Yet what it has is valuable enough. The Empire rules the army, and can legislate over and control a prodigious amount of national subjects. Its foreign policy is one. The military command is one. Certain specified sources of revenue are the Empire's. Patriotic aspirations are fulfilled. The individual sovereigns in Germany possess a guarantee of their status, the operative classes an opportunity for organisation and improvement on a large scale. Monarchical feeling has gained in depth, both generally and with personal reference to the Emperor and to the Crown Prince, both "representative men" in the best sense of the word, and the Crown Prince the most lovable man of his day.

Another salutary constitutional reform—not of Bismarck's making, for he gave his consent unwillingly, and not without first having marred its beauty, but yet an effect of his great deeds—is the Prussian "Kreis-" and "Provinzial-Ordnung," first introduced in 1874. No more logical deduction was possible than this commencement of decentralisation within the Prussian monarchy. Before that date provincial Diets had existed for fifty years, and a kind of assembly had also managed certain affairs for the Kreis, an administrative unit smaller than an English county, and averaging about 100,000 inhabitants. In the same proportion as German unity made progress, it was believed that self-government ought to become more extensively introduced, and the "tendency of the blood towards the head," or capital, be obviated. The example of home-rule presented by the "Kreis" and the provinces of Prussia since this reform is not assuredly of a nature to frighten weak nerves. But much money is now usefully spent within and by the prov-

inces independently of any decree from a central authority ; and as regards willingness to work on provincial and (so to say) county boards, it is said to be beyond all praise. An English public man of high standing assured me, some years ago, that these Prussian beginnings of home-rule had attracted the serious notice of Mr. Gladstone. I do not wonder at it.

Another permanent good for which Germany seems indebted to Bismarck, and the last I will mention, is of quite modern date—I mean his colonial policy. Individual Germans have at all times and in immense numbers found their way across the sea. On the Baltic and North Sea coast, German ports, though few in number, yet command a very large trade. Next to the English, German traders form the most numerous community in every place, however remote, where business of any kind can be transacted. But to convert the inland Philistines—that vast majority of Germans who have never sniffed sea-air—into enthusiasts for a colonial empire required all Bismarck's ability and prestige. No doubt he desecrated in the movement a chance for a diversion of the public mind from obnoxious topics. It was useful to him to produce an impression as if the export trade, stagnating as it must under the baneful effects of modern Protection, could rally under the influence of colonial enterprise. These considerations would not, however, suffice to explain his long-considered, cautious proceedings in this matter. To comprehend his motives fully, it will be necessary to admit that his prescient mind would consider the time, apparently not very distant, when what are now styled Great Powers will be dwindling fast by the side of such gigantic empires as seem intent upon dividing the earth's surface between them, like England with her colonial possessions, and Russia. The effect upon this country, its foreign policy, and the very character of its inhabitants, would be alike cramping unless a way for expansion was opened for each. When the political schemes of a considerable man are subjects of speculation, it is wiser to guess at something exalted if you wish to come near the truth. So probably in this case. No doubt he, too, has fore-

seen the reaction which, at no very remote period of German history, will gain a mastery over people's minds, when failures and disappointments begin to crowd around each of the present equatorial enterprises. But he believes in his countrymen's capacity to overcome failure and disappointment without recourse to costly warlike expeditions, for which Germany is unfitted by her institution of universal and short military service.

Where brightness and splendor are, there will one find Erebus too. The Bismarckian era has not escaped this curse. To put it all into one phrase, extinction of individual character has followed the Chancellor like his shadow. He has no disciples, cares not to have any. Friends he possesses among the comrades of his early years, and he is a faithful and jovial companion with them. But all around him, in Prussia, in the Imperial Government, in the Bundesrath, nothing is visible save destruction—the field covered with bodies of the slain. The demeanor of the younger Pitt, hitherto believed to have been the most tyrannical of ministers, was mildness itself in comparison with Bismarck's. In Downing Street of old, Chancellors of the Exchequer and Secretaries of State were requested to sign despatches they had never read, with the Premier's hand covering the page. This was bad enough in sober truth, but Bismarck's practice is worse. A minister elaborates and perfects a Bill on the lines repeatedly concerted with his chief, obtains the royal assent, and defends the measure before Parliament. Suddenly the whole fabric is overthrown by Bismarck's using, as the case may be, his tongue or his pen as the instrument of destruction, but quite as often in public as in private. It used to be said of the German civil service that it consisted of men with a crooked back and an erect conscience. That time is past ; the generation of placemen of all grades which has grown up since the war of 1866 knows of one idol only, success ; and of one ambition only, to attract the attention and to retain the favor of the great man. Parliament is demoralised in many of its members because he accepts no divided allegiance. An M.P. may be drawn into his following on account of duties

on timber, or on slate, yet he may desire to keep some little private corner for economic or political conditions on other topics. In vain; his soul is demanded of him. Finally, the important, the influential, the rich of all classes are drawn into the vortex of his will. The habit of initiative, without which Englishmen could not live and in which Germany had certainly made some progress, is fast disappearing before an omnipresent State power. The millennium of every Socialist dream, viz. a condition where all work is fixed, ordered, and required by Government, has more than dawned upon Germany. Bismarck has made Germany great and Germans small.

One consoling word, however, may conclude these remarks. Democracy in Germany—it may be presumptuous in a foreigner to place the result of his observations in opposition to that of others—has always appeared to me as of a higher stamp than that of any other nation. To define its instincts with fairness, democracy signifies equality in duty. Who of us that has travelled in non-Prussian parts of the Fatherland since 1867 was not surprised to find that one innovation only was popular there with the commonest people, and that one just what would make every Englishman frantic with rage—what a writer of note calls the “thrice-cursed system of universal military service!” And why is it popular with the South German laborer and peasant? Because, in the words of a sentry at Constance, whose *patois* I had great difficulty in understanding, “because the Baron is doing just the same duty round the corner there,” pointing in the direction of some other public building. Or, again, why do we find more cheerfulness in the laboring man of that country, unless it be that he has a chance of purchasing with his money, after years of labor and of economy, some house and patch of land upon which he has set his eyes; and more cheerfulness again in the Rhenish laborer than in a Pomeranian, because patches of land are more in the market

on the Rhine than in the East? He does not complain that another man has risen to be an owner of land quicker than himself, provided that light and shade have been fairly allotted, provided that the duty of work and thrift has been equally shared.

As long as democracy in Germany signifies work, and equally for all, so long are the prophets of social catastrophes likely to be disappointed. It is quite a mistake to say the well-drilled army prevents a social catastrophe. Not so. The peasant lad who spends from two and a half to four years of his life in a regiment would be an easy prey to the Nihilist propaganda, and not to be trusted with his rifle if he did not bring an hereditary treasure of rough, unspoken satisfaction to the door of his barracks.

I know perfectly that I am asserting all this in the teeth of an astounding fact, viz. that two-and-twenty Socialist members have found their way, under the wings of universal suffrage, into the Reichstag. Of their tenets, wherever honestly expressed, it is impossible to speak with sufficient detestation. Reti- cence is their present watchword; their pandemonium of atheism and lust and greed is studiously left in the background, and the legislative programme with which they appear before the foot- lights sounds almost like sense. Met half-way, and even more than half-way, by a rash and mighty Chancellor, they will obtain a certain amount of parliamentary success. It is not absolutely impossible that even that monstrous absurdity, their ten hours’ “normal” day of adult male labor, be carried in the Reichstag; but beyond that there is as yet no fear. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the honest, ingrained, and deep-rooted Democratic spirit of the German people which is content in an equality of duty, and that foul importation from French sources, long dried up even in France, which styles itself Social Democracy, and means nothing in truth but *ôte-toi que je m’y mette*.—*Fortnightly Review*.

AT AN EASTERN DINNER-PARTY.

IN Mohammedan countries generally, there is a greater gravity, a greater appearance of austerity in public, and a more apparent mortification of the flesh, than with us. Grave faces are seldom seen to smile; the corners of the mouth are more often drawn down than up. But this apparent solemnity is much produced by the numerous rules of etiquette, a breach of any of which would cause a serious depreciation in the social position of the man who was guilty of it.

As a rule, the Oriental, more particularly the higher-class Persian, has two entities—one of the silent and solemn pundit, speaking only in whispers, and with either the Spartan brevity of Yes and No, or launching out into complimentary phrases, as insincere as they are poetic—a being clad in long flowing garments of price, behatted or beturbaned, according to his class, and with a knowledge of the little niceties of form and phrase that would do credit to an experienced Lord Chamberlain. Priests, lawyers, merchants, the courtier and soldier classes, all are thus; for a single public slip from the code of ceremonial and etiquette would cause at once a loss of caste. In fact, at first, to the newcomer they seem all Phaiisees, and wear their phylacteries broad. Such are the upper-class Persians outside their own homes, and from sunrise to sunset. It is of the Oriental in his other phase, and among his friends, or “cup-companions,” as Lane in his *Arabian Nights* translates the word, that I have to tell—in fact, the Persian at home.

Some years have elapsed since I went to the little dinner I am about to describe; the giver and some of the guests have submitted to the irony of fate—two dead in their beds, a noteworthy thing among the grantees or wealthy in Persia; one executed for so-called high-treason, really murdered, after having surrendered himself to the king’s uncle under an oath of safety for his life; another judicially done to death because he was rich. One, then the greatest and richest of the party, is eating in a corner the bread of charity, blind and poor; one young fellow, then a penniless parasite, little more than a servant without

pay, who handed pipes and ran messages, is now in high employ, and likely to become a minister. Others of that party would now be glad to hand his pipes and run his messages for the mere sake of his protection. It was this young fellow who brought me my invitation—a verbal one. “Mirza M—— Khan sends you his salaams, and hopes you will eat your dinner at his house at an hour after sunset to-night. Will your honor come?”

“Please to sit. I hope you are well. Who is to be there? Any Europeans?”

“No; only yourself. At least, there is one—the Dutch doctor; and as he has been so many years here, he is more a Persian than ourselves. And hakim-sahib [European doctor], will you, the Khan says, bring two packs of cards?”

“Ah, Mirza, the secret’s out; it’s not me they want, but my two packs of cards.”

“No, hakim-sahib. By your head, it’s not so. You don’t know the Khan—at least, not in private. He is good-nature itself; and he wants you to come to eat his dinner, to taste his salt. Besides, Gholam Nahdi is to be there, and there will be dancing. Ba! an entertainment to dwell in the memory.”

Now, the fact of the dancing intrigued me. I knew that Mirza M—— Khan did not merely invite me for the sake of the cards, as he could have had them for the asking. I was anxious to see an entertainment in the house of a rich man, so I resolved to go.

“On my eyes, Mirza.”

This is the current expression for an affirmative, a respectful affirmative, meaning that I would certainly do myself the honor.

The Mirza declined a pipe, as he had other errands to fulfil; asked leave to depart, as is the custom, and bowed himself out.

I had gladly accepted, for I wished to see the dancing, of which I had heard much, and also the performance of impromptu farces or interludes, for which the *lütis* (buffoons) of Shiraz are celebrated throughout Persia; for it was in Shiraz itself that the invitation was given; and it was in the house of one of its local

grandeess that the entertainment was to take place. If, then, I was ever to see a real Oriental entertainment, now was my time, in the city of Saadi and Hafiz, in the real Persian heart of Persia. Mirza M—— Khan was a grandee, and I knew personally very little of him, save that he was very wealthy, very good-natured, and a very good patient, in the sense that he was grateful for work done and remunerated it with no niggard hand.

At the appointed time, I rode through the narrow dusty streets of the town, as was the custom, having quite a little procession of my own. Was I not going out to dinner? and among Persians, to invite a guest is to invite his servants too; consequently, even to the cook's disciple, they were all there to accompany me. When I remonstrated at so large a following, my head-man told me that "I really must allow him to keep up my dignity in a proper way." The only servant left in my house was the doorkeeper, and he was obliged to stay to guard it; the rest all came. First went my two carpet-spreaders, crying, "Out of the way!" each carrying a big stick, and girded, as is the custom, with the short, straight, hiltless sword called a *kammar*, the sharp point of which would nearly always be fatal if thrust with; but it fortunately is almost invariably used merely to hack; and unless the skull be fractured, merely lets out some of the hot Persian blood, and so the frequent quarrel ends. Then came the cook, an artist in his way. He, doubtless, would give a helping hand with the dinner. With him was the table-man, who strutted in all the glory of a bright blue *moiré* antique tunic; a smart black lambskin cap of the latest fashion, cocked knowingly; a silver watch-chain, and my silver *kalian* or water-pipe; for, though one is provided with these and tobacco galore, every man brings his own; and a European, if wise, invariably followed the custom, for it prevented little hitches, such as that of some holy man or priest being obliged to refuse to smoke the pipe of the dog of an unbeliever, or of a special hubble-bubble being handed to the Giaour for his sole delectation. No visit, much less entertainment, in Persia can be made without the frequent introduction of the water-pipe. Certainly it

fills up gaps when the conversational powers of guests or visitors flag; and it is an inexhaustible subject of conversation; besides, it is the poetry and perfection of smoking. With the table-man walked the *sherbeddar*, or sherbet and ice maker. He would doubtless make himself useful. But I fear he went for the more than Homeric feast which he knew would be gladly spread for even the humblest hanger-on of any guest. Then at my horse's head walked my groom, carrying over his arm the embroidered cloth that is thrown over my horse when standing, to preserve him from draughts, and the saddle from sun and dust. They, too, both horse and groom, would be entertained as a matter of course. Such is the lavishness of Eastern hospitality. My head-man, in a long blue cloth cloak, marched at my side, more with the air of a humble friend than that of a servant. Thus, these men did their duty by me in keeping up my position, while at the same time they were well fed at my host's expense. And probably had I gone alone, the first inquiry would have been: "Where are your servants, doctor?"

In honor of my host, I had donned a black frock-coat; and as the temperature was about eighty, my sufferings were great; but in the East, a cut-away coat is indecorous; and my linen suits unfortunately were made in the usual shooting-coat shape. After some half-hour's ride through tortuous and evil-smelling lanes, by mosques and through bazaars, in and out of repair, we came to the large mud-plastered portici of Mirza M—— Khan's house. At the door was a sentry, who saluted. I dismounted, my servants—as is the custom—supporting me under the arm-pits.

"The Khan is expecting you—be pleased to enter," said a grave and well-clad domestic, who proceeded to usher me into the house.

I was shown into the *berûni*, or men's apartments. A paved courtyard, some thirty yards by ten, with sunken beds of common flowers on either side, and many orange-trees covered with their dark-green fruit; a raised tank or *haus* of running water, twenty yards by three, with playing-jets; a crowd of servants with pipes. These struck my eye as I passed up to the further end, where I saw my host seated at the open window

of a large room. Although quite light, the whole place was ablaze with lamps and candles in rows. On a carpet in the courtyard sat the Jew musicians, who played their loudest on the usual instruments of torture—the tambourine, two hand-drums, a kind of fiddle, and a sort of guitar; while an old man made night hideous by drumming on a horrible kind of military drum called a *dohol*, a thing that I have seen, except on this occasion, used at Eastern weddings only. Happily, he varied the dreadful performance by eldritch solos on a two-tubed flute, such as that we see in Roman processions on ancient buildings. Singers, too, made night hideous. But all these men were fortunately in the open air, and their performance was not so deafening when one entered the room.

"Ah, hakim-sahib!" said my host, rising. "Bismillah! be seated; pray be seated."

All the guests on my entry had risen from the ground on which they sat. I was placed in a seat of honor, far above my social deserts, and introduced to those of the guests with whom I was unacquainted. The rest, whom I knew, all shook hands with me.

"Pipes!" shouted Mirza M—Khan—"pipes!"

A train of servants now entered the room. Each man brought his master's pipe. Conversation became general; the music played on. The bubbling noise of the water-pipes, the profusion of lights, the gay dresses of the whole party, the handsome carpets, the floridly decorated walls, the flowing water of the fountains, and the bright moon hanging over the orange-trees, gave one the feeling that one was "revelling." There is no other word. Tea in tiny cups is handed. More pipes, more tea. Still the music, still the singing, or rather noise, to which nobody listens, of recited poetry howled in a crescendo scale. More guests, more pipes, more tea. All are assembled. Outer cloaks and heavy garments are thrown off, for the night is warm.

"What is this, hakim-sahib?" said the Khan, pointing to my frock-coat. "You must be hot."

I explained that my little white linen cut-aways were not formal enough for

the aristocratic assemblage to which I had had the honor to be invited.

"Bah! Send for one. Make yourself at home."

The order is given by my servant; and my groom gallops off, and soon returns with ease and coolness.

"A colleague of yours is come," I am told in a whisper; "he is about to astonish you. You see the bearded Khan I introduced you to; he is S— Khan, general of cavalry. He has a needle in his back. The surgeon, Agha Ali, will come here and remove it. He doesn't consult you, as he doesn't believe in European doctors."

Here trays of sweetmeats, salted almonds, pistachios, and other nuts, are brought in; wine in decanters; arrack, either in the form of pure spirits of wine, or flavored and colored green by the infusion of the fresh leaves of anise-seed. We all eat the sweetmeats, nibble the nuts, and most help themselves to wine or arrack.

My friend beckons to the cavalry general, who comes over and squats next me. I am introduced. After the usual glowing Eastern compliments, S— Khan gives me a list of all his ills from birth. I am obliged to listen. The Persian custom is, whenever you meet a doctor, consult him. I learn that the Khan at present suffers from lumbago, and that he has obtained relief by acupuncture; that he has a special confidential valet, who is in the habit of each morning inserting an ordinary sewing-needle for more than an inch in the seat of pain; but that this morning the needle had been inserted, and then had disappeared. The general rapidly removes his clothing, and exposes his back. There are innumerable scars of acupuncture. I gravely examine the back.

"Ah, there, there it is!" he shouts.

I am compelled to frankly inform him that the needle has probably been lost, and is not in his body.

He is most indignant. "Ah, you Europeans, you Europeans, you never will believe. Why, Agha Ali, the *jerreh* [surgeon], says it's there; and it must be there. Besides, he is going to extract it by the mouse."

"By the what?" I say in astonishment.

"The mouse. Don't you understand that?"

"No. What mouse?"

"Ah, science; ah, Europeans; he doesn't understand the action of the mouse!"

A chorus of explanations is now afforded me. A live mouse is to be bound on the bare back of the general, and by some occult means the needle will leave his body, and be found in that of the mouse.

I laugh, and remain incredulous. The pooh of scorn is my only answer.

"Will you believe it if you see it?"

"Yes; I am open to conviction."

"Ah, you soon will; he will be here directly."

The coming of my Oriental *confrère* is expected eagerly by me. There is no sign of dinner, though eight o'clock. I munch my salted nuts, and ask what kind of needle has been used.

"A European needle—one of these."

The confidential valet produces a packet of No. 8—an ordinary English sewing-needle.

"Are these what you use?"

"Yes. Always these; never any other. The one that is in the Khan's back—may I be his sacrifice—was one of these out of this very packet."

The Khan here puts his finger to the exact spot, and his face expresses agony.

At this moment I see my *confrère* coming up the courtyard. No one makes way for him. The native surgeon is evidently not a person of distinction, as the native physician is; he is merely a little tradesman, in social status below his rival the barber. Where the functions of the one end and the other begin is very doubtful. The barber bleeds, cups, draws teeth, reduces dislocations, performs the actual cautery and various other needful operations. The surgeon does all these things; probes and prods at gunshot wounds; looks at fractures and tumors; has a few strange medieval instruments, which, like a clever man, he seldom uses; and in cases of surgical emergency, he looks wise, and never, or hardly ever, interferes. I was, however, now to have an opportunity of seeing a Persian surgical operation.

Agha Ali does not attempt to enter the room till bidden by my host with a loud "Bismillah!" Then, stooping humbly, his hands carefully covered by his rag-

ged cloak, whose amplitude hides the numerous deficiencies of the rest of the poor fellow's wardrobe, he enters the room.

"Salaam!"—in a loud tone.

To this salutation no one responds, and the surgeon humbly seats himself in the lowest corner. I felt for the man; and to put him at his ease, attempted to converse with him; but he took no notice of my remarks. Was I not a rival and an unbeliever!

S—Khan, however, ordered him to examine his back; and on his doing so with much parade—listening carefully for the needle with an old stethoscope! the wrong end of which he applied to the general's august person—he formally declared that the needle was deeply seated. But "Please God," said he, "by my science and by the help of the sainted martyrs Houssein and Hessian, I shall remove it."

I now could perceive, from the looks of conviction of my fellow-guests, that I was looked on as the impostor, and that my ragged *confrère* had the confidence of the spectators.

It was now explained to me that the native surgeon proposed to affix a live mouse to the patient's back; and that, after a time, the needle would, by some mysterious power, be drawn from the body of the sufferer into that of the unoffending little quadruped. Of course so monstrous a proposition was received by me with the silent derision it deserved. I knew that some trick would be played. But what? Probably there was no needle at all in the sufferer's back; the pain possibly would be cured by playing on his imagination. But how?

"Bring a mouse," said our host; and several servants scurried off to execute the order. In a large Persian house, there is no difficulty in finding a mouse in the traps, or in the earthen jars in which grain is kept.

"May it please you, Excellency, may I be your sacrifice, I have a mouse ready," said my surgical rival, taking a small flat tin box from his pocket.

There was a hum of expectation. The certainty of a deception of some sort caused me to watch the fellow narrowly. He opened the box very cautiously; a poor little mouse, a silken ligature

affixed to each foot, was in it. He was alive; no doubt of that, but securely tied. When taken up, he gave a squeak of pain.

That squeak decided me; I saw the thing at a glance. "Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that you are able to extract the needle from the Khan's back, and make it enter the body of the mouse?" I asked, open-mouthed, with feigned astonishment.

"Assuredly," calmly replied the surgeon. "With Heaven's and the blessed Prophet's help, I shall certainly do so."

"Ah," I replied; "this is indeed a wonderful thing. Agha Ali, the surgeons of Persia have in you a burning and shining light; but your trick is old (here he turned pale).—Observe, my friends. Hey, presto, pass!—Khan, the needle has left you, and is *now* in the poor mouse's body."

For the surgeon to close the box, in which was the mouse, and spring to his feet, was the work of an instant.

"What is this that the sahib says? What nonsense is this? If the sahib can cure the Khan's pain, why send for me? I am insulted. Let me go!"

But all to no purpose. The box was snatched from him. As I supposed, the needle—that is to say, a needle—was already there, slipped slyly in under the loose skin of the little animal's back. I asked to be allowed to look at it, and requested that it might be compared with the needles in the Khan's packet. It was half an inch too short!

There was no doubt. S—— Khan was furious. "Take him away!" shouted he, almost foaming with rage; nothing a Persian dislikes so much as to be over-reached—"take him away! I shall attend to his matter in the morning."

A general of cavalry, particularly in Persia, is a great man, and his manner of attending to the affairs of those who have offended him is rough. Two black-bearded soldier-servants hustled the disappointed charlatan out of the room. S—— Khan felt almost well already. The mouse ran away, silken bonds and all; and I begged the absent surgeon off with some difficulty.

"I make you a present of him," said S—— Khan.

This little episode had made the time pass. There was as yet (nine P.M.) no

sign of dinner, though roasted quails, smoking hot on the spit, had been handed one to each person, as a sort of stop-gap. Most of the guests began to drink, some heavily.

A little wiry man in a pair of bathing-drawers, and otherwise naked, now entered the room. He juggled; he sung; he played on various instruments; he improvised. He and his son acted a little impromptu farce, in which the priests were mercilessly mimicked; then he did all the tricks of the European contortionist; then he turned somersaults amid a forest of sharp daggers, points upwards; then he ate fire; and finally took a header while vomiting flames into the tank below. This man was Gholam Nahdi, the celebrated buffoon. For his performance, he would get his dinner, and perhaps five shillings of our money.

"Where are the cards, sahib? Hakim-sahib, where are the cards?"

I sent for my servant, who produced them.

"Bismillah! let us play," shouted Mirza M—— Khan.

"Let us play," assented the guests.

They all set to, at a kind of lansquenet. All were wealthy men, and as they gambled only for silver coin, not much harm was done. Like a Christmas party of children at Pope Joan, how they shouted; and how they cheated, openly, most openly! He who cheated most was happiest, and the only disgrace was in being found out. S—— Khan, who sat next to me, had a method of cheating so simple, so Arcadian in its simplicity, that it deserves description. He lost, lost persistently; but his heap did not perceptibly diminish. I watched him. His plan was this. When he won, he put his winnings on his heap of coin. When he lost, he would carefully count out the amount of money he had to pay. "Sixty kerans; ah! Correct, you see—sixty." He would then gather it up in his two hands, place the closed hands on his own heap, let out the greater part of the sixty silver coins on his heap, and opening his closed hands from below upwards, apparently paid his losses into the pile of his successful adversary with a "Much good may they do you! Another sixty kerans."

After about an hour of this, the music

and singing having been going on unceasingly, dinner was announced. The money was pocketed, or handed over to the care of servants. A long sheet of embroidered leather was spread on the ground; over this was placed a sheet of hand-printed chintz, some twelve feet by four; bowls of sherbet (iced sirups and water) were laid at intervals; and the various dishes, filled each to overflowing, and mostly swimming in fat, were placed in circular trays before every six guests. A plentiful dinner—no Barmecide feast. Lambs roasted whole, stuffed with dates, almonds, raisins, and pistachio nuts; sparrow and pomegranate soup; kebabs of lambs and antelope; all of the thousand-and-one delicacies of the Persian cuisine—chillaus, pillaus, curries, fowls boiled and

roast. All were good, well-cooked, and lavish; for each man had some half-dozen servants with him, who would dine on the leavings; and our host had certainly fifty servants, all of whom would get a meal off these crumbs from the rich man's table.

Just as dinner was finishing, a grand display of fireworks took place; and that and dinner over, we all bade our host good-bye, and rode home through the dark streets, lighted only by the lanterns which were carried by our servants; and the only sounds to be heard besides our horses' hoofs, were the barking of the street dogs, and the strangely human cry of the jackals. It was twelve at night, and Shiraz was fast asleep.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE HUMORS OF PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

WITHIN the last few years the mode of conducting our Parliamentary elections has completely changed, and as the passing of the Franchise Bill and the imminent scheme of extensive Redistribution will tend further to efface the ancient landmarks, and to blot out the remembrance of bygone times, it may not be inappropriate to take a glance at former election days, with all their boisterous merriment, their rough humors, and, it must be admitted, their degrading influence on Parliament and people. It is not our intention to make a survey of the constitutional changes that have been evolved through the course of centuries so as to bring our "National Palaver" House into its present shape, but rather to take a glance at the side currents of our national life, drawn by the pencil of a Hogarth, and told in the records of the Parliamentary election struggles that have taken place within the last century, showing us what our ancestors thought and how they acted in these matters.

Our old Teutonic forefathers had their Council of Wise Men, or witenagemot, chosen by popular election, and the Norman conquerors had their Council of Barons to advise with the king; but the first people's House of Commons in England—the meeting of the

knights of the shire and the burgesses of the town, duly elected—dates from the year 1265, in the reign of Henry III. The name, House of *Commons*, plainly shows that the people's representatives were summoned as a popular representative assembly, and as quite distinct from the barons, who had their own place of meeting in the House of Lords. And here it occurs to us to ask, was the old name of Witenagemot, or meeting of the wise, superseded by the Norman-French name of "Parliament," or the place of speaking, as prophetic of the years to come, when laborious days and nights of weary talk should be poured forth by "the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled"? The first writs for the summoning of the people's representatives were issued by the Earl of Leicester, in the absence of the king, but it took nearly two hundred years, or down to the reign of Edward III., before the privileges and duties of the House of Commons were fully understood. The right of election was prized neither by electors nor elected, as the new idea of the people having a say in the national administration was too much allied with the other more prominent idea of the Commons being a mere taxing machine. In some old chronicles we have accounts of the people,

churls and those of a better class, assembling under the shire oak to choose their representatives,—the king's messenger appears to serve the writ, but his appearance is most unwelcome,—an abbot present takes to his horse and flies at full speed,—and the knight, who is elected as a punishment for his unpopularity, flees for sanctuary to the forests of the Chiltern Hundreds, under the protection of whose stewardship so many have taken refuge since.

The right of election in counties was originally in the householders, and it is a remarkable fact that after the lapse of six hundred and twenty years from the first Parliament, the original right for which they had been so long bereft has been restored to the same class. But even the enfranchisement now made does not go to the full original extent, as the payment of poor-rates is a condition of the right to vote, while the payment of "scot and lot," as Church and poor-rates were termed, was not imposed till the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The original elective rights of the people in counties were gradually curtailed by the very representatives who had been chosen for their protection till, down to the passing of the great Reform Act of 1832, the qualification of county electors was confined to owners of property held in *freehold*, to the value of forty shillings yearly, which, as may be supposed, represented a much larger sum then than now. The representatives of the boroughs were elected by the free burgesses, that is to say, those who were householders therein, and had obtained the rights of freedom by being duly admitted and sworn members of one of the trade guilds which existed in every incorporated town. The incorporation of a town took place by Royal Charter, whereby certain privileges, as to trading and others, were conferred on the townspeople, and the citizen could only be admitted to the full status of citizenship by serving an apprenticeship for a term of years with a freeman of the borough, or in some cases by being the son, or marrying the daughter, of a freeman. But so little was the privilege esteemed of being elected to Parliament, either for county or borough, owing to the toilsome journey to, and unattractive residence in, the metropolis, that not only

were the members paid a considerable salary, but a positive enactment was passed to compel them to attend to, and faithfully discharge, the duties entrusted to them.

In regard to the boroughs entitled to return representatives, these varied with the pleasure of the sovereign from time to time, so that down to the time of the Stuarts many original boroughs had been left out, and many new ones added, which selection, having been made on a purely arbitrary principle, tended further to increase the incongruities of the electoral system. With the change of population from one place to another, some towns dwindled away to such an extent as not to retain a single house on the original site, but yet enjoying the privilege of returning two members to Parliament: while large and influential towns, such as Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham, were wholly unrepresented. During the Commonwealth, Cromwell tried to remedy this state of matters by a rearrangement of the writs, but his efforts were not attended with much success, and were afterwards rendered wholly abortive by the Restoration. From the time of Charles II., who, according to the well-known epitaph, "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," the spoliation of the rights of the "free and independent electors" commenced in its most aggravated form, at the instance of that illustrious monarch himself. He was anxious that his brother James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., should succeed him in the throne; but knowing well that the strong Protestant feeling of the sturdy English burghers would have resisted such an intrusion of the Papacy, and would have returned members in overwhelming numbers to oppose his succession, he called in nearly all the original charters of the boroughs, and granted them back on the debasing condition that the corporations should be self-elected, and that they alone should return the members, while in many cases it was stipulated that the mayor should be removable from time to time at the wish of the crown.

In order further to deceive the people whom he was robbing of their legal rights, the monarch caused a certain Dr. Brady to write a treatise to prove that the word

"burgenses" or commonalty in the original charters really meant, not the people at large, but merely the corporation! In those boroughs which would not surrender their charters willingly the king caused proceedings, *quo warranto*, to be adopted against the magistrates, the enormous expense attending which often caused them to give up their dearly loved privileges as British freemen. As showing the despotic character of the Court, we may note in passing that in 1688, the year of the Revolution, it was proved to the satisfaction of a committee of the House of Commons, that in the small town of Wallingford a number of soldiers had entered the town at the time of the election, and threatened the mayor to cut off his ears if he did not return Mr. Dormer, the Court nominee! From this time onwards, by decisions of these close corporations, and by verdicts of committees of the House of Commons on election petitions, the rights and privileges of the electors were curtailed to such an extent that in the first quarter of the present century, instead of the election of their representatives being in the hands of the people themselves, it was found that one hundred and forty-four peers of the realm returned three hundred members, one hundred and eighty-seven more were nominated by private individuals, including sixteen by the Government of the day, and only one hundred and seventy-one, or less than a fourth of the whole, were chosen independently; and even these last, as we shall afterwards see, were often freely elected more in name than in reality.

But it was during the long reign of George III., when, according to Walpole, "every man had his price," that the anomalies and absurdities of our electoral system grew into a shame and a reproach, and showed themselves as a gross excrescence on the free constitution of Great Britain. During that reign *three hundred and eighty-eight* peers were created, most of whom received the peerage, not for services to the State, but for political jobbery in returning members to the House of Commons by voters whose qualifications were purely nominal, and for boroughs which existed as such only in the fervid imaginations of the lords of the soil. In one small place in Dorsetshire, for instance, we

read of two hundred freeholds being split into two thousand, so that some of the so-called electors possessed as a qualification the thirteen-hundredth part of a sixpenny freehold! When such a large creation of voters was made, numbers flocked around the officiating attorney's office to have their names put into the parchments, in order that they might have a share in the general debauchery that accompanied the election. The polling went on sometimes for thirty or forty days. Voters were created up to the last moment, and general riot and disorder prevailed. The public houses and hotels were kept open at the expense of the candidates, and bribery, to which we shall allude more in detail afterwards, went on to a scandalous extent. Bands of music, followed by half-drunken crowds with flags and banners, paraded the streets, and business was completely suspended. Voters were brought in carriages from all parts of the country, and in a memorable contest for Yorkshire in 1807, when Wilberforce, the philanthropist, fought and gained the popular battle against the territorial lords of the soil, the roads to York were completely blocked, horses died from exhaustion at the rate of eight a day, and provisions in the city of York rose to famine prices. Lord Fitzwilliam, who was successful, and the Hon. Henry Lascelles, son of Lord Harewood, who was defeated, spent above 100,000*l.* each in the contest; while Wilberforce's expenses amounted to nearly 60,000*l.*, which was all subscribed in the course of a few days by the Whigs and Dissenters throughout the country, and with such liberality that a portion of the sum contributed, being in excess of the requirements, was returned to the subscribers. The excitement was intense, and the joy of victory in a constituency of such numbers may be judged from the saying of one of the Dukes of Norfolk. "After all," he says, "what greater enjoyment can there be in life than to stand a contested election for Yorkshire, and win it by one!"

Most of the other counties were the tilting-grounds of rival noble families belonging to the opposing political factions, who fought one another, election after election, as their ancestors did, in battle after battle, in the wars of York

and Lancaster. From the enormous expense attending the contest of a large and widely scattered county, the contest often degenerated into a game of "beggar my neighbor," which was only brought to a close by a treaty of peace, whereby the contending factions were each allowed to nominate and return a member, the freeholders of the county never being consulted, and having no say in the choice of their representatives. And all this went on notwithstanding the resolution standing in the Journals of the House of Commons, "That it is a high infringement upon the liberties and privileges of Great Britain for any lord of Parliament or any Lord Lieutenant of any county, to concern themselves in the election of members to serve for the Commons' House of Parliament."

While the peers had their own hereditary and unrepresentative House, they claimed and exercised a like privilege in regard to the people's House. Thus the Duke of Norfolk nominated eleven members, the Earl of Lonsdale seven, the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Buckingham, and Lord Carrington six each; or, in other words, five peers elected thirty-six members to the House of Commons! And while this anomaly existed as to individuals, an equally flagrant one was apparent in regard to the electoral districts from which the members were chosen. Thus the populous and important counties of York and Middlesex returned two members each, or as many members as were returned by each one of a paltry lot of villages, to which we shall afterwards refer, whose nominal electorate was ten and under, but in reality comprised the patron of the borough alone! The county of Cornwall, which was a Crown domain, and therefore peculiarly suitable for the manipulations of the Ministerialists of the day, returned from its scattered hamlets and districts forty-four members, or one less than the total members from the kingdom of Scotland! Surrey returned fourteen members, ten of whom were sent to Parliament by the nomination of as many individuals; while Suffolk elected fourteen members, thirteen of whom were appointed under the direct nomination of nine individuals.

It would be foreign to our purpose to refer to the repeated elections for the

county of Middlesex in the case of the notorious John Wilkes, who was returned seven times as the champion of the liberty of the press, and of the people's right to choose their representatives without the dictation of Court or Commons. In passing, however, we would take a glance at the famous election contest for Westminster (whose electors numbered over twenty thousand) which took place in 1784, as showing the evils of our former electoral system in another form. The hero of the fight was that darling of the Whig party, Charles James Fox, who was assisted in the contest by the leading gentlemen and ladies of the party, including the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, immortalised by Coleridge, who, in her zeal for the cause, actually bribed a butcher with a *kiss*! During the contest an Irish laborer said to her ladyship, "Your eyes are so bright, me lady, that I could light me pipe by them;" a compliment which she valued more highly than any she had received during a long and brilliant career of social and political life. The poll lasted for forty days, during which business was almost entirely suspended to permit of the electors hearing the candidates from the hustings in Covent Garden. Drunkenness and riot prevailed, and the coarsest lampoons and most scurrilous satires were freely indulged in.

One amusing anecdote is told of Fox in this contest. He entered a shop to canvass its occupant, who, without uttering a word, went into his back premises and returned with a rope. He then savagely said to Mr. Fox, "Instead of voting for you, if I had the power I would hang you with this rope." Fox lifted the rope, looked at it carefully, returned it to its owner with the scathing remark, "Ah! a family relic, I presume," and then quitted the shop, leaving the discomfited shopkeeper to ponder over the fresh light thus shed on his ancestral history! Notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Pitt and the Court party, Fox was returned by a majority of two hundred and thirty-six votes above his opponent, Sir Cecil Wray, but he was not allowed to take his seat, in consequence of the gross partiality of the high bailiff, who failed to make a return of the election on the

ground that a scrutiny of the votes was necessary, which afterwards took place, occupying more than a year to complete, and costing not less than 18,000*l*.! Meanwhile to prevent his exclusion from Parliament pending the scrutiny, Fox was found a seat as representative of the northern or Kirkwall district of Burghs.

This high-handed action of the high-bailiff, or as we should call him, the returning officer, was no uncommon proceeding, as the records of Parliament abundantly show. Thus in a petition from New Shoreham we find it alleged that the returning officer had "returned a candidate with only thirty votes, in prejudice of the petitioner, who had eighty-seven;" and the defaulter was accordingly ordered by the House of Commons into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. In a petition from Coventry in the year 1780 we find it stated that the sheriffs had shown flagrant partiality by constructing the poll booth in such a way as to allow commodious access through the mayor's parlor to the voters in a certain interest, while the agents and friends of the other were obliged to ascend by a ladder. The election was annulled. Petitions against the return of members were continually coming before the House, in consequence of the great variety of qualifications for voting in different places, and were referred to a committee for consideration. Great party struggles always took place over the appointment of these committees; and the chairman having a casting vote, the decision of the committee was more frequently determined by the claims of party than by the merits of the case. In fact, instances are on record where members for the same place have been found to be each duly qualified, and continued to sit in the same Parliament, although different committees had given exactly contrary decisions as to whom the right of voting belonged! Thus, in the small town of Chippenham, while it was always understood that the householders had a right to vote, it was determined by a committee that this only applied to those who had houses on the foundations in existence when the original charter was granted. One man had built his house not exactly of the ancient form and dimensions, and consequently not on the exact site on

which the original house had stood, but his vote was held good, while another committee subsequently found it to be bad. In both these instances there was an equality of votes, and this man's vote decided the election; but the decision of the committee in each case was needful in order to allow the ministerial candidate to get the seat!

In going over these old journals of the Commons it is surprising how many names, well known in the political life of the present day, we come upon as taking an active part in the politics of a century or more ago. Thus we have Lord Hartington and Sir John Pakington, Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Sir Massey (then Sir Manasseh) Lopes and many others. And there, too, we encounter names "familiar in our mouths as household words"—Andrew Marvell the poet, "the great Mr. Addison," as his contemporaries loved to call him, the kind-hearted and witty Dick Steele, Burke the sublime, and many others distinguished in the great republic of letters. Our friend Dick, or more properly Sir Richard Steele, whose racy papers have charmed every reader of the "Spectator," gave also a characteristic flash of his own eccentric genius on the arid waste of political controversy. He won his election for a small town in Hampshire by filling a large apple with guineas, and promising it, not as the golden apple adjudicated upon by Paris in Grecian story, to the fairest among women, but to the one who gave the most indubitable proof of her conjugal love; and so he gained the women on his side, who gained over their husbands, and so gained the day!

The system of bribery, especially in the smaller boroughs, advanced with enormous strides, and was considered a necessary part of nearly every election. So much so that an election for some, even of the very small, constituencies cost as much as 13,000*l*. The most whimsical devices were sometimes adopted to cover bribery, and the value of single votes rose to fabulous prices. At East Looe, in Cornwall, where there were forty-two electors, the sum received by each was three hundred guineas. At Wootton Basselt, in Wiltshire, in 1807, owing to the closeness of the contest, the price rose from twenty to forty-

five guineas. At Honiton the prices varied, according to the exigencies of the occasion, each elector receiving from five to fifty guineas, besides free and luxurious living at the inns which existed in large numbers for the very purpose, and abundance of clothing for his wife and children! At Poole, where a single vote frequently decided the election, as much as 1,000*l.*, is known to have been given for such vote; and at Bridgewater three, four, and five hundred guineas was the common market price! And this notwithstanding that there were statutes in existence against bribery, and each elector had, when required, at the poll, to take the bribery oath.

In order to elude this, and in taking the oath against bribery to keep a conscience void of offence, the pure-souled electors of New Shoreham, in Sussex, formed themselves into an association called the *Christian Society*, and at Arundel, the electors there did the same, under the title of the *Malthouse Club*, for the purpose of selling the seats in Parliament to the highest bidder, the money being received by a committee of their number, who did not vote, but afterwards divided the spoil among the whole electors. Some boroughs, having run into debt, publicly advertised their representation for sale by auction, the price, in some instances, being above 5,000*l.* As late as 1812, Lord Vernon bequeathed, by his will, to his son-in-law a sum not exceeding the sum just mentioned for the purpose of purchasing a seat in Parliament, that being the average price for the preceding thirty years. At Shaftesbury, in the election of 1774, a person, believed to be one of the aldermen of the town, disguised in a ludicrous costume, and passing under the name of *Punch*, was concealed in a small apartment, and through a hole in the door passed twenty guineas to each elector, for which each, in order to take away the appearance of a bribe, had to sign a bill in presence of *Punch's* secretary, payable to an imaginary person named *Glenbuckel*!

At Bridgewater one elector sold his pig for one hundred guineas, and another his parrot for the same amount, to one of the candidates, who never asked delivery of the purchase so made by him. At Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, the

townspeople rebelled against their political overlord, the Earl of Verney, and agreed among themselves to return two members for the consideration of 6,000*l.* A gentleman, accordingly, came from London, and met the electors, by appointment, a mile outside the town. They asked him whence he had come, to which he replied, "From the moon." They then asked, "What news from the moon?" He answered that he had brought thence 6,000*l.* to be distributed among them by the borough agent. The money was forthwith handed over, distributed at the rate of about 60*l.* per head, and the moon's two candidates were duly elected!

Malmesbury had long a corrupt system peculiar to itself. The corporation, which consisted of thirteen members, had the return of two members. About a hundred years ago a local magnate got ten of the council, into his pay at the rate of thirty pounds, afterwards increased to fifty pounds, per annum, on the condition that they would always vote for himself as high steward, and his nominees as members for the borough, under the penalty of five hundred pounds, for which he took a bond from each of them. The annuities were surreptitiously conveyed to the recipients, being sometimes sent concealed under a cabbage, or at other times the annuitants were summoned to a banquet at the high steward's house, and, after the feast, the amount payable was found lying in some dish in the house which had been used by him, where it could only be found by those possessed of the key to the secret! The candidates never visited the borough, the high steward merely addressing his serfs, of whom sometimes only five were present, regarding the members *he* was about to support; and concluding by saying, "Gentlemen, you have been addressed on behalf of Messrs. A and B, who are candidates to represent you in Parliament;" and they were accordingly elected.

In Maidstone, where the price of votes was regulated by the well-known law of supply and demand, at one election it was found that a very few votes would turn the scale, and that about twenty voters remained unpolled. Messengers were dispatched in search of them, but neither in house nor shop could

they be found. At last the proverbial "little bird" whispered their place of concealment to one of the candidates, who, on going to the spot indicated, found the missing twenty secreted in a hayloft, with the entrance barricaded, and the ladder drawn up inside. He beseeched and prayed them to come down, but they only would do so on his agreeing to their financial terms; and matters having accordingly been satisfactorily adjusted, they marched to the poll and returned their paymaster by a majority of votes! But it was not only by money payments that votes were secured throughout the country, but by appointments to sinecure offices under Government, and places and pensions for the electors and their friends.

The boroughs, on account of their limited electorate, were peculiarly susceptible to this venal influence. These boroughs may conveniently be described under three heads: the close or pocket borough, belonging to private individuals, who had the sole control of the representation; the corporation borough, in which the members were chosen by a dozen or two self-elected councillors; and the free or open boroughs, where the number of electors ranged from five hundred to ten or twenty thousand. The pocket, or, as they have been most appropriately called, the rotten boroughs which prior to the Reform Act of 1832, were exceedingly numerous, thirty-six of them returning two members each, may at one time have been thriving places, but the wave of prosperity and population had receded, leaving them stranded and unpeopled, but still most abundantly represented in the Great Council of the nation. Thus Steyning and Bramber, two little thatched villages in Sussex, closely contiguous to one another, although called separate boroughs, consisted of one short row of about twenty houses each, and returned four members. Old Sarum, in Wiltshire, which had no houses at all, and only a thorn bush marked where they once had stood returned, through the bailiff of the Earl of Caledon, two members; while Gatton in Surrey, had six houses and one voter, who combined in his own person the offices of magistrate, church warden, surveyor of highways, overseer of the poor, and collector of taxes; and in ad-

dition to these onerous duties he appointed the local constable, and returned two members to represent himself! At another of these sham boroughs, Haslemere, on the morning of the election it was found that there were no voters. What was to be done? Clearly such an important place must be represented. The poll was adjourned till the following day, and meanwhile all the lawyers and lawyers' clerks in the district were set to work all night at conveyances in favor of the electors nominated for the occasion by the noble patron of the borough, with the result that fourteen were got ready by the next forenoon, and the two members were duly elected, their election being afterwards sustained by the House of Commons on an election petition.

In other cases the deeds were kept ready for any emergency, but were never entrusted to the parties in whose favor they were nominally granted, but were generally brought in a bag to the place of election, and, having served their purpose, were carried back in the same manner to the proprietor of the borough. A pocket borough was considered to be worth about 3,000*l.* a year to the patron, that is 1,500*l.* for each seat; and would it be believed that it was actually urged that on these wretched boroughs being swept out of existence the proprietor should receive compensation out of the taxes, at the rate of twenty years' purchase? Occasionally, but not often, the indwellers in these boroughs, rebelled against the tyrannical nomination of members by their landlord, and had to suffer for their temerity. One instance will suffice. Thus in Wendover, in 1768, a temporary revolt took place, with the result that all who thus voted contumaciously were instantly evicted from their houses, and obliged to squat in huts and tents for six months; and only after the expression of extreme penitence and sorrow were they, with some exceptions, restored to their homes. As a marked contrast to this conduct, although not analogous in point of time or circumstances, we would mention the case of an earl in the west of Scotland who, some time after the passing of the Reform Act, summoned the tenants to his castle, and told them how he wished them to vote. One of the

tenant farmers, whom we shall call Mr. P., boldly told his lordship, that he had no right to dictate how they ought to vote, and on the morning of the election marched early to the poll, and voted directly against the expressed desire of his landlord. Mark the result. Shortly afterwards the railway was being made through part of the earl's lands, the value of the ground to be taken to be fixed by arbitration. The earl, to mark his sense of the independence of character of Mr. P., appointed him as arbiter on his behalf, and continued the farm to his wife and daughters after his decease, at a much lower rental than could easily have been obtained for the farm from others.

We come now to notice the corporation boroughs, which were quite as dependent as the close boroughs on the will of some neighboring proprietor. In fact, they seem to have been devised as a convenient machinery for carrying out the behests of their patron, without the necessity of granting charters to nominal voters. The corporations were all self-elected; and if a vacancy occurred, it was filled up by some one whom the remaining members knew would coincide with them in all things. Relatives of the patron, who resided hundreds of miles away from the spot, menials and body servants from his castle, or the most illiterate of the populace, were often elected to form the local corporation. In Malmesbury, during this century, the corporation, as before mentioned, consisted of thirteen, and in certain Chancery proceedings their signatures were required, when it was found that ten of them could not write, but had to subscribe by mark. In another place, also returning two members, the corporation was a purely family party, consisting of a father and his four sons, his son-in-law, and one outsider, probably for want of more relatives; while in a third borough we find the bailiff or returning officer the village innkeeper, who, in order to enable him to receive the recognised bribes as an elector, got one of his ostlers elected as bailiff, while he himself actually carried the mace before him! *O tempora! O mores!* or according to Thackeray's free translation, *O trumperry! O Moses!* The members elect frequently never saw the place

which they were presumed to represent, a stipulation to this effect being often made to prevent the possibility of a new interest being created in the borough; and as the chairing of the candidate after the declaration of the poll was considered a necessary part of the election, an aged pauper resident in the place was chaired and carried in procession, as a substitute for the newly elected member of Parliament!

It may, perhaps, be supposed that the free or open boroughs were preserved from the vices of the smaller ones, but these vices generally reproduced themselves there in a more aggravated form, with others, additional, peculiar to themselves. The qualifications for exercising the elective franchise throughout the country were endless. In some places the right was exercised by the householders, in others by the householders paying "scot and lot;" in some it was the freemen who had served seven years' apprenticeship to duly qualified freemen; while others extended the privilege to the sons, or those who had married the daughters, of freemen. In these latter cases, during an election contest, the sons of freemen were ferreted out from all parts of the country, and brought down, at enormous expense, to vote, while husbands were sometimes brought from London and elsewhere to marry the unmarried daughters of freemen burgesses! Instances have been known where, after Benedick was made a married man, it was discovered that, through some informality, the wife which he had married for the purpose had no vote to bestow; while some fair damsels possessing the right have been known to have gone through the ceremony of marriage, only to find, to their lifelong sorrow, that the newly found husband was already a married man! One peculiar genus of voter in certain boroughs, was known as a *potwaller*, or *potwalloper* (i.e. potboiler), which comprehended all indwellers who had obtained a parochial settlement, and provided for themselves, whether they were householders or merely lodgers. Every poor wretch who belonged to the parish was sought out and caused to boil a pot in the open air, whereby he acquired all the privileges of an elector, from which so many men of wealth,

education, and influence were debarred. In order to exclude opponents where payment of "scot and lot" was a condition precedent of voting, the parties in power did not include their names in the valuation roll, and therefore no taxes were levied; those assessed were often paid by the candidate, as well as the fees required for making persons free burgesses. In the year 1831, shortly before the passing of the first great Reform Act, we read of a scapegrace youth having been brought before a London magistrate, charged with assaulting his father. The delinquent pleading in justification of his conduct that his father had declined to take the necessary steps for making him a freeman of Rochester, which position he assured the magistrate would have been *worth sixty pounds to him!*

In order to swamp the free electors of independent character, what were called *honorary freemen* were often admitted, wholesale, the night before the election. Thus, in one contest in the city of Carlisle, fourteen hundred honorary freemen, mostly selected from the collieries and estates of Lord Lonsdale, were admitted by the mayor to their freedom without any of the qualifications which the charter of the city required. In Chester, in the memorable general election of 1784, to which we have already referred, this wholesale creation of voters, the night before the election, was interfered with by the populace breaking open the doors and driving out the aldermen, which was followed by a bloody fight in the streets next day. By the manipulation of votes the nominee of the corporation was declared duly elected, whereupon the mob drove the mayor and aldermen from the hustings, who fled for refuge to the Exchange Coffee-house, the doors of which were broken open, the official sword and mace were seized by the crowd, who chaired their favorite candidate and carried him in triumph to his own house. In a little village called Maldon, in Essex, in 1826, above two thousand honorary freemen were created in the fifteen days during which the poll lasted, which added enormously to the costs of the election, the expenses of the three candidates exceeding 40,000*l.* As showing what candidates had to pay for the honors of representing a free bor-

ough, the following, culled at random from a variety of others, and which all occurred within the six years prior to 1832, may be taken as examples: viz. York city cost one candidate 20,000*l.*, Leicester had a grand total of 61,000*l.*, and Liverpool cost all over above 85,000*l.* From what we have already explained it may be well understood that large portions of these sums were expended in bribery, as the excitement of parties caused the voters to hold back till near the close of the poll, in order to extort higher prices for their votes. An election contest in such boroughs was one protracted saturnalia; rival mobs paraded the streets, wrecking the houses of opponents; scurrilous lampoons were placed on every wall, and bloodshed, and even loss of life, were the frequent result. Voters were often abducted—spirited, as it were, out of the country—or concealed in unknown parts till the election was over. At the hustings the candidates were pelted with eggs, vegetables and other missiles, while the rival factions in front endeavored to drown the speeches with the blare of trumpets and the beating of drums, or fought with one another for the possession of the flags and emblems of their opponents. We have heard of one noble lord, well known in the world of literature, in more recent times, who was addressing his constituents, when first an army of bakers was sent to march through and jostle the better-dressed electors, and these were followed in their turn by a long array of heavily sooted sweeps!

We can only take a glance, for a moment, at the state of matters in Scotland and Ireland. The representative system, bad in England, was even worse in the sister countries. Lord Melville, who had the administration of Scotch affairs during the first quarter of this century, used to boast, and truthfully, that out of Scotland's forty-five elected members, *he* could return thirty-nine! In that country the county franchise was only exercised by those who held lands, to a specified value, direct from the Crown, thereby excluding all proprietors who, under the feudal law, held in feu from subject superiors. In several of the counties the number of electors did not exceed twelve; in no case did they

exceed two hundred and fifty, and many of these were purely fagot or fictitious voters. On the election day the county gentlemen, who were freeholders of the Crown, met at the county town, and selected one of their own number to represent them in Parliament, and thereafter they adjourned to a neighboring hotel, and feasted at the new member's expense. The county of Bute had a population of fourteen thousand, with twenty-one electors, of whom only *one* was resident in the county. "At an election during the present century only one person attended the meeting, except the sheriff and the returning officer. He, of course, took the chair, constituted the meeting, called over the roll of freeholders, answered to his own name, took the vote as to Preses, and elected himself. He then moved and seconded his own nomination, put the question as to the vote, and was *unanimously* returned."* The chronicle from which the foregoing extract is taken does not record whether he brought the meeting to a close by proposing a vote of thanks to himself for his conduct in the chair! The only burgh which had a member to itself was Edinburgh, as the capital of the country, whose self-constituted town council of thirty-three members duly elected the city's representative. Other burghs were grouped in districts of four and five, the town councils of which each elected a delegate, and these delegates met and elected a member. Thus Glasgow, which now claims to be the second city of the Empire, had no direct representation, but its town council elected a delegate, who met with similarly appointed delegates from Rutherglen, Dumbarton, and Renfrew, and these four men chose their member of Parliament. Popular opinion did not exist, and if it attempted to find utterance by means of public meetings, these were instantly suppressed by the civil authority, and the promoters of them punished by banishment and imprisonment.

In Ireland the county electors were dragged to the poll by their Protestant landlords, who had such power over them that even when the question of Catholic emancipation was agitating the

public mind we find the voters, by command, voting against the very men who were championing their cause. The borough corporations were composed of the nominees of the landlords, their relations scattered throughout England and Ireland, or their menial servants and attendants. As may well be supposed a vast amount of "potheen" was consumed in connection with an Irish election. Sir Joshua Barrington, who contested Dublin in the beginning of this century, has recorded in his memoir that he had to go through three months' training in hard drinking preliminary to, and presumably to fit himself for, the duties of an Irish member of Parliament.

The subject of the humors of Parliamentary elections is so vast that it could be enlarged upon to almost any extent, but we do not think we can draw this paper to a close without noticing very briefly one very interesting and amusing part of the subject, viz. the questions and answers, or, as it is called in Scotland, the "heckling" of the candidates, and the impromptu remarks on the hustings and platform. A few examples out of many will suffice. When Campbell of Monzie was standing for Edinburgh he asked a man for his vote, to which the man testily replied, "I would rather vote for the devil than for you." "Well," was the bland reply, "if your *friend* does not stand, may I depend upon your support?" When Sir John Douglas, who was a great favorite with the populace, was contesting Glasgow a dog began to bark at one of his meetings. A voice in the crowd shouted out, "Hey! Jock, is that your dog?" to which came the witty rejoinder, which set the house in a roar, "No, sir, I'm dog-less!" In another contest, a certain member, being questioned by one of "the black squad" as to what taxes he would take off, settled his questioner, to the great amusement of the audience, by declaring "There is one tax I intend to take off for your special benefit, and that is *the soap tax!*" One more to conclude with. A sporting M. P., who knew more about the racecourse than the senate, was asked, out of pure mischief, by one of his constituents if he would vote for the abolition of the *Decalogue*. In vain the questioned one tried to solve in his mind

* Hansard, 3rd series, vii. 529.
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what the object referred to was, as to him the Decalogue might be anything from a *regium donum* grant to a settlement in the Straits of Malacca; but failing in this, and in order to preserve his own consistency, he replied, "I won't pledge myself, but I'll give it my consideration."

Most of the matters of which we have been treating are things of the past, the

Reform Acts of 1832, 1867, and 1884 having extended and broadened the electoral basis; the Ballot Act having abolished the hustings and the open poll; and the recent Corrupt Practices Act having cut down the expense and made illegal those various devices which formerly tended so largely to make up the humors of Parliamentary elections.
—*Cornhill.*

IONA, 1885.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

THE quiet clouds within the west
Have built white domes above the isles,
And o'er the leagues of sea at rest
The azure calm of summer smiles.

The sheldrake and the eider float
In peace along each sandy bay;
And softly, with the rock-dove's note,
The caverns greet the warmth of day.

The purple beds of deep seaweed
Scarce wave their fronds around the Rocks;
A silence blesses croft and mead,
Each sculptured stone and knotted cross.

The lark may sing in sunlit air,
And through the clover hum the bees;
They yield the only sounds of care
Where warred and toiled the pure Culdees.

And yonder gray square minster tower
For orisons in silence calls,
To where, enshrined in turf and flower,
Kings guard the ruined chapel walls.

Iona, "island of the wave,"
Faith's ancient fort and armory,
Tomb of the holy and the brave,
Our sires' first pledge of Calvary;

Christ's mission soil, O sacred sand,
That knew His first apostle's tread!
O rocks of refuge, whence our land
Was first with living waters fed!

Mysteriously Columba's time
Foretold "a second deluge dark,
When they who on Thy hill may climb
Shall find in Thee their safety's ark.

Though hushed awhile, the hymns of praise
 Again shall rise, where feed the kine."
 Once more shall o'er thy grassy ways
 Religion's long processions shine ?

Shall then each morn and evening late
 Unfolded see the illumined scroll,
 While echoed over shore and strait
 The sea-like organ-surges roll ?

O saint and prophet ! doth thy word
 Foretell an earthly Church's reign,
 Firm as thine island rocks, unstirred
 By tempests of the northern main ?

Perchance ! Thy wasted walls have seen
 The incense round the altars rise,
 When cloister, tower, and cell had been
 To Pagan rage a sacrifice.

But if the old cathedral ne'er
 Again shall send such children forth,
 Like those who, with the arms of prayer,
 Were conquerors of the Pictish north ;

Yet hath that vanguard set and cast
 Such light upon our age's tide,
 That o'er life's trackless ocean vast
 Secure we sail, or anchored, ride.

And pilgrims to his grave shall tell
 The prophet's meaning where he trod,
 And in Columba's spirit dwell,
 Safe-isled, within the fear of God !

— *Good Words.*

EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

BY H. H. PRINCE HALIM PASHA.

As the last surviving son of Mehemed Ali ; as the first President of the Council of the late Khedivate, in which office I strove, to my heavy cost, against the oppression which was the root of all the evils to which my unhappy country has since been a prey ; as an Egyptian not without honor amongst my own people, who know that my understanding of them is as true as my sympathy ; and as a patriot moved to deepest concern by late events, I ask the courtesy of a few pages of space in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Full as my mind still is of the long and painful sequence of events that has led to the situation of to-day, I do not intend to over-rake this hard-trodden

ground. Such a process would be long, and of doubtful profit. At the same time, I cannot approach the subject without touching briefly upon those early beginnings of the Egyptian difficulty which have most particularly influenced events.

When my brother Saïd died in January 1863, Egypt was prosperous and content. The total debt of the country was five millions sterling, of which less than half was owed to foreigners. The misfortunes of the country began with the reign of my nephew Ismail. They were, like his own collapse, the natural consequences of his character.

Ismail before his accession had very

ardently desired the Vice-royalty, and when it came to him it brought at once into relief the two ruling passions of his nature, viz. the love of money and the love of notoriety. His aspirations were divided between the desire to accumulate wealth and the ambition to play a part of exceptional prominence in the political world. Unfortunately for himself and for Egypt, his intelligence, not wanting in vivacity, lacked the profundity and stability necessary for the achievement of his objects; while the country, essentially simple in its social construction and economic capabilities, did not supply the material necessary for the realisation of his ample dreams.

Who that knew Ismail in the early days of his reign has not heard him say repeatedly "I am above all a man of business"—*un homme d'affaires avant tout*? He not only made no secret of his desire to acquire wealth, but he even ostentatiously paraded it as his paramount object; and the effect of so doing was to attract to his court a surrounding of adventurers. I remember once when he used his favorite phrase, one who was present replied, "We see in your Highness above all things the Viceroy of Egypt." The only answer to this remark was the shadow that came over the Viceroy's face—for Ismail did not like to be reminded that there were solemn duties attaching to his office. He wanted to be rich, and he wanted to seem to be great; the rest was of secondary importance.

The conquest of Darfour and the attempt against Abyssinia were undertaken for no other object than to give Ismail importance. The one succeeded, thanks solely to Zebeir Pasha; of the miserable failure of the other, Ratib Pasha, who commanded the expedition, could perhaps give some explanation. But the sole purpose of these enterprises, as shaped in Ismail's mind, was to add to his title of Khedive of Egypt those of King of Darfour and King of Abyssinia.

Every one knows that Ismail's rule in Egypt was a failure; the results of it are also patent enough, even now, six years after his fall. But everyone does not clearly know that the failure lay neither in the country nor in its people, nor in the pressure of any external circumstances, but solely in Ismail him-

self. All the serious duties of his office were neglected. Driven as he was by his peculiar propensities, he followed objects wholly incompatible with the fulfilment of his obligations as a ruler, more especially in such a country as Egypt. And on this point I desire to insist; because Egypt, as a problem of government, presents no inherent difficulty whatever. Its constitutive elements are essentially simple and easy of treatment, and the complexities now surrounding it are wholly artificial, the handiwork of Ismail or directly traceable to it.

I would fain pass on to other subjects, but I must yet point out how the mind of Ismail became distracted by the complications he had created; and this, not for the sake of the fact itself, but because of what it led to. The event which most strikingly revealed the lost balance of his judgment and the reckless condition of his mind was his provocation of a military demonstration in order to overthrow the "International Cabinet" of which Sir Rivers Wilson and M. de Bignéres were members. The effect which this expedient of the Khedive had upon the sequel of events was most disastrous, and it was aggravated by the so-called "National Council," imagined and contrived by Ismail and attended by him, which assembled in the house of the late Sheikh el Bahri.

And in truth it was a curious spectacle to see a ruler in whom the despotic idea was predominant and whose rule was essentially arbitrary teaching the army and the people what they might do to resist the Government of which he was the head!

When Ismail fell he left the country and its dependencies in perfect chaos, and the mind of the people, who hungrily craved for justice, in a state of angry effervescence. This was the natural and inevitable consequence of seventeen years of government, the prominent feature of which was the egotism of its chief, and in which nothing had been done for the people whose energy it had depressed by exhausting the substance of their existence.

During a brief period after Ismail's fall there lived in Egypt a feeling of gratitude towards Europe for its deliverance from his rule, and the population,

although not much prepossessed in favor of Tewfik, welcomed his accession with a certain cheerfulness. He is a man of small parts, but he might have sufficed for the government of so simple a country if the Egypt of that day had been Egypt in its normal state. But it needed a ruler of another fibre to handle Egypt in the condition in which it was handed over to him by his father.

Unfortunately for Tewfik Pasha, and for the country, the foreign friends of Egypt sought to fortify his position by a contrivance of a nature so singularly inconsistent with the maintenance of his authority, that it would seem to have been specially devised with the object of reducing his position in the State to that of a mere cipher. I speak of the Anglo-French Control—the disastrous Condominium.

The youth and inexperience of the Khedive encouraged the representatives of French and English financial interests to a larger action than rightly belonged to their office. In fact, they so encroached upon the prerogative of the Khedive that within a few months of the installation of the Dual Control, the Prince Tewfik had become, to all intents and purposes, a nullity in his principality, and the powers of the Khedive had passed into the hands of the Control.

But the Egyptians, although they were by no means blind to the course of events, did not take alarm at this dislocation of power in the State. They found cause for satisfaction in the rivalry which existed between the two component elements of the Control, and the jealously watchful eye which each kept upon the other. They saw in it a guarantee of their maintenance of their autonomy, and they viewed the position with relative complacency.

But when in 1881 the hand of France was laid upon Tunis, alarm took possession of the country, and popular opinion began to read preceding events by a new light. The cession of Cyprus to England, which was not at the time specially remarked in Egypt, then acquired in Egyptian eyes a new and sinister significance. Suspicion was awakened, and the impressionable Egyptian mind was brought into a state of panic, which at once obliterated its complacent view of the Control. In place of this view, Egypt

now discerned in that very mutuality of surveillance exercised by England and France, in which they had previously found re-assurance, evidence of an artfully contrived secret understanding between the Governments, which placed the autonomy of Egypt in peril. They came to believe that Egypt was the portion of the Sultan's estates which had been awarded to England. Forthwith, and with a singular rapidity, England became an object of general distrust in Egypt, and the feeling rapidly hardened into one of strong animosity.

While Egypt was thus painfully impressed, the two foreign Powers concerned imposed upon the reluctant Khedive Riaz Pasha as President of the Council. This measure, to which no great importance was attached at the time, was prolific in mischievous effects. For while, on the one hand, it was eminently unpopular, it created a situation for Tewfik in which he discovered an analogy between his own position and that of his father when he was overshadowed by the International Ministry. If Tewfik had been capable of original thought, this discovery would have led him to wider reflections than those which ultimately determined his action. He would have reflected that by the very fact of his father's invocation of the military element to overawe the Government, that element had acquired an importance to which it had no previous pretensions, and which made it in its own estimation the arbiter of national questions. He would have measured the great risk of putting the same forces in motion a second time. But the truer philosophy of the situation did not strike the mind of Tewfik; while the face-to-face tyranny of Riaz put all his nature into a flutter of recalcitration. The only resource, however, that suggested itself to his mind was to repeat the tactics by which his father had overturned the International Ministry.

So Tewfik made his compact with Arabi, and the Riaz Ministry was upset.

Thus, in the space of a few months, two successive rulers, father and son, to ease their own necks from the yoke of overbearing Ministers, had invoked the evil spirit of revolt against themselves.

Tewfik had formed no notion of the mettle of the steed to which he was

rashly giving rein. He thought to apply the curb when he pleased ; but he found to his dismay that the courser took no heed of bit or bridle, and that he was utterly powerless to bring under restraint the revolt which he himself had deliberately turned loose.

Notwithstanding the faith which foreign opinion professes in the benefits resulting to Egypt from the Control, I share with Mr. Gladstone the conviction that it did more harm than good. It left almost untouched the insupportable fiscal burdens imposed by Ismail, and the little it did to improve that evil manner of collecting the taxes which outraged every feeling of the people, and which was at the bottom of all the mischief, was so slight as to be scarcely appreciable.

In the days of Ismail, the tax-collector went his rounds twelve times in the year. The Control thought it had done wonders in reducing these visitations to nine per annum. But the reduced number, the nine, was still too many by at least five. It gave the luckless fellah no rest, no breathing space, no time to feel that any part of his life was his own, or that he had any *raison d'être* beyond that of payer of imposts or recipient of stripes for default. There were by way of relief only the heart-breaking bargains with the usurer, whose calling was created by these abuses of fiscal authority.

The fellah is a long-suffering creature, and an excellent payer of taxes. But it is possible to overstrain these qualities. Ismail overstrained them, and the relief afforded by the Control was wholly inadequate.

Payment of taxes should only be required of the peasants when they have their crops in hand ; if this practice, which was strictly followed in my father's reign, were revived, it would give a new impulsion to industry, and make another man of the fellah, enabling him to extricate himself from the clutches of the usurer, to enjoy the fruits of his labor, and to see some brightness beyond the present squalid and hopeless gloom of his existence.

What I would particularly wish to bring home to those who read these pages is, that both in Egypt and in the Soudan the thirst for justice had in 1880

reached a point at which its cravings could no longer be restrained. And if at the outbreak of the mischief those who undertook to repair it, instead of placing themselves upon the stilts of political principles, had taken the trouble to treat the Egyptian people by the simple methods of humanity, to investigate impartially their grievances, and to grant them what was reasonable in their demands, all the miserable and useless bloodshed of which my unhappy country has been the scene for the last three years, all the embarrassments, complications, and expenditure which have sprung from it—without the faintest shadow of advantage to any one—would alike have been avoided.

But that which was ordained to happen has happened, and lamentations over its avoidability are useless. If I have dwelt at some length upon by-gones, it is because of my great desire to dispel the confusion of mind generally prevalent on a subject which is all simplicity. Let any one of ordinary intelligence cast aside theories, crotchets, prejudices and irrelevances, fix his mind upon essential facts—that is to say, upon the condition of the fellah during the seventeen years of Ismail's reign—and view them, not through the warping medium of the official prism, but in the clear light of reason and elementary knowledge of human nature, and he will understand how little is needed to heal the ills of Egypt, if only the right treatment be adopted. True he will also see that they are not otherwise curable ; layers of blunders will not plaster them, nor rivers of blood wash them away.

Egypt, I declare, was only sick of injustice ; every other symptom was produced by the nostrums with which she was dosed.

The case was precisely the same in the Soudan, where the insurrection, at its outset, was nothing but a popular movement of the same character as that which took place in Egypt—easy to arrest by the use of the right means, because it was only the expression of that craving thirst for justice felt by the people whose life was parched and withered for the lack of it. A moderate application of the true remedy in due season would have stopped the movement in the Soudan at once.

But when a foreign army occupied Egypt, and an Egyptian army officered by men of the same race as the invaders entered the Soudan, the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The mischief wrought by the untoward expedition of Hicks Pasha is incalculable. Its consequences have been terrible enough already, and there are worse in store if the original blunder is persevered in.

By the advance of the army of Hicks Pasha, Mohammed Achmet, better known as the Madhi, whose previous influence was inconsiderable, was at once raised to a new position. He no longer headed a mere revolt against the injustice of the Government. The thirst for justice was transformed into religious hate by the intrusion of the foreigner, and Mohammed Achmet became the leader of a religious war. In this religious hate the Soudanese included the Egyptian Government, because in their eyes, as in those of the Mahomedans of Egypt, it was the Government which had sought the aid of a foreign and Christian Power to crush the Mahomedan population under its rule.

Never in any previous contests with the Egyptian Government have the Soudanese displayed any such prowess as has marked their conduct in the field against the British. This is to be accounted for only by the fact that the religious sentiment has called into action all the ferocity of their nature. The Arabs of the Soudan fighting against the Egyptians—Mahomedan against Mahomedan—as well as at the time of the conquest as in subsequent conflicts, were half-hearted in the field, and were apparently satisfied to make a sort of military protest against the Egyptian proceedings. All this is changed now; a fiery fanaticism inspires the whole race, and their rage, whether Europeans may judge it to be noble or ignoble, will make itself felt. It will be difficult to repress and impossible to appease it, unless the prime cause of its outbreak is removed.

I think I have now said all that I need say to establish the true nature of the position in Egypt and in the Soudan, and to show its connection with preceding events. This exposition, of itself, suggests the remedy, but my position precludes me from expanding this sugges-

tion into a detailed programme. Still I may usefully, perhaps, give it a more definite body.

In the Turkish language we call the ostrich the camel-bird; and we use that biped as the symbol of anything that has a changeful and indefinite character. For the tradition is that when the ostrich is asked to fly, he declares that he is a camel; but when it is proposed that he should bear a camel's load, he protests that he is a bird. Now the Egyptian Government is at present as ambiguous as the ostrich. Under certain conditions it assumes an English character; under others, it becomes Egyptian. This undecided and shapeless condition of the Egyptian Government renders it alike incapable of sustaining the load of the present or of soaring into a better future.

It is obvious that this abnormal condition must continue so long as the present Government is maintained, since it wholly depends for support upon the British troops. This difficulty can never be overcome; because the more fervent Mahomedans have convicted the Khedive in their own minds of being the cause of the intrusion of a Christian Power; while the more moderate, who are able to view the matter politically and without fanaticism, equally attribute to him the odious presence of the foreigner in the country. Nothing could change these convictions, and therefore Tewfik Pasha will never be able to stand alone in Egypt; consequently there can never be a stable, self-sustaining, Egyptian Government without the combination of entirely new elements.

Thus, although it is evident that the British Government cannot withdraw its troops from Egypt without first constituting a strong Government, it is equally evident that a strong Egyptian Government cannot be created out of existing materials. There are always the alternatives of protectorate or annexation, and under either of these methods of solution Tewfik might be upheld as an Egyptian figurehead for a British hull. But in this there is no discoverable advantage, while there is much manifest disadvantage. For so long as the Government of Egypt contains the elements of which it now consists, the British can never have the friendship of the Mussul-

mans, who would be far more ready to forgive the British for their invasion than to pardon those of their own faith who have been the means of bringing it upon the country.

There are two influences without the aid of which no Khedive can effectively govern in Egypt, viz. the friendly countenance and support of the Khalif, and the sympathy of the people.

If, then, England is frankly and sincerely desirous of creating a Government in Egypt which shall be self-sufficing, there is but one mode of giving effect to that desire, viz. by obtaining the co-operation of the Sultan in realising it. This is the only practical, because it is the only legal course. That is to say, that by no other course could the aid of those two legitimate influences be obtained without which no Khedive can effectively govern. The co-operation of the Sultan, which would necessarily be circumscribed by existing treaties, would carry with it the needful *amende honorable* to the offended feelings of the Moslems, and the whole moral position of England in Egypt would be changed. England would lose, probably, the "cupboard love" of some of her present creatures; but she would certainly regain what she has lost in the esteem of the Mahommedan masses, which would materially facilitate the pacification of the Soudan, while it would give a far more stable basis to her moral influence throughout the country.

The apprehension is sometimes expressed that, were an Egyptian Government left unwatched by British troops, it would become impervious to the influence which England would naturally wish to exercise over the land through which lies the highway to her Indian Empire. This is but a shadowy apprehension, which the British Government would scarcely share, because the influence which England exercises in Egypt must depend on her relations with European Powers, and not on those which she may happen to entertain with the Viceroy. So small a country as Egypt has no means of resisting any Power, and by the construction of the Canal it has become a universal passage. Egypt is therefore obliged to be exceedingly correct in her conduct, so as to satisfy her clients.

It is nearly three quarters of a century since the installation of my father as Governor-General of Egypt. Can one single instance be adduced, either before or after the opening of the Canal, of any intention on the part of any Viceroy to hinder England in her passage? I can find no such instance. One, however, of contrary significance occurs to me. I remember that when Admiral Napier in 1840 blockaded Alexandria, and sent an ultimatum to my father, the dignitaries of State proposed to him that, by way of reprisal, the English mails and passengers should not be allowed to pass by the Suez route. My father refused to adopt the proposal, saying: "It is not the British people, but the British Government, that is making war upon me." He went in person to Cairo, ordered special facilities for the passage of the mail and travellers, and superintended personally the arrangements for their security. The great mercantile cities of England sent gold medals to my father on this occasion, and one of them is still in my possession.

And now a word about the Soudan. The permanent separation of the Soudan from Egypt is an impossibility; because the mutual necessities of the two regions will always attract the two peoples towards each other. As they are on different levels of civilisation, they will not meet on terms of equality: either the lower civilisation of the Soudan must swamp Egypt by the sheer weight of numbers, or Egypt must dominate these numbers by the superiority of her moral influence and material resources.

Heretofore, the higher civilisation has prevailed over the lower. How far these relative positions may be maintainable in the future remains to be seen.

The Soudanese are learning a great lesson at the hands of England. England has given this people to taste the new and intoxicating delights of intense passion; through this, she is educating them to a consciousness of their own strength; and, by the lessons she is giving them in the art of warfare, she is adopting the most practical mode of teaching them how to use it.

The natural tendency of all this is to disturb the equilibrium which my father

established between Egypt and the Soudan, and which has never until now been perceptibly disturbed. But as the Soudanese are still destitute of administrative organisation and of the capacity to create one, the equilibrium may be restored, unless England persist in aggravating the disturbance which she has caused.

But how, it may be asked, is the fire which has been lighted in the Soudan to be extinguished? My answer is, by altering the character of the war; by depriving it of its religious spirit and of the passionate fanaticism which gives the fire to its soul and the force to its body; by bringing it back to what it was at the beginning—a mere civil war, or revolt, for the redress of administrative grievances.

This cannot be accomplished all at once, but it may be done by degrees and with unerring certainty as regards result. The first step towards it is to remodel the Egyptian Government, so that it may have the support of the Khalif and the sympathy of the population, and thus render possible the withdrawal of the British troops, or, at least, enable England to limit her occupation to certain stations on the two seas which it might be desirable that she should temporarily hold. As soon as this is done, a great proportion of the influence of the Soudanese Chief will disappear; the ground will be taken from under his feet, and he will have nothing to stand upon; his leverage upon the fanaticism of the population will be lost; his self-given title of Mahdi will have no further significance in the eyes of his followers; the rallying cry to the defence of the Sacred Cause will be an unmeaning appeal. Then normality will be re-established both in Egypt and the Soudan, and the only matter for treatment will be the redress of those grievances which accumulated during the seventeen years of Ismail's reckless rule.

When this condition of things is once more established in Egypt, the new Government may turn its attention to the re-settlement of the Soudan—a problem of no formidable difficulty, provided the foundations are prepared in the manner I have pointed out.

When, at my request in 1856, my brother Saïd Pasha, the then Viceroy,

appointed me Governor-General of the Soudan, I was impressed by the great facilities which the whole region watered by the White and Blue Niles presents for the exercise of Egyptian influence, and for the maintenance of every relation which is necessary for either country. The rivers themselves provide these facilities if they are turned to proper account, and if the Egyptian Government is actuated by simple motives of practical utility, and not by the disordered ambition of its chief to wear the empty titles of kingdoms which cannot, for long years to come, be shaped upon any basis offering a prospect of stability or political or social cohesion.

What I recommended my brother to do, and he adopted on my recommendation, was to aim more particularly at maintaining security on the river. With this object, I advised the establishment of military stations at frequent intervals all along the banks of the White Nile, maintaining communication between them by means of armed sailing boats until steamboats could be procured for the purpose.

I obtained from the Viceroy orders to carry out my views, subject to the proviso that no attempt should be made to penetrate the country, or to take possession of more land than was absolutely necessary for the provisioning of the military stations.

On arriving at Khartoum I forthwith proceeded to execute my brother's instructions, and in this way set back the frontier from El-Ais, where I found it, to the island where the Soubat joins the White Nile in about latitude $9^{\circ} 35'$; and on the island formed at the meeting of the rivers I established a garrison of Soudanese. Later the frontier was further pushed back to Bahr-el-Gazel.

The effect of this measure was eminently salutary. The population understood that Egypt was making the river safe but had no evil designs upon the territory through which it passed. And the proof that this principle was the true one is that, while it provoked no serious opposition, it answered every purpose, until Ismail's ambition endeavored to improve upon it. For the principle of promoting the gravitation of the population towards the rudimentary civilisation offered to them, Ismail sought

to substitute administrative interference and the tax-collector.

The process of civilising a country so wild and so unhealthy as the Soudan must necessarily be slow ; but the river affords an infallible instrument for the process.

By establishing military stations at the more salubrious points along the river, little by little each becomes a centre of trade, and from each radiates the civilising influence of commerce. By-and-by, on either bank of the river, there will be a belt of country relatively civilised which will always tend to widen.

This is the process by which the Soudan is to be civilised ; this is its true future, and Egypt is the agent best able to realise it. Best able, because there is no natural repulsion in the Soudan against Egypt, in its normal state, as there would be against any Christian Power ; because the Egyptians are fitted to endure the severities of the climate ; because they constitute—note that I always speak of Egypt in a normal state—a link between the Khalifat and the Soudanese Moslems ; and because for these preceding reasons the work would be done at a far less cost of men and money than if it were attempted under the auspices of any European Power.

It is needless to show that, by whatever agency the civilisation of the Soudan were effected, it would be the commercial States of the world, foremost amongst which stands England, which would reap the benefit of the transformation.

Direct action against the slave trade can never be effectual. It tends rather to defeat its humanitarian object by aggravating the cruelties which are inherent to the trade, and which are often increased in order to evade the measures adopted to check it. The slave-trade is an evil that must be borne with while it lives. Civilisation will kill it, slowly perhaps, but surely.

This is the outline of my views on the Soudan, views founded upon a personal knowledge of the country and of the people, of whose natural docility I have had abundant proof.

When I hear it proposed that England should annex Egypt, or establish a protectorate over the country, I am tempted

to ask why either one measure or the other should be adopted. Broadly speaking, it is better that every country and people should do its own work in the world than that it should be taken out of their hands and done by some other country to which it is but of secondary importance. Egypt has by no means given proof of incompetency in the management of her own existence, which sped easily and prosperously from 1841 onwards, until the follies of Ismail, which sold the country to the loan-mongers of Western Europe, brought foreign interference into it.

Egypt, as I have said before, is a simple country, and the people are simple ; but they suffice for the country, and if tranquillity is assured to them, they are perfectly able to cope with the economic difficulties into which a misguided ruler has plunged them. They are capable, under a ruler whom they trust, and whom, trusting, they will obey, to repurchase their financial independence ; and that much more speedily than it could be done by the costly methods which foreigners employ.

It is not for me, as an Egyptian, to dwell upon the difficulties which seem to attach alike to the protectorate and to annexation, and which differ, on either hypothesis, only in degree. Either as possessor or protector of Egypt, England would become more continental and less insular ; her vulnerability would be increased, and Egypt does not afford the military material requisite to guard against this increased vulnerability.

If England held such a position in Egypt that a blow could be struck at her there, such a possibility would render necessary the maintenance of military establishments in Egypt on a very large scale. And who would pay for these establishments ?

As a dependency of the Ottoman Crown, Egypt requires but a small army for the internal support of the Government ; its political existence is guaranteed by treaties.

But if these treaties were superseded, and England were established in Egypt, it would be quite another matter. England herself could then be attacked in Egypt, and she would be compelled to show a military front in the country

which would suffice to deter aggression. Naturally, Egypt, would be expected to pay the cost of these defensive measures, and by so much would the power of Egypt be reduced of playing her own modest and legitimate part in the world.

Cairo would become the centre of intrigue, not only wrestling, as at present, for local influence, but scheming against the British power, in a spot where England would be at a manifest disadvantage.

Suppose even the protectorate, the minor responsibility of the two—the Khedive flanked by two British residents, one civil, one military, the army commanded by British officers. What guarantee would this be of security? A guarantee so thin that it would be almost a danger in itself.

Moreover, annexation or protectorate would inevitably bring changes which would alter the political surroundings of

Egypt; and England, established there, would have neighbors less easy to deal with than Turkey.

But these are points which cannot have escaped the attention of the British Government, and of which the consideration probably explains its reluctance to adopt that "forward" policy in Egypt which has been urged upon it with much persistence and with some authority.

In my opinion annexation or a protectorate is unnecessary. All that Egypt wants is a restoration of her normal situation—the constitution of a Government acceptable to the Khalifate and to the people. Give this to Egypt, and Egypt is quite capable of making her own way through present embarrassments, and of satisfying all the demands with which the misgovernment of Ismail and its consequences have saddled her.—*Nineteenth Century*.

SYLVESTER'S WIFE.

BY ERNEST DODSON.

I.

AFTER tiffin on the second day of the summer assizes for Griqualand West, the languid interest which had hitherto been taken in the proceedings suddenly developed into something nearly akin to excitement. The jury had just returned a verdict of culpable homicide against a dozen out of some fifty Shangaans who stood huddled together, helpless and frightened, in the dock, charged with participation in a fatal tribal affray at the Lone Star Diamond Mining Company's compound; the judge had duly sentenced the gaping unfortunates, and the gaolers were endeavoring to sort them out from amongst their unconvicted but probably no less guilty comrades, when the Crown Prosecutor, a fresh-colored young Englishman, with no small idea of his own importance, turned in his seat at the barristers' table, and whispered to the official who sat behind him to put forward Dirk Sylvester. The official rose and repeated the name aloud; a hum of expectancy ran through the little crowd of

spectators, and passed on to the loungers outside, who eagerly crowded into the corrugated iron temple of justice; gentlemen of the long robe, and members of the press hurried over from "The Yellow Bar" just opposite, and the stalwart Zulu, attired in canvas marked with the broad black arrow, paused in his monotonous jerking of the punkah cord in order to catch a glimpse of "Baas" Sylvester, as he stepped into the dock.

The prisoner was a tall, handsome colonial, with dark gleaming eyes, black beard, and a skin the paleness of which had been ripened into swarthinness by the fierce African sun. He was erect and fearless; he threw a glance of defiance at his enemies; he nodded with a smile to his friends, and then, as the door of a private entrance to the body of the court opened, and a figure draped in purest white, with bright golden hair rippling in rich profusion over the shapely shoulders, glided in softly and quietly like a sunbeam from the free world outside, he leant over the rail which interposed between him and lib-

erty, and hoarsely whispered her name—the dearest name on earth to him.

It was Sylvester's wife. She responded quickly with a look more eloquent than words; and then the prisoner drew himself up to his full height, folded his arms, listened intently as the clerk of the court—an old friend with whom he had spent many a roystering evening in his bachelor days—droned through the indictment, and in a clear voice replied to the charge of wilful murder, "Not guilty."

The Crown Prosecutor, in slow and measured tones, began to sketch the history of the crime; the judge lounged back in his chair and leisurely sought for the clean pages in his record book; the counsel for the defence pushed back his wig from his perspiring brow, and hunted out a reference in an almost forgotten work on the Roman-Dutch law; the spectators hushed their murmuring; the punkah swayed regularly to and fro overhead; and Sylvester's wife sitting there in the well of the stifling court, with her sweet blue eyes riveted on the prisoner, and her luxuriant locks rising and falling with the artificial breeze, looked to me even more beautiful than two years ago, when she nightly ravished the hearts of susceptible diggers in the make-shift theatre in the Dutoitspan Road.

In those memorable bygone days she was Mademoiselle Marie La Cour, and the star of a travelling theatrical company, which, like most other "combinations of talent" visiting the Diamond Fields, never, as a whole, got any farther. The proprietor made so much money in a short season that he left to assume the lesseship of a big Australian house, and Marie's father took over the management of the sheep thus bereft of their shepherd. How divinely she danced and sang; how she brought the tears into the eyes of great rough fellows, or made them shake the rafters with their sonorous laughter; how she fluttered the hearts of the bank magnates and the Jew diamond merchants, and how she caused the "treasury" to overflow with fatness—are not all these things written in the tablets of the memory of every dweller on the Fields? In the zenith of her fame she married Dirk Sylvester, and if ever a man de-

served his bride he did, for his passion wore him almost to a shadow, and his dark eyes gleamed dangerously if a rival presumed as much as to speak to her; and before Dirk came upon the scene there were rivals in plenty, but though Marie sipped the champagne they proffered, and even accepted their diamonds, she laughed openly at all of them. Dirk was proprietor of one of the richest claims at the New Rush; and the moment he and Marie met, the host of more or less hopeful suitors saw their chances were over. She seemed to have fallen in love with him quite as much as he had with her, and would have married him long before she did, but that her father besought her to continue on the stage a little longer for his benefit. At last, the old gentleman drank himself into the Carnarvon Hospital, and only came out thence to occupy one of the graves which are always yawning, ready dug in the Kimberley Cemetery, for victims to fever and alcohol; and then Marie La Cour became to us, and all our world, "Sylvester's wife."

They took a little villa at the extremity of Dutoitspan Road; a neat verandah-surrounded residence, screened from the dust and heat by tall blue gums, and half covered with creepers and tropical flowers. After that we saw little of the once so well known Marie La Cour. Occasionally, at long intervals, they would invite a few bachelor friends—myself included—to witness their bliss, and on such evenings the great bull frogs which invaded the garden of "The Oasis," as their place was rightly named, would hush their vile croaking as Sylvester's wife trilled forth some gay chansonette to the accompaniment of the Broadwood which Dirk specially imported for her from Europe; or sometimes the happy pair would ride over to a picnic on the banks of the meandering Modder river, and Mrs. Sylvester would deign to astonish us with the feats of marksmanship which she could accomplish with the pretty revolver—ivory handled and chased with gold—which Dirk had given her.

One night, as I strolled into the Albert Saloon for a game of billiards, I found a knot of diggers gathered around a new arrival—a handsome little Frenchman, who had come to the Fields to

look after some claims in which a Parisian firm had invested. He was laughing conceitedly, and stroking his carefully waxed imperial with a self-satisfied air, when Dirk came in, and was immediately hailed by a man who was no friend of his—the manager of some ground which was always tumbling into Dirk's claims and smashing his gear.

I did not hear exactly what he said, but my attention was suddenly arrested by seeing Dirk make a bound at the Frenchman, and seize him by the throat, while his eyes fairly blazed with passion. The Frenchman tried to elude his grasp, and in a moment Dirk had dashed him to the floor and was standing over him, raging with fury.

"You miserable liar and scoundrel," he cried, "if ever I hear of your mentioning my wife's name again, I'll kill you!" Then he strode out of the saloon.

A silence fell on the company standing round the fallen Frenchman, and as he staggered to his feet and slunk away into a side room where the rattle of dice went on all day long and far into the night, no one found so much as a word to throw after him.

I met Dirk on several occasions after this curious episode, but, as if by mutual consent, we avoided the subject. One night, however, when the moon was sailing majestically overhead and lighting up the dusty road between "the Pan" and Kimberley with a flood of lambent light, I was riding slowly into camp when I heard the rapid pattering of a horse behind me, and turning in the saddle confronted Dirk. He was agitated and angry, and without a word of greeting plunged into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Do you know, old fellow," he said, "I've just been told by a digger at Hallis's that that rascally little Frenchman has been repeating his lies about being intimate with my wife in Paris before she came out here. Not only that, but he says he has a miniature of her which she gave him, set in gold. The unmitigated liar! If I find time I shall canter over to his cabin the other side of the mine to-night, and if he can't produce that souvenir it will be hard for him. If he does, it won't be in his possession long!"

"Don't do anything rash, Dirk," I said. "Remember, there is another to think of beside yourself."

"That's what it is that bothers me, old fellow," he replied; and then, reining in his horse, and jogging along by my side, he told me his trouble. It appeared that his wife denied any intimacy with the Frenchman, but stated that her father tried to force his attentions on her in the old days when he was a half-starved ballet-master, and she a struggling aspirant at a Paris theatre. The miniature was a new feature in the story, and Dirk firmly believed it to be a myth, but was bent on finding out whether it was so or not.

After a while he grew calmer, and paid more attention to my entreaties to him to proceed with caution.

On parting, he shook me by the hand, and his last words, shouted to me as he galloped off at the turning for "The Oasis," were—

"I sha'n't trouble the little Frenchman to-night, but let him keep out of my way!"

The next morning the body of Jules Lacroix was found lying on the floor of his cabin, with an ugly hole in the left temple. In one hand he grasped tightly part of a gold chain and the swivel of a miniature. There was the fresh spoor of a horse not far from the door, and the bullet found in the brain fitted Dirk's revolver to a nicety.

It was not long before Dirk was in custody, and the case looked black against him. His threat to shoot the Frenchman was well remembered; his excited demeanor in Hallis's bar at the Pan, when the news of the Frenchman's reiterated assertion of a former intimacy with his wife was brought to him, was commented upon, and the circumstantial evidence was strong.

As for Dirk himself, he utterly denied going near the Frenchman's cabin on the night of the murder, and he accounted for the fact that he did not reach home for nearly an hour after leaving me by saying that, feeling hot and excited, he went for a scamper over the veldt, and the beauty of the moonlit night caused him to stay out longer than he intended.

He pressed me to tell all I knew about the matter, and I reluctantly did so,

making the most of his expressed determination on leaving me not to visit the Frenchman that evening.

The trial dragged on until late in the night, and at twelve o'clock the jury came into court with a verdict of "Guilty."

I shall never forget the look of mute agony on his wife's face as Dick stood up to be sentenced to death, or the calm, proud way in which he heard his doom.

II.

"MARK my words, boys, Sylvester's wife will get him reprieved."

The speaker was lounging at the counter of the "Yellow Bar," in the Transvaal Road, and his words evoked a murmur of sympathy.

Ever since the conviction, efforts had been made in all directions to prevent the dread sentence of the law being carried out, and Sylvester's wife had become the heroine of the camp. There were few who did not believe that he shot the Frenchman; but why should he die for an offence which was light compared with some which lay quite easily on the consciences of not a few of the inhabitants of Kimberley?

As the hum of approval subsided, some one directed our attention to a lady walking rapidly in the direction of the gaol. We recognised her at once, and respectfully saluted as she drew near. She stopped for a moment and spoke to the foremost man, who, as she hurried on, turned and gave a great shout.

"Hurrah," he cried, "Dirk's reprieved! The little lady has just had a telegram from Cape Town. Three cheers for Sylvester's wife!"

I doubt if the attention was pleasing, but the kindly gaoler told me that she smiled for the first time since Dirk's conviction, as that cheer reached her ears, just as she stepped into the prison yard.

Three weeks afterwards, I had occasion to call on the governor of the gaol, and as we sat in his cool little room, discussing his Martell and smoking his Boer tobacco, he looked up suddenly with a troubled air, and said, "By-the-by, do you know that Dirk Sylvester

goes to Cape Town with the next lot of I.D.B.'s (Illicit Diamond Buyers)?"

I expressed my surprise, as I knew the governor had the selecting of the prisoners to be transferred to the break-water at Cape Town, and had heard that he had an idea of making Dirk a clerk in the Kimberley Prison office. There was little chance of his ever being a free man again, but it was something that he should serve his weary years at Kimberley, amongst friends who could visit him, and close to his faithful wife. I mentioned this, and the governor, stepping to a little cupboard, turned the key and took out a little blue packet.

"I have had to forbid Mrs. Sylvester's visits," he said, "and when I tell you the reason, I think you will agree that I am right in sending Dirk to Cape Town. You see, he seemed to expect, when the reprieve came, that he would be set at liberty; and so did she; but, as you know, the death sentence has only been commuted to one of imprisonment for life; and how on earth they managed to persuade the Governor to do that, I can't tell. Well, since that has been made plain to Dirk, he has been a changed man. He talks hopelessly of his future—and, God knows, poor fellow, it's dark enough!—he seems to be pining for freedom, he says the convict dress clings to him like sercloth, and the other day, just after his wife had visited him, I saw such a queer look in his eyes that I quietly turned over his things. At the bottom of a basket of 'comforts' she had brought him, I found this."

He opened the packet, and poured out before my eyes a whitish powder.

"Well?" I said, interrogatively.

"Poison!" he briefly replied, as he swept the powder back into the packet. "And now," he added, "don't think me hard if I send Dirk to Cape Town."

* * * * *

There was an unusual stir and excitement in Kimberley; the streets were crowded with men and women whose faces bespoke every kind of emotion, from despairing rage to rejoicing malice; whilst hither and thither amongst the throng in the market square rode officials in the dark blue uniform of the Cape Civil Service.

At length there was a cloud of whirl-

ing dust in the Transvaal Road; the crowd swayed and parted, and at a hand gallop two heavily laden mule wagons passed through the surging ranks, and halted for the escort to close round.

A woful freight those wagons bore; a load of human misery; a company of wretched convicts, into whose souls the iron of captivity had already entered; a consignment of baffled, trapped, and forsaken seekers after illicit wealth. Youth and age were there, and the galling fetters bound all together in the links of a common despair. Chained as they were, like wild beasts, some stood up, and in agonised voice called upon friend, wife, and child, who answered not; while others, crouching piteously in a corner of the rude conveyance, bowed their heads between their trembling hands and sought to keep out the light of a sun which had become hateful to them.

Suddenly, I caught sight of Dirk Sylvester. He was sitting on the side of the foremost wagon, his arms folded across his chest, and a look of eager expectation on his finely moulded face, thin and pale with confinement and suffering. I called to him, but he heard not; his gaze seemed fixed on some far-away object, and a smile played upon his wan lips.

I hurried on in advance of the cavalcade towards "The Oasis," which I knew it must pass on its way to the open veldt. I remembered that the governor of the gaol had told me the night before that he had allowed a last interview before the fearful journey to Cape Town between man and wife, and that they spoke some words in French, which he did not understand, but which seemed to have a wonderful effect on Dirk.

As I neared the gate of "The Oasis," over which the blue-gums cast their shade, and where the sweet trailing flowers were in their full autumnal beauty, I saw Sylvester's wife standing motionless. She was attired in the plain white dress she wore on the day of the trial, and also when she crowned Dirk's hopes and rendered him the envy of the bachelors of the Fields by becoming his own. Her golden hair floated unheeded on the lazy breath from the distant plain; her eyes were turned upwards to the deep blue sky above, and her lips

seemed to be moving as if in silent prayer. There was no need to tell her of the approach of the convict party; their coming was heralded by the wild refrain of a dismal song chanted by the prisoners; and adown the startled air came the sound of creaking wheels, the cracking of whips, the shouting of orders and the responsive curses of the mob. I was unwilling to obtrude myself on her notice, and therefore I did not speak to her, but merely took up a position close by the gate.

Nearer and nearer came the rolling wagons; and the crowd rushed on through the eddying dust, till, suddenly, they caught a glimpse of the lonely watcher in the gateway. There was not a man there who did not know that the slight, pale woman standing with her hands clasped convulsively together, and her whole soul concentrated as it were in one long gaze, was Sylvester's wife. Even the officials knew his history; they knew he was no midnight purchaser of stolen gems, but only a passionate, hapless man; and, as if by instinct, the melancholy procession slowed and steadied and paused before what was once the home of a pure and holy love.

Dirk was standing now; the smile on his lips lit up his whole countenance; he looked like the careless, happy Dirk of former days; the lines of care and deep dull agony seemed to soften and disappear from his face.

He made a motion with his left hand to his breast; with his right he pointed to the awful blue of the cloudless heaven, and then—a thin streak of flame leapt from the midst of the creepers and the quivering leaves, a sharp report rang out upon the morning air, a puff of smoke curled upward from the gateway, and Dirk Sylvester, with that strange, glad smile upon his lips, fell heavily forward, shot right through the heart by his wife!

* * * * *

She never lived to take her trial, indeed she was unconscious from the time when by one supreme act she broke the fetters which were wearing Dirk Sylvester's spirit down into the dust and ashes of a misery too keen for his endurance, till within a few minutes of her death.

Then a new light shone in her fast-

closing eyes ; she stretched out her arms as if to embrace a viewless form, and with the words "Dirk ! Dirk ! Free for ever, dear ! Free, Dirk, free !" trembling on her lips, her soul went forth rejoicing on the mystic journey to the dark hereafter.

* * * * *

Soon after she had been laid to rest by the side of her husband in the cemetery, white with many a memorial stone to ruined hopes, lives wrecked and shattered, and affections sundered by the cruel hand of Death, a Kafir, sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law for an atrocious murder, confessed that he and

he alone was the cause of the Frenchman's tragic end. He had watched, through the half-drawn blind, the miserable man toying with a golden chain to which a miniature was attached, and, his cupidity fired by the sight, crept on him unawares, and tried to wrest it from him. A struggle ensued ; the Kafir snatched a revolver from the Frenchman's hand and shot him, then, fearing discovery, fled with only the miniature in his possession. The size of the bullet and the spoor were coincidences only ; but there is one mystery which will never be cleared up. Was the miniature that of Sylvester's wife ?



THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

It seems strange that the noisiest city of Europe should have invented a complete language of signs. The greatest lover of the Neapolitans cannot call them a quiet people. The cries of the town are as loud as they are discordant ; the very dialect seems to have been created for the express purpose of enabling the itinerant vendors to inflict the greatest possible torture on the ears of the nervous. At least, if this is not the case, it is a wonderful example of spontaneous adaptation. The shrieks and howls which denote fresh vegetables, oranges, boiled shellfish, and roasted chestnuts are varied, it is true, but equally unendurable. When they pause, the barrel-organ whose internal apparatus is entirely out of order, or the street singer who bawls in harsh tones a song imperfectly remembered from the latest comic opera, is always at hand. From five in the morning till noon, the church bells, which are beaten, not rung, fill the intervals with a clangor even more intolerable. The very peasant bringing his fruit to market soothes his solitude by droning a monotonous tune as he passes down the country lanes and shouting it as soon as he enters the Grotto. Naples is not a quiet city.

Nor are the people taciturn. In shop and market-place, at their own doors and in the villa, in coffee-room, omnibus, and railway-carriage they are always ready to have a chat with any one who turns up ; it is even said that they will

talk to themselves when they can find no other listener. Their tongues are the most active part about them, and they consider the hour lost during which they are silent. Yet Naples is the only town known to us in which, if you are acquainted with the recognized language of signs, you can buy and sell, impart and receive useful information of various kinds, make love, and challenge your enemy to the death without opening your lips. Why this is so is a difficult question. Some have supposed that these gestures were once a secret speech, which the lazzaroni used in order to shield themselves from the oppression of their social superiors, and which they still employ to inform each other of the weaknesses of their foreign patrons. This theory may be correct ; but sometimes one is inclined to think that the motive that prompted the invention and gave it currency was less heroic and more practical. May not the Neapolitans have adopted it because it enabled them to hold two conversations at the same time, and thus to indulge in a double loquacity ?

We have spoken of the language as an invention ; in this perhaps we were wrong—it may be a survival. Some time during the first half of the present century a learned Neapolitan wrote a book to prove that the gestures of the figures depicted on Etruscan vases are to all intents and purposes the same as those that are still daily employed in

the streets of his native city. It is long since we have seen the charming little volume, its very name and that of its author are forgotten by us ; but even if it lay on the desk we should hesitate to decide a question which demands so much knowledge and acumen and such a delicacy of taste. The very suggestion, however, lifts the subject out of the region of triviality to which it at first seems to belong. We may believe in progress ; but who can deny that an ancient Etruscan possesses a dignity to which no modern man can aspire ? It is impossible to call his respectability into question, and if we were only convinced that the beggar at the street corner was in fact the heir of his looks and gestures, we should regard the ragged figure with something approaching a personal esteem. One cannot be too careful in choosing one's parents, as the old Berlin farce says, and an ancient Etruscan would appear to most of us an unusually eligible ancestor. Whether these strange signs are a relic of ancient lore or only a modern trick, it is certain that no foreigner and very few Neapolitans of education have ever gained a mastery over them. A few of the simplest are known to every one who has lived a year or two in the town, and may be seen even in the drawing-rooms ; but how your cabman manages to inform his friend that you have come from the railway station, are going to private lodgings in a certain district of the city, that you know its customs, and he considers you rather a screw, is a mystery that none but cabmen ever know. That he does so you will soon perceive if you keep your eyes open ; and if, on the contrary, he reports that it is your first visit to Naples and you are lavish in cab fares, the fact will be announced in every street through which you pass, and you will find your travelling expenses rise accordingly. To the foreigner the cabmen seem the chief guardians of the Etruscan mystery ; but the boatmen are equally cognizant of it, and probably all the lazzaroni are initiated. Whether each trade has a language of its own or all use the same gestures is a question we cannot even attempt to answer.

There are some simple signs, however, which every one in the city uses, and if the traveller can learn and use them

naturally he will escape from many of the inconveniences of life in Southern Italy. The man who says "No," or, still worse, who shakes his head at those who are importunate either for his alms or his custom, has delivered himself over into the hands of the tormentors. They know by experience that foreigners may be driven by loud cries and persistent following to such desperation that quiet seems cheap at almost any price. You have made up your mind to walk from the station to the hotel at Salerno, and think you will enjoy the walk ; but you find, on trial, that it is rather hard to execute it with dignity and ease, when you are followed by, say, fourteen carriages and numerous saddled donkeys. If you pause, the procession pauses ; if you turn aside, it respectfully waits your return. In the by-streets children and old women take up the part that the horses and donkeys are no longer able to perform, and, on the whole, you do not find them less disagreeable animals. At last you throw yourself into one of the carriages in the mere hope of getting rid of the rest. If you have been particularly obstinate it is not unlikely that your surrender may be greeted by an ironical cheer from all the spectators except your own coachman, who "treats you gently as if he loved you," seeing you are his natural prey for the next few days.

Now, all this discomfort may be avoided in a very simple way. You have, first of all, to make yourself acquainted with the plan of the town, and to walk out of the station without any hesitation. If you go wrong it does not much matter ; you can soon find your way again, or if not, you can buy a trifle at some shop, where they will set you right. When the cabmen scream at you, as they do at every one, do not look at them, but raise your chin slightly. That means "No," and it will generally quiet them. If they persist, shrug your shoulders, pout your lips, and elevate your chin more suddenly and distinctly, with a side glance at them, while you continue your walk. That means "Don't trouble me." If it should prove ineffectual, which it rarely does, summon as much ferocity as you can easily command at a short notice into your face, turn sharply on your perse-

cutor, fix your eyes on his, and draw your right hand, with the back uppermost, gently but firmly from your throat to your chin, in such a way as to push out your beard, if you are fortunate enough to possess one. What this gesture means we cannot say; it is best not to inquire. To judge from its effect on the lazzaroni, it is tantamount to very bad language indeed; so that he who employs it innocently may have all the satisfaction, without incurring any of the guilt, of those noble soldiers of ours who once fought in Flanders. But the gestures must be performed simply, easily, almost mechanically, or the cabmen will discover that you are only a fraud, and act accordingly.

To return to Naples, no inhabitant of the town ever thinks of paying a cabman his legal fare. Every one feels it would be unjust to compel him to drive from one end of the city to the other for the eightpence he has a right to claim, and on such occasions every one gives him something extra. But for short drives the eightpence is too much. On summer afternoons a walk through the streets is almost intolerable. You have been to see the Museum or the Aquarium, let us say; the walk from either to the neighborhood of San Carlo, where the great coffee-houses are, is short; but, if you go on foot, you know you will be exhausted before you reach your destination. As soon as you appear on the public way half a dozen cabmen offer their services. You choose the cab you like, say "San Carlo," place the first finger of your left hand across the second joint of the first finger of your right, and walk on. You have offered the driver half a lire. He shrugs his shoulders, and sits firmly on his box; do not turn your head; in half a minute he will be rattling along the road beside you. "But also a gratuity for me, sir." The only notice you take is slightly to elevate your chin, without honoring him even with a side glance. Seeing you are an adept, he cries at once, "Come in, sir, come in." If you do so, you will have no quarrel with him at parting. All but the very worst Neapolitans will adhere to the agreement they have once made; but your cabman will think none the worse of you if you give him two soldi—one penny—at parting. This

gratuity is not unusual, and does not, if a bargain has been made, denote extravagance.

In dealing with the lazzaroni, even if the tongue is employed, it is wise to use the fingers as well. Every finger denotes a lire; the first joint of the forefinger when crossed represents the quarter, the second the half of that coin; the whole of the right hand extended means five, both hands ten; but it is best for the foreigner to use only one hand at such times, and keep the other firmly clasped, if possible, in some pocket, or mistakes may arise. To fold your hand means to repeat the sum. Thus, if you wish to offer a boatman twelve lire for an excursion, you extend your whole hand with the palm towards him, then close it, then open it again, and finally keep it clasped with only two fingers extended.

These are simple and obvious devices, but there are others that are at least as useful and less easily explicable. Thus, when a foreigner is intent on purchasing corals, pearls, photographs, or walking-sticks, and thinks he is being overreached, he can hardly do better than gaze at the dealer with the most placid of smiles, insert the two first fingers of his right hand between his neck and the shirt collar, and then ask with an easy laugh what the prices really are. The more respectable the seller is the more pronounced the gesture must be. This sign signifies almost everything, from "Do you take me to be a fool?" to "I don't quite believe that story." When skilfully used it often leads to a great reduction of prices.

Of the signs by which vendetta may be declared we have spoken in an earlier article; but there is another declaration that is at least as important for which the silent language has also provided. In loitering through Italian towns nothing strikes the youthful stranger more than the extraordinary grace and beauty of the women, and he naturally desires to express his gratitude to those who have lent a new loveliness to life. In the North this is easy enough. "How beautiful she is!" echoes wherever small feet fall lightly on the pavement of any city from Venice to Florence, and now even to Rome. Dainty little ears hear the words not unkindly, and

soft sweet voices will sometimes argue not quite kindly as to whom they were intended for. But in Naples we must be silent and discreet. The noblemen have revolvers and the lazzaroni long knives hidden away somewhere out of sight of the police, but yet within easy reach. Let the young man be careful, and if he must give vent to an admiration too passionate to be silenced, let him draw his right hand down his face from the cheek-bones to the chin. That means "O how lovely she is!"

and the slower the movement is, so long as it is clearly perceptible, the more deep and lasting is the impression supposed to be indicated. Every woman, be she peeress or peasant, understands this sign, and will go home the happier for having seen it. Whether it was of yore a symbol of worship for the old Etruscans we cannot tell. It is certainly one of the most sincere forms of adoration that modern Naples knows.—*Saturday Review*.

THE QUEEN'S MARYS.

BY LOUIS BARBE.

I.

REFERENCE is seldom made to the Queen's Marys, the four Maids of Honor whose romantic attachment to their royal mistress and namesake, the ill-fated Queen of Scots, has thrown such a halo of popularity and sympathy about their memory, without calling forth the well-known lines:—

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,
Aad Marie Carmichael and me.

To those who are acquainted with the whole of the ballad, which records the sad fate of the guilty Mary Hamilton, it must have occurred that there is a striking incongruity between the traditional loyalty of the Queen's Marys and the alleged execution of one of their number, on the denunciation of the offended Queen herself, for the murder of an illegitimate child, the reputed offspring of a criminal intrigue with Darnley. Yet, a closer investigation of the facts assumed in the ballad leads to a discovery more unexpected than even this. It establishes, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that, of the four family names given in this stanza as those of the four Marys, two only are authentic. Mary Carmichael and Mary Hamilton herself are mere poetical myths. Not only does no mention of them occur in any of the lists still extant of the Queen's personal attendants, but there also exist documents of all kinds, from serious

historical narrative and authoritative charter to gossiping correspondence and polished epigram, to prove that the colleagues of Mary Beton and Mary Seton were Mary Fleming and Mary Livingston. How the apocryphal names have found their way into the ballad, or how the ballad itself has come to be connected with the Maids of Honor, cannot be determined. The only passage which may be looked upon as furnishing a possible foundation of truth to the whole fiction is one in which John Knox records the commission and the punishment of a crime similar to that for which Mary Hamilton is represented as about to die on the gallows. "In the very time of the General Assembly there comes to public knowledge a hainous murder, committed in the Court; yea, not far from the queen's lap: for a French woman, that served in the queen's chamber, had played the whore with the queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a child, whom with common consent, the father and mother murdered; yet were the cries of a new-borne childe hearde, searche was made, the childe and the mother were both apprehended, and so was the man and the woman condemned to be hanged in the publicke street of Edinburgh. The punishment was suitable, because the crime was hainous."* Between this historical fact—for which

* Knox's *History of the Reformation*, [pp. 373, 374.]

it must, however, be noticed that Knox is the only voucher—and the ballad, which substitutes, Darnley and one of the Maids of Honor for the Queen's apothecary and a nameless waiting-woman, the connection is not very close. Indeed, there is but one point on which both accounts are in agreement, though that, it is true, is an important one. The unnatural mother whose crime, with its condign punishment, is mentioned by the historian, was, he says, a French woman. The Mary Hamilton of the ballad, in spite of a name which certainly does not point to a foreign origin, is also made to come from over the seas:—

I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem;
Let neither my father nor my mother get wit
But that I'm coming hame.

* * * * *

O, little did my mother ken,
The day she cradled me;
The lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee.

It does not, however, come within the scope of the present paper to examine more closely into the ballad of Mary Hamilton. It suffices to have it made clear that, whatever be their origin, the well-known verses have no historical worth or significance, and no real claim to the title of "The Queen's Marie" prefixed to them in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Except for the purpose of correcting the erroneous, but general belief, which has been propagated by the singular and altogether unwarranted mention of the "Four Maries," and the introduction of the names of two of them in the oft-quoted stanza, there would, in reality, be no necessity, for any allusion to the popular poem in a sketch of the career of the fair Maids of Honor, whose touching fidelity through good and evil fortune has won for them a greater share of interest than is enjoyed by any of the subordinate characters in the great historical drama of which their royal mistress is the central figure.

The first historical and authoritative mention of the four Marys is from the pen of one who was personally and intimately acquainted with them—John Leslie, Bishop of Ross. It occurs in his description of the departure of the

infant Mary Stuart from the small harbor at the foot of the beetling, castle-crowned rock of Dunbarton, on that memorable voyage which so nearly resembled a flight. "All things being reddy for the jorney," writes the chronicler, in his quaint northern idiom "the Quene being as than betuix fyve and sax yearis of aige, wes delivered to the quene dowarier hir moder, and wes embarqued in the Kingis owen gallay, and with her the Lord Erskyn and Lord Levingstoun quha had bene hir keparis, and the Lady Fleming her fadir sister, with sindre gentilwomen and nobill mennis sonnes and dochteres, almoist of hir owin age; of the quhilkes thair wes four in speciall, of whom everie one of thame buir the samin name of Marie, being of four syndre honorable houses, to wyt, Fleming, Levingstoun, Seton and Betoun of Creich; quho remainit all foure with the Quene in France, during her residens thair, and returned agane in Scotland with her Majestie in the yeur of our Lord I^mV^{lxi} yeris." Of the education and early training of the four Marys, as companions and playmates of the youthful queen, we have no special record. The deficiency is one which our knowledge of the wild doings of the gayest court of the age makes it easy to supply. For the Scottish maidens, as for their mistress, intercourse with the frivolous company that gathered about Catharine de Medici was but indifferent preparation for the serious business of life. Looking back on "those French years," doubtless they too, like her, "only seemed to see—

A light of swords and singing, only hear
Laughter of love and lovely stress of lutes,
And in between the passion of them borne
Sound of swords crossing ever, as of feet
Dancing, and life and death still equally
Blithe and bright-eyed from battle."

Brantôme, to whom we are indebted for so much personal description of Mary Stuart, and so many intimate details concerning her character, tastes, and acquirements, is less communicative with respect to her four fair attendants. He merely mentions them amongst the court beauties as "Mesdemoiselles de Flammin, de Ceton, Beton, Leviston, escoissaises." He makes no allusion to them in the pathetic description of the young queen's departure from her

"sweet France," on the fateful 24th of August, a date which subsequent events were destined to mark with a fearful stain of blood, in the family to which she was allied. Yet, doubtless they, too, were gazing with tearful eyes at the receding shore, blessing the calm which retarded their course, trembling with vague fears as their voyage began amidst the cries of drowning men, and half-wishing that the English ships of the jealous Elizabeth might prevent them from reaching their dreary destination. That they were with their royal namesake, we know. Leslie, who, with Brantôme and the unfortunate Chastelard, accompanied the idol of France to her unsympathetic northern home, again made special note of "the four maidis of honour quha passit with hir Hienes in France, of hir awin aige, bering the name everie ane of Marie, as is befor mencióned."

During the first years of Mary Stuart's stay in her capital, the four maidis of honor played conspicuous parts in all the amusements and festivities of the court, and were amongst those who incurred the censure of the austere Reformers for introducing into Holyrood the "balling, and dancing, and banqueting" of Amboise and Fontainebleau. Were our information about the masques acted at the Scottish court less scanty, we should, doubtless, often find the names of the four Marys amongst the performers. Who more fit than they to figure in the first masque represented at Holyrood, in October, 1561, at the Queen's farewell banquet to her uncle, the Grand Prior of the Knights of St. John, and to take their places amongst the Muses who marched in procession before the throne reciting Buchanan's flattering verses in praise of the lettered court of the Queen of Scots?

Banished by War, to thee we take our flight,
Who worships all the Muses, purely right.
We don't complain; our banishment's our gain,
To look on us, if thou shalt not disdain.*

Had Marioreybanks given us the names of those who took part in the festivities which he describes as having taken place on the occasion of Lord Fleming's mar-

riage, can we doubt that the Marys would have been found actively engaged in the open-air performance "in the Parke of Holyroudhous, under Arthur's Seatt, at the end of the loche"? Indeed, it is not matter of mere conjecture, but of authentic historical record, that on more than one occasion Buchanan did actually introduce the Queen's namesakes amongst the *dramatis personæ* of the masques which, as virtual laureate of the Scottish court, he was called upon to supply. The "Diurnal of Occurrents" mentions that "upoun the ellevint day of the said moneth (February) the King and Quene in lyik manner bankettit the samin (French) Ambassatour; and at evin our Soveranis maid the maskrie and mumschance, in the quhilk the Queenis Grace and all hir Maries and ladies wer all cled in men's apperell; and everie ane of thame presentit one quhingar, bravelie and maist artificialle made and embroiderit with gold, to the said Ambassatour and his gentilmen, everie ane of thame according to his estate." That this, moreover, was not the first appearance of the fair performers we also know, for it was they who bore the chief parts in the third masque acted during the festivities which attended the Queen's marriage with Darnley; and it was one of them, perhaps Mary Beton, the scholar of the court, who recited the verses which Buchanan had introduced in allusion to their royal mistress's recovery from some illness otherwise unrecorded in history:—

Kind Goddess, Safety; Nymphs four plead
with thee.

Thou to their Queen will reconciled be:
And, as thou hast reduced her to health
(More valuable far than richest wealth).
So in her breast, thou wilt thyself enshrine,
For there sublimest worship shall be thine.

That the four Nymphs mentioned in this, the only fragment of the masque which has been preserved, were the four Marys, is explained by Buchanan's commentator Ruddiman: "*Nymphas hic vocat quatuor Mariæ Scotæ corporis ministras, quæ etiam omnes Mariæ nominabantur.*" It is more than probable, too, that the Marys were not merely spectators of the masque which formed a part of the first day's amusements, and of which they themselves were the sub-

* The translations of this and the following quotations from Buchanan have at least one merit, that of antiquity; they are Monteith's.

ject-matter. It may still be read under the title of "Pompa Deorum in Nuptiis Mariæ," in Buchanan's Latin poems. Diana opens the masque, which is but a short mythological dialogue, with a compliment to the ruler of Olympus that one of her five Marys—the Queen herself is here included—has been taken from her by the envious arts of Venus and of Juno :—

Great Father, Maries five late servèd me,
Were of my quire the glorious dignitie ;
With these dear five the Heaven I'd regain,
The happiness of other gods to stain ;
At my lot, Juno, Venus, were in ire,
And stole away one from my comely quire,
Whose want so grieves the rest, as when we
see

The Pleiads shine, whereof one wanting be.

In the dialogue which follows, and in which the five goddesses and five gods take part, Apollo chimes in with a prophecy which was only partially accomplished :—

Fear not, Diana, I good tidings bring,
And unto you glad oracles I sing ;
Juno commands your Maries to be married,
And in all state to marriage to be carried.

In his summing up, which, as may be imagined, is not very favorable to the complainant, the Olympian judge also introduces a prettily turned compliment to the Marys :—

Five Maries thine, whose beauty, grace, and wit
Might with five fairest goddesses compete ;
Deserving gods in wedlock, if hard fate
Allow the gods to undergo that state.

The whole pageant closes with an epilogue spoken by the herald Talthybius, who also foretells further defections from Diana's maidens :—

Another marriage now ! Sounds reach the sky,
Another Mary joined in nuptial tie.

As was but natural, the Queen's favorite attendants possessed considerable influence with their royal lady, and the sequel will show, in the case of each of them, how eagerly their good offices were sought after by courtiers and ambassadors anxious for the success of their several suits and missions. In a letter which Randolph wrote to Cecil on the 24th of October, 1564, and which, as applying to the Marys collectively, may be quoted here, we are shown the haughty Lennox himself condescending to make pretty presents to the maids with a view of ingratiating himself with the mistress. "He presented also each

of the Marys with such pretty things as he thought fittest for them, such good means he hath to win their hearts, and to make his way to further effect."

II.

It is scarcely the result of mere chance, that in the chronicles which make mention of the four Marys, Mary Fleming's name usually takes precedence of those of her three colleagues. She seems to have been tacitly recognised as "prima inter pares." This was, doubtless, less in consequence of her belonging to one of the first houses in Scotland, for the Livingstones, the Betons, and the Setons might well claim equality with the Flemings, than of her being closely related to Mary Stuart herself, though the relationship, it is true, was only on the side of the distaff, and though there was, moreover, a bar sinister on the royal quarterings which it added to the escutcheon of the Flemings. Mary Fleming—Marie Flemyng, as she signed herself, or Flamy, as she was called in the Queen's broken English—was the fourth daughter of Malcolm, third Lord Fleming. Her mother, Janet Stuart, was a natural daughter of King James IV. Mary Fleming and her royal mistress were consequently first cousins. This may sufficiently account for the greater intimacy which existed between them. Thus, after Chastelard's outrage, it was Mary Fleming whom the Queen, dreading the loneliness which had rendered the wild attempt possible, called in to sleep with her, for protection.

Amongst the various festivities and celebrations which were revived in Holyrood by Mary and the suite which she had brought with her from the gay court of France, that of the Twelfth Night seems to have been in high favor, as, indeed, it still is, in some provinces of France, at the present day. In the "gâteau des Rois," or Twelfth Night Cake, it is customary to hide a bean, and when the cake was cut up and distributed, the person to whom chance—not unfrequently design—brought the piece containing the bean, was recognised sole monarch of the revels until the stroke of midnight. On the 6th of January 1563, Mary Fleming was elected queen by favor of the bean.

Her mistress, entering into the spirit of the festivities with her characteristic considerateness for even the amusement of those about her, abdicated her state in favor of the mimic monarch of the night. A letter written by Randolph to Lord Dudley, and bearing the date of the 15th of January, gives an interesting and vivid picture of the fair maid of honor decked out in her royal mistress's jewels: "You should have seen here upon Tuesday the great solemnity and royall estate of the Queene of the Beene. Fortune was so favourable to faire Flemyng, that, if shee could have seen to have judged of her vertue and beauty, as blindly she went to work and chose her at adventure, shee would sooner have made her Queen for ever, then for one night only, to exalt her so high and the next to leave her in the state she found her. . . . That day yt was to be seen, by her princely pomp, how fite a match she would be, wer she to contend ether with Venus in beauty, Minerva in witt, or Juno in worldly wealth, haveing the two former by nature, and of the third so much as is contained in this realme at her command and free disposition. The treasure of Solomon, I trowe, was not to be compared unto that which hanged upon her back. . . . The Queen of the Beene was in a gowne of cloath of silver; her head, her neck, her shoulders, the rest of her whole body, so besett with stones, that more in our whole jewell house wer not to be found. The Queen herself was appparelled in collours whyt and black, no other jewell or gold about her bot the ring that I brought her from the Queen's Majestie hanging at her breast, with a lace of whyt and black about her neck." In another letter the same writer becomes even more enthusiastic. Writing to Leicester he says: "Happy was it unto this realm that her reign endured no longer. Two such nights in one state, in so good accord, I believe was never seen, as to behold two worthy queens possess, without envy, one kingdom, both upon a day. I leave the rest to your lordship to be judged of. My pen straggereth, my hand faileth, further to write. . . . The cheer was great. I never found myself so happy, nor so well treated, until that it came to the point that the

old queen herself, to show her mighty power, contrary unto the assurance granted me by the younger queen, drew me into the dance, which part of the play I could with good will have spared to your lordship, as much fitter for the purpose."

The queen of this Twelfth-tide pageant was also celebrated by the court poet Buchanan. Amongst his epigrams there is one bearing the title: "Ad Mariam Flaminiam sorte Reginam." It is thus quaintly translated by Monteith:—

Did birth or vertue diadems procure,
Thou long ago hadst been a Queen, most sure :
Did comely personage, or beauty rare,
Give scepters ; thine are such beyond compare :
Did heav'nly powers with wishes fraill agreee,
Men's wishes then had scepters giv'n to thee :
If Fortune deaf and as Tiresia blind,
Should rule affairs, tho' foolish in her mind ;
Foolish, nor deaf, nor blind, she'd nowadays be,
While she affords a scepter unto thee :
If foolish, deaf, or blind, we then must say,
Vertue was guide, and led her on the way.

The "Faire Flemyng" found an admirer amongst the English gentlemen whom political business had brought to the Scotch court. This was Sir Henry Sidney, of whom Naunton reports that he was a statesman "of great parts." As Sir Henry was born in 1519, and consequently over twenty years older than the youthful maid of honor, his choice cannot be considered to have been a very judicious one, nor can the ill-success of his suit appear greatly astonishing. And yet, as the sequel was to show, Mary Fleming had no insuperable objection to an advantageous match on the score of disparity of age. In the year following that in which she figured as Queen of the Bean at Holyrood, the gossiping correspondence of the time expatiates irreverently enough on Secretary Maitland's wooing of the Maid of Honor. He was about forty at the time, and it was not very long since his first wife, Janet Monteith, had died. Mary Fleming was about two-and-twenty. There was, consequently, some show of reason for the remark made by Kirkcaldy of Grange, in communicating to Randolph the new matrimonial project in which Maitland was embarked: "The Secretary's wife is dead, and he is a suitor to Mary Fleming, who is as meet for him as I am to be a page." Cecil appears to have been taken into the

Laird of Lethington's confidence, and to have found amusement in the enamored statesman's extravagance. "The common affairs do never so much trouble me but that at least I have one merry hour of the four-and-twenty. . . . Those that be in love are ever set upon a merry pin; yet I take this to be the most singular remedy for all diseases in all persons." Two of the keenest politicians of their age laying aside their diplomatic gravity and forgetting the jealousies and the rivalry of their respective courts to discuss the charms of the Queen's youthful maid of honor: it is a charming historical vignette not without interest and humor even at this length of time. We may judge to what extent the secretary was "set on a merry pin," from Randolph's description of the courtship. In a letter dated March 31st, 1565, and addressed to Sir Henry Sidney, Mary Fleming's old admirer, he writes: "She neither remembereth you, nor scarcely acknowledgeth that you are her man. Your lordship, therefore, need not to pride you of any such mistress in this court; she hath found another whom she doth love better. Lethington now serveth her alone, and is like, for her sake, to run beside himself. Both night and day he attendeth, he watcheth, he wooeth—his folly never more apparent than in loving her, where he may be assured that, how much soever he make of her, she will always love another better. This much I have written for the worthy praise of your noble mistress, who, now being neither much worth in beauty, nor greatly to be praised in virtue, is content, in place of lords and earls, to accept to her service a poor pen clerk." We have not to reconcile the ill-natured and slanderous remarks of Randolph's letter with the glowing panegyric penned by him some two years previously. That he intended to comfort the rejected suitor, and to tone down the disappointment and the jealousy which he might feel at the success of a rival not greatly younger than himself would be too charitable a supposition. It is not improbable that he may have had more personal reasons for his spite, and that when, in the same letter, he describes "Fleming that once was so fair," wishing "with many a sigh that Randolph

had served her," he is giving a distorted and unscrupulous version of an episode not unlike that between Mary Fleming and Sir Henry himself. To give even the not very high-minded Randolph his due, however, it is but fair to add that his later letters, whilst fully bearing out what he had previously stated with regard to Maitland's love-making, throw no doubt on Mary's sincerity: "Lethington hath now leave and time to court his mistress, Mary Fleming;" and, again, "My old friend, Lethington, hath leisure to make love; and, in the end, I believe, as wise as he is, will show himself a very fool, or stark, staring mad." This "leisure to make love" is attributed to Rizzio, then in high favor with the Queen. This was about the year 1565. Early in 1566, however, the unfortunate Italian was murdered under circumstances too familiar to need repetition, and for his share in the unwarrantable transaction, Secretary Maitland was banished from the royal presence. The lovers were, in consequence, parted for some six months, from March to September. It was about this time that Queen Mary, dreading the hour of her approaching travail, and haunted by a presentiment that it would prove fatal to her, caused inventories of her private effects to be drawn up, and made legacies to her personal friends and attendants. The four Marys were not forgotten. They were each to receive a diamond; "Aux quatre Maries, quatre autres petis diamants de diverse façon," besides a portion of the queen's needlework and linen: "tous mes ourrages, manches et collets aux quatre Maries." In addition to this, there were set down for "Flamy," two pieces of gold lace with ornaments of white and red enamel, a dress, a necklace, and a chain to be used as a girdle. "We may infer that red and white were the maid of honor's favorite colors, for "blancq et rouge" appears in some form or another in all the items of the intended legacy.*

* "A Flamy. Vne brodure dor esmaille de blancq et rouge contenant xxxvij pieces.

Vne brodure doreletté de mesme façon garnye de lj piece esmaille deb lancq et rouge.

Vne cottouere de mesme façon contenant soixante piece esmaille de blanc et rouge.

Vng quarquan esmaille aussy de blancq et rouge garny de vingt une piece.

As we have said, the Secretary's disgrace was not of long duration. About September he was reinstated in the Queen's favor, and in December received from her a dress of cloth of gold trimmed with silver lace: "Une vasquyne de toille d'or plaine avecq le corps de mesme fait a bourletz bordung passement d'argent."

On the 6th of January, 1567, William Maitland of Lethington and Mary Fleming were married at Stirling, where the Queen was keeping her court, and where she spent the last Twelfth-Tide she was to see outside the walls of a prison. The Secretary's wife, as Mary was frequently styled after her marriage, did not cease to be in attendance upon her royal cousin, and we get occasional glimpses of her in the troubled times which were to follow. Thus, on the eventful morning on which Bothwell's trial began, Mary Fleming stood with the Queen at the window from which the latter, after having imprudently refused an audience to the Provost-Marshal of Berwick, Elizabeth's messenger, still more imprudently watched the bold Earl's departure and, it was reported, smiled and nodded encouragement. Again, in the enquiry which followed the Queen's escape from Lochleven, it appeared that her cousin had been privy to the plot for her release, and had found the means of conveying to the royal captive the assurance that her friends were working for her deliverance: "The Queen," so ran the evidence of one of the attendants examined after the flight, "said scho gat ane ring and three wordis in Italianis in it. I iudget it cam fra the Secretar, because of the language. Scho said, 'Na, it was ane woman. All the place saw hir weyr it. . . . Cursall show me the Secretaris wiff send it, and the vretting of it was ane fable of Isop betuix the Mouss and the Lioune, hou the Mouss for ane plesour done to hir be the Lioune, efter that, the Lioune being bound with ane corde, the Mouss schuyr the corde and let the Lioune lous.'"

During her long captivity in England, the unfortunate Queen was not unmind-

ful of the love and devotion of her faithful attendant. Long years after she had been separated from her, whilst in prison at Sheffield, she gives expression to her longing for the presence of Mary Fleming, and in a letter written "du manoir de Sheffield," on the 1st of May, 1581, to Monsieur de Mauvissière, the French ambassador, she begs him to renew her request to Elizabeth that the Lady of Lethington should be allowed to tend her in "the valetudinary state into which she has fallen, of late years, owing to the bad treatment to which she has been subjected."

But the Secretary's wife had had her own trials and her own sorrows. On the 9th of June, 1573, her husband died at Leith, "not without suspicion of poison," according to Killigrew. Whether he died by his own hand, or by the act of his enemies, is a question which we are not called upon to discuss. The evidence of contemporaries is conflicting, "some supponyng he tak a drink and died as the auld Romans wer wont to do," as Sir James Melville reports; others, and amongst these Queen Mary herself, that he had been foully dealt with. Writing to Elizabeth, she openly gives expression to this belief: "the principal (of the rebel lords) were besieged by your forces in the Castle of Edinburgh, and one of the first among them poisoned."

Maitland was to have been tried "for art and part of the treason, conspiracy, consultation, and treating of the King's murder." According to the law of Scotland, a traitor's guilt was not cancelled by death. The corpse might be arraigned and submitted to all the indignities which the barbarous code of the age recognised as the punishment of treason. It was intended to inflict the fullest penalty upon Maitland's corpse, and it remained unburied "till the vermin crept under the door of the room in which he was kept." In her distress the widow applied to Burleigh, in a touching letter which is still preserved. It bears the date of the 21st of June, 1573.

My very good Lord,—After my humble commendations, it may please your Lordship that the causes of the sorrowful widow, and orphans being by Almighty God recommended to the superior powers, together with the firm

Vne chesne a saindre en semblable façon contenant lij pieces esmaillez de blanc et rouge et vng vase pendant au bout."

confidence my late husband, the Laird of Ledington, put in your Lordship's only help in the occasion, that I his desolat wife (though unknown to your Lordship) takes the boldness by these few lines to humble request your Lordship, that as my said husband being alive expected no mall benefit at your hands, so now I may find such comfort, that the Queen's Majestie, your Sovereign, may by your means be moved to write to my Lord Regent of Scotland, that the body of my husband, which when alive has not been spared in her hienes's service, may now, after his death, receive no shame, or ignominy, and that his heritage taken from him during his life-time, now belonging to me and his children, that have not offended, by a disposition made a long time ago, may be restored, which is agreeable both to equity and the laws of this realme; and also your Lordship will not forget my husband's brother, the Lord of Coldingham, ane innocent gentleman, who was never engaged in these quarrels, but for his love to his brother, accompanied him, and is now a prisoner with the rest, that by your good means, and procurement, he may be restored to his own, which, beside the blessing of God, will also win you the goodwill of many noblemen and gentlemen.

Burleigh lost no time in laying the widow's petition before Elizabeth, and on the 19th of July a letter written at Croydon was despatched to the Regent Morton: "For the bodie of Liddington, who died before he was convict in judgment, and before any answer by him made to the crymes objected to him, it is not our maner in this contrey to show crueltey upon the dead bodies so unconvinced, but to suffer them streight to be buried, and put in the earth. And so suerly we think it mete to be done in this case, for (as we take it) it was God's pleasure he should by death he taken away from the execucion of judgment, so we think consequently that it was His divine pleasure that the bodie now dead should not be lacerated, nor pullid in pieces, but be buried like one who died in his bed, and by sicknes, as he did."

Such a petitioner as the Queen of England was not to be denied, and Maitland's body was allowed the rites of burial. The other penalties which he had incurred by his treason—real or supposed—were not remitted. An Act of Parliament was passed "for rendering the children, both lawful and natural, of Sir William Maitland of Lethington, the younger, and of several others, who had been convicted of the murder of the King's father, incapable of enjoying,

or claiming, any heritages, lands, or possessions in Scotland."

The widow herself was also subjected to petty annoyances at the instigation of Morton. She was called upon to restore the jewels which her royal mistress had given her in free gift, and in particular, "one chayn of rubeis with twelf markes of dyamontis and rubeis, and ane mark with twa rubeis." Even her own relatives seem to have turned against her in her distress. In a letter written in French to her sister-in-law, Isabel, wife of James Heriot of Trabroun, she refers to some accusation brought against her by her husband's brother, Coldingham—the same for whom she had interceded in her letter to Burleigh—and begs to be informed as to the nature of the charge made to the Regent, "*car ace que jantans il me charge de quelque chose, je ne say que cest.*" The letter bears no date, but seems to have been penned when the writer's misery was at its sorest, for it concludes with an earnest prayer that patience may be given her to bear the weight of her misfortunes.

Better days, however, were yet in store for the much-tried Mary Fleming, for in February 1584 the "relict of umquhill William Maitland, younger of Lethington, Secretare to our Sovereane Lord," succeeded in obtaining a reversion of her husband's forfeiture. In May of the same year, the Parliament allowed "Marie Flemyng and hir bairnis to have bruik and inioy the same and like fauour, grace and priuilege and conditioun as is contenit in the pacification maid and accordit at Perth, the xxiii day of Februar, the yeir of God 1^m V^olxxxij yeiris."

With this document one of the four Marys disappears from the scene. Of her later life we have no record. That it was thoroughly happy we can scarcely assume, for we know that her only son James died in poverty and exile.

III.

Mary Livingston or, as she signed herself, Marie Leuiston, was the daughter of Alexander fifth Lord Livingston. She was a cousin of Mary Fleming's, and, like her, related, though more distantly, to the sovereign. When she sailed from Scotland in 1548, as one of the

playmates of the infant Mary Stuart, she was accompanied by both her father and her mother. Within a few years, however, she was left to the sole care of the latter, Lord Livingston having died in France in 1553. Of her life at the French Court we have no record. Her first appearance in the pages of contemporary chroniclers is on the 22nd of April, 1562, the year after her return to Scotland. On that date, the young Queen, who delighted in the sport of archery, shot off a match in her private gardens at St. Andrews. Her own partner was the Master of Lindsay. Their opponents were the Earl of Moray, then only Earl of Mar, and Mary Livingston, whose skill is reported to have been—when courtesy allowed it—quite equal to that of her royal mistress.

The next item of information is to be found in the matter-of-fact columns of an account-book, in which we find it entered that the Queen gave Mary Livingston some gray damask for a gown, in September 1563, and some black velvet for the same purpose, in the following February. Shortly after this, however, there occurred an event of greater importance, which supplied the letter-writers of the day with material for their correspondence. On the 5th of March, 1564, Mary Livingston was married to John Sempill, of Beltreis. It was the first marriage amongst the Marys, and consequently attracted considerable attention for months before the celebration. As early as January, Paul de Foix, the French Ambassador, makes allusion to the approaching event: "Elle a commencé à marier ses quatre Maries," he writes to Catharine de Medici, "et dict qu'elle veult estre de la bande." In a letter, dated the 9th of the same month, Randolph, faithful to his habit of communicating all the gossip of the court in his reports to England, informs Bedford of the intended marriage: "I learned yesterday that there is a conspiracy here framed against you. The matter is this: the Lord Sempill's son, being an Englishman born, shall be married between this and Shrovetide to the Lord Livingston's sister. The Queen, willing him well, both maketh the marriage and indoweth the parties with land. To do them honour she will have them marry in the

court. The thing intended against your lordship is this, that Sempill himself shall come to Berwicke within these fourteen days, and desire you to be at the bridal." Writing to Leicester, he repeats his information: "It will not be above 6 or 7 days before the Queen (re-)turning from her progress into Fifeshire, will be in this town. Immediately after that ensueth the great marriage of this happy Englishman that shall marry lovely Livingston." Finally, on the 4th of March, he again writes: "Divers of the noblemen have come to this great marriage, which to-morrow shall be celebrated." Randolph's epistolary garrulity has, in this instance, served one good purpose, of which he probably little dreamt when he filled his correspondence with the small talk of the court circle. It enables us to refute a calumnious assertion made by John Knox with reference to the marriage of the Queen's maid of honor. "It was weill knawin that schame haistit mariage betwix John Sempill, callit the Danser, and Marie Levingstoune, surnameit the Lustie." Randolph's first letter, showing, as it does, that preparations for the wedding were in progress as early as the beginning of January, summarily dismisses the charge of "haste" in its celebration, whilst, for those who are familiar with the style of the English envoy's correspondence, his very silence will appear the strongest proof that Mary's fair fame was tarnished by no breath of scandal. The birth of her first child in 1566, a fact to which the family records of the house of Sempill bear witness, establishes more irrefutably than any argument the utter falsity of Knox's unscrupulous assertion.

John Sempill, whose grace in dancing had acquired for him the surname which seems to have lain so heavily on Knox's conscience, and whose good fortune in finding favor with lovely Mary Livingston called forth Randolph's congratulations, was the eldest son of the third lord, by his second wife Elizabeth Carlyle of Torthorwald. At court, as may have been gathered from Randolph's letters, he was known as the "Englishman," owing to the fact of his having been born in Newcastle. Although of good family himself, and in high favor at court, being but a younger son he does

not seem to have been considered on all hands as a fitting match for Mary Livingston. This the Queen, of whose making the marriage was, herself confesses in a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, reminding him that, "in a country where these formalities were looked to," exception had been taken to the marriage both of Mary and Magdalene Livingston on the score that they had taken as husbands "the younger sons of their peers—*les puînés de leurs semblables*." Mary Stuart seems to have been above such prejudices, and showed how heartily she approved of the alliance between the two families by her liberality to the bride. Shortly before the marriage she gave her a band covered with pearls, a basquina of gray satin, a mantle of black taffety made in the Spanish fashion with silver buttons, and also a gown of black taffety. It was she, too, who furnished the bridal dress, which cost £30, as entered in the accounts under date of the 10th of March:—

Item : Ane pund xiii unce of silver to ane gown of Marie Levingstoun's to her mariage, the unce xxv s. Summa xxx li.

The "Inuentair of the Quenis movables quhilkis ar in the handes of Seruais de Condye vallett of chalmer to hir Grace," records, further, that there was "deliveret in Merche 1564, to Johnne Semple's wiff, ane bed of scarlett veluot bordit with broderie of black veluot, furnisit with ruif heidpece, thre pandis, twa vnderpandis, thre curtenis of taffetie of the same culLOUR without freingis. The bed is furnisit with freingis of the same culLOUR." To make her gift complete, the Queen, as another household document, her wardrobe book, testifies, added the following items:—

Item : Be the said precept to Marie Levingstoun xxxi elnis ii quarters of quhite fustiane to be ane marterass, the eln viii s. Summa xii li xii s.

Item : xvi elnis of cammes to be palzeass, the eln vi s. Summa iiiij li xvj s.

Item : For nappes and fedders ; v li.

Item : Ane elne of lane ; xxx s.

Item : ij unce of silk ; xx s.

The wedding for which such elaborate preparation had been made, and for which the Queen herself named the day, took place, in the presence of the whole court and all the foreign ambassadors, on Shrove Tuesday, which, as has already been mentioned, was on the 5th of

March. In the evening the wedding guests were entertained at a masque, which was supplied by the Queen, but of which we know nothing further than may be gathered from the following entry:—

Item : To the painter for the mask on Fast-ionis evin to Marie Levingstoun's mariage ; xij li.

The marriage contract, which was signed at Edinburgh on the Sunday preceding the wedding, bears the names of the Queen, of John Lord Erskine, Patrick Lord Ruthven, and of Secretary Maitland of Lethington. The bride's dowry consisted of £500 a year in land, the gift of the Queen, to which Lord Livingston added 100 merks a year in land, or 1,000 merks in money. As a jointure she received the Barony of Beltreis near Castle Semple, in Renfrewshire, the lands of Auchimanes and Calderhaugh, with the rights of fisheries in the Calder, taxed to the Crown at £18 16s. 8d. a year.

A few days after the marriage, on the 9th of March, a grant from the Queen to Mary Livingston and John Sempill passed the great seal. In this official document she styles the bride "her familiar servatrice," and the bridegroom "her daily and familiar serviter, during all the youthheid and minority of the said serviters." In recognition of their services both to herself and the Queen Regent, she infeods them in her town and lands of Auctermuchty, part of her royal demesne in Fifeshire, the lands and lordships of Stewarton in Ayr, and the isle of Little Cumbrae in the Forth of Clyde.

After her marriage "Mademoiselle de Semple" was appointed lady of the bed-chamber, an office for which she received £200 a year. Her husband also seems to have retained some office which required his personal attendance on the Queen, for we know that both husband and wife were in waiting at Holyrood on the memorable evening of David Rizzio's murder. The shock which this tragic event produced on Mary was very great, and filled her with the darkest forebodings. She more than once expressed her fear that she would not survive her approaching confinement. At about the end of May or the beginning of June, shortly before the solemn ceremony of

"taking her chamber," she caused an inventory of her personal effects to be drawn up by Mary Livingston and Margaret Carwod, the bedchamber woman in charge of her cabinet, and with her own hand wrote, on the margin opposite to each of the several articles, the name of the person for whom it was intended, in the event of her death and of that of her infant. Mary Livingston's name appears by the side of the following objects in the original document, which was discovered among some unassorted law papers in the Register House, in August, 1854 :—

Quatre vingtz deux esguillettes xliij petites de mesme facon esmaillez de blancq.

Une brodure du toure contenante xxv pieces esmaille de blanc et noir facon de godrons.

Vne brodeure doreillette de pareille facon contenante xxvij pieces esmaillees de blanc et noir.

Vne cottouere de semblable facon contenante lx pieces de pareille facon esmaillee de blanc et noir.

Vng carcan esmaille de blanc et noir contenant dixsept pieces et a chacune piece y a vng petit pendant.

Vne chesne a saindre de semblable facon contenante liij pieces esmaillees de blanc et noir et vng vase au bout.

Vne corde de coural contenante lxij pieces faictes en vase.

Vne aultre corde de coural contenante treize grosses pieces aussy en vase.

Vne aultre corde de coural contenante xxxvij pieces plus etites aussy en vase.

Vne reste de patenostres ou il a neuf meures de perles et des grains d'argent entredeux.

Vne sainture et cottouere de perles garnie bleu et grains noir faict a rosteau.

Item : haill acoustrement of gold of couter carcan and chesne of 66 pyecis.

Only on one occasion after this do we find mention of Mary Livingston in connection with her royal mistress. It is on the day following the Queen's surrender at Carberry, when she was brought back a prisoner to Edinburgh. The scene is described by Du Croc, the French ambassador. "On the evening of the next day," he writes in the official report forwarded to his court, "at eight o'clock, the Queen was brought back to the castle of Holyrood, escorted by three hundred arquebusiers, the Earl of Morton on the one side, and the Earl of Athole on the other; she was on foot, though two hacks were led in front of her; she was accompanied at the time by Mademoiselle de Sempel and Seton, with others of her chamber, and was

dressed in a night-gown of various colors."

After the Queen's removal from Edinburgh the Sempills also left it to reside sometimes at Beltreis, and sometimes at Auchtermuchty, but chiefly in Paisley, where they built a house which was still to be seen but a few years ago, near what is now the Cross. Their retirement from the capital did not, however, secure for them the quietness which they expected to enjoy. They had stood too high in favor with the captive Queen to be overlooked by her enemies. The Regent Lennox, remembering that Mary Livingston had been intrusted with the care of the royal jewels and wardrobe, accused her of having some of the Queen's effects in her possession. Notwithstanding her denial, her husband was arrested and cast into prison, and she herself brought before the Lords of the Privy Council. Their cross-questioning and brow-beating failed to elicit any information from her, and it was only when Lennox threatened to "put her to the horn," and to inflict the torture of the "boot" on her husband, that she confessed to the possession of "three lang-tailit gowns garnished with fur of martrix and fur of sables." She protested, however, that, as was indeed highly probable, these had been given to her, and were but cast-off garments, of little value or use to any one. In spite of this, she was not allowed to depart until she had given surety "that she would compear in the council-chamber on the morrow and surrender the gear."

Lennox's death, which occurred shortly after this, did not put an end to the persecution to which the Sempills were subjected. Morton was as little friendly to them as his predecessor had been. He soon gave proof of this by calling upon John Sempill to leave his family and to proceed to England, as one of the hostages demanded as security for the return of the army and implements of war, sent, under Sir William Drury, to lay siege to Edinburgh Castle.

On his return home, Sempill found new and worse troubles awaiting him. It happened that of the lands conferred upon Mary Livingston on her marriage some portion lay near one of Morton's estates. Not only had the Queen's gift been made by special grant under the

Great and Privy Seals, but the charter of infeoffment had also been ratified by a further Act of Parliament in 1567, when it was found that the proposal to annul the forfeiture of George Earl of Huntley would affect it. It seemed difficult, therefore, to find even a legal flaw that would avail to deprive the Sempills of their lands and afford the Regent an opportunity of appropriating them to himself. He was probably too powerful, however, to care greatly for the justice of his plea. He brought the matter before the Court of Session, urging that the gift made by the Queen to Mary Livingston and her husband was null and void, on the ground that it was illegal to alienate the lands of the Crown. It was in vain that Sempill brought forward the deed of gift under the Great and Privy Seals, the judges would not allow his plea. Thereupon Sempill burst into a violent passion, declaring that if he lost his suit, it would cost him his life as well. Whiteford of Milintoun, a near relative of Sempill's, who was with him at the time, likewise allowed his temper to get the better of his discretion, and exclaimed "that Nero was but a dwarf compared to Morton." This remark, all the more stinging that it was looked upon as a sneer at the Regent's low stature, was never forgiven. Not long after the conclusion of the lawsuit, both Sempill and Whiteford were thrown into prison on a charge "of having conspired against the Regent's life, and of having laid in wait by the Kirk, within the Kirkland of Paisley, to have shot him, in the month of January, 1575, at the instigation of the Lords Claud and John Hamilton." After having been detained in prison till 1577, John Sempill was brought up for trial on this capital charge. His alleged crime being of such a nature that it was probably found impossible to prove it by the testimony of witnesses, he was put to the torture of the boot, with which he had been threatened on a former occasion. By this means, sufficient was extorted from him to give at least a semblance of justice to the sentence of death which was passed on him. In consideration of this confession, however, the sentence was not carried out. Ultimately, he was set at liberty and restored to his family. His health had com-

pletely broken down under the terrible ordeal through which he had gone, and he only lingered on till the 25th of April, 1579.

Of Mary Livingston's life after the death of her husband, but little is known. From an Act of Parliament passed in November, 1581, it appears that tardy justice was done her by James VI., who caused the grants formerly made to "umquhile John Sempile, of Butress, and his spouse, to be ratified." Her eldest son, James, was brought up with James VI., and in later life was sent as ambassador to England. He was knighted in 1601. There were three other children—two boys, Arthur and John, and one girl, Dorothea.

The exact date of Mary Livingston's death is not known, but she appears to have been living in 1592.

IV.

The family to which Mary Beton, or, as she herself signed her name, Marie Bethune, belonged, seems to have been peculiarly devoted to the service of the house of Stuart. Her father, Robert Beton, of Creich, is mentioned amongst the noblemen and gentlemen who sailed from Dunbarton with the infant Queen, in 1548, and who accompanied her in 1561, when she returned to take possession of the Scottish throne. His office was that of one of the Masters of the Household, and, as such, he was in attendance at Holyrood when the murderers of Rizzio burst into the Queen's chamber and stabbed him before her eyes. He also appears under the style of Keeper of the Royal Palace of Falkland, and Steward of the Queen's Rents in Fife. At his death, which occurred in 1567, he recommends his wife and children to the care of the Queen, "that scho be hail mantenare of my hous as my houe is in hir Maiestie under God." His grandfather, the founder of the house, was comptroller and treasurer to King James IV. His aunt was one of the ladies of the court of King James V., by whom she was the mother of the Countess of Argyll. One of his sisters, the wife of Arthur Forbes of Reres, stood in high favor with Queen Mary, and was wet-nurse to James VI. His French wife, Jehanne de la Runuelle,

and two of his daughters, were ladies of honor.

Of the four Marys, Mary Beton has left least trace in the history of the time. It seems to have been her good fortune to be wholly unconnected with the political events which, in one way or another, dragged her fair colleagues into their vortex, and it may be looked upon as a proof of the happiness of her life, as compared with their eventful careers, that she has but little history.

Though but few materials remain to enable us to reconstruct the story of Mary Beton's life, a fortunate chance gives us the means of judging of the truth of the highflown compliments paid to her beauty by both Randolph and Buchanan. A portrait of her is still shown at Balfour House, in Fife. It represents, we are told, "a very fair beauty, with dark eyes and yellow hair," and is said to justify all that has been written in praise of her personal charms. The first to fall a victim to these was the English envoy, Randolph. A letter of his to the Earl of Bedford, written in April, 1565, mentions, as an important fact, that Mistress Beton and he had lately played at a game at biles against the Queen and Darnley, that they had been successful against their royal opponents, and that Darnley had paid the stakes. In another letter, written to Leicester, he thinks it worthy of special record that for four days he had sat next her at the Queen's table, at St. Andrew's. "I was willed to be at my ordinary table, and being placed the next person, saving worthy Beton, to the Queen herself." Writing to the same nobleman he makes a comparison between her and Mary Fleming, of whom, as we have seen, he had drawn so glowing a description, and declares that, "if Beton had lyked so short a time, so worthie a rowme, Flemyng to her by good right should have given place." Knowing, as we do, from the testimony of other letters, how prone Randolph was to overrate his personal influence, and with what amusing self-conceit he claimed for himself the special favors of the ladies of the Scottish court, there is every reason to suspect the veracity of the statement contained in the following extract from a letter to Sir Henry Sidney: "I doubt

myself whether I be the self-same man that now will be content with the name of your countryman, that have the whole guiding, the giving, and bestowing, not only of the Queen, and her kingdom, but of the most worthy Beton, to be ordered and ruled at mine own will."

Like her colleague, Mary Fleming, "the most worthy Beton" had her hour of mock royalty, as we learn from three sets of verses in which Buchanan extols her beauty, worth, and accomplishments, and which are inscribed: "Ad Mariam Betonam pridie Regalium Regnam sorte ductam." In the first of these, which bears some resemblance to that addressed to Mary Fleming on a similar occasion, he asserts, with poetical enthusiasm, the mimic sovereign's real claims to the high dignity which Fortune has tardily conferred upon her:—

Thy mind and vertue princely; beauty fair
May well unto a diadem be heir;
Fortune, asham'd her gifts should wanting be,
Sent wealth and riches in good store to thee;
And, when had honored thee, without all hate,
Her long delay she could not expiate,
Unless that Queen, deserving earth's empire,
Subjection to thy sceptre should desire.

In his next effusion the poet rises to a more passionate height in his admiration. It is such as we might imagine Randolph to have penned in his enthusiasm, could we, by any flight of fancy, suppose him capable of such scholarly verses as those of Buchanan.

Should I complain? Or should I Fortune
praise?

To Beton fair who makes me slave always;
O, Beauty at this time, what need I thee?
When no hopes are of mutual love for me.
If Fortune had been kind, in youthful prime,
And me advanc'd to honor so sublime;
I soon had turn'd to dust, and my short day
Had been small pain, altho' it would not stay;
Now ling'ring Fates torment; I want life's joy,
And sudden death were pleasure, not annoy:
In either case, it's all my comfort still,
My life and death is at my Lady's will.

The third epigram is more particularly interesting, as bearing reference, we think, to Mary Beton's literary tastes:—

Cold winter flowers and fields holds bound; no
where
Can I find nosegay for my Lady rare;
My muse, once fruitful garden, now by years
Defacèd is, and barren winter bears:
Did comely Beton's gale but once me touch,
Spring in her blossoms all were nothing such.

The will drawn up by Mary Stuart, in 1566, which, it is true, never took effect,

seems to point to Mary Beton as the most scholarly amongst the maids of honor. It is to her that the French, English, and Italian books in the Royal collection are bequeathed; the classical authors being reserved for the university of St. Andrews, where they were intended to form the nucleus of a library: "Je layse mes liuures qui y sont en Grec ou Latin à l'université de Sintandre, pour y commencer une bible. Les aultres ie les layse à Beton."

This is further borne out by the fact that, many years later, William Fowler, secretary to Queen Anne of Denmark, wife of James VI., dedicated his "Lamentation of the desolat Olympe, furth of the tenth cantt of Ariosto" "to the right honorable ladye Marye Betoun, Lady Boine." Of the literary accomplishments which may fairly be inferred from these circumstances, we have, however, no further proof. Nothing of Mary Beton's has come down to us, except a letter, addressed by her in June, 1563, to the wife of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, whose acquaintance she may have made either in France or in Scotland, Sir Nicholas having been English ambassador in both countries. In this short document the writer acknowledges the receipt of a ring, assures the giver that she will endeavor to return her love by making her commendations to the Queen, and begs her acceptance in return, as a token of their good love and amity, of a little ring which she has been accustomed to wear daily.

In the month of May, 1566, Mary Beton married Alexander Ogilvie, of Boyne. But little is known of this marriage beyond the fact that the Queen named the day, and beyond such circumstances as a purely legal and technical nature as may be gathered from the marriage contract, which is still extant, and has been published in the Miscellany of the Maitland Club. It sets forth that the bride was to have a dowry from her father of 3,000 merks, and a jointure from her husband of lands yielding 150 merks and 30 chalders of grain yearly. This legal document derives its chief interest from bringing together in a friendly transaction persons who played important and hostile parts in the most interesting period of Scottish history. It bears the

signatures of the Queen and Henry Darnley, together with those of the Earls of Huntley, Argyll, Bothwell, Murray, and Atholl, as cautioners for the bridegroom, that of Alexander Ogilvie himself, who subscribes his territorial style of "Boyne," and that of "Marie Bethune." The signature of the bride's father, and that of Michael Balfour, of Burleigh, his cautioner for payment of his daughter's tocher, are wanting.

It would appear that Mary Beton, or, as she was usually called after her marriage, "the Lady Boyn," or "Madame de Boyn," did not immediately retire from the court. In what capacity, however, she kept up her connection with it, cannot be ascertained. All that we have been able to discover is that after her marriage she received several gifts of ornaments and robes from the Queen. Amongst the latter we notice a dress which was scarcely calculated to suit the fair beauty: "Une robbe de satin jeaulne dore toute goffree faicte a manches longues toute chamaree de bisette d'argent borde de passement geaulne goffre d'argent!"

Both Mary Beton and Alexander Ogilvie are said to have been living as late as 1606. All that is known as to the date of her death is that it occurred before that of her husband, who, in his old age, married the divorced wife of Bothwell, the Countess Dowager of Sutherland.

It is interesting to note the contrast between the comparatively uneventful reality of Mary Beton's life and the romantic career assigned to her in the latest work of fiction, which introduces her in connection with her royal and ill-fated mistress. In Mr. Swineburne's "Mary Stuart," the catastrophe is brought about by Mary Beton. For some score of years, from that day forth when she beheld the execution of him on whom she is supposed to have bestowed her unrequited love, of the chivalrous, impetuous Chastelard, when her eyes "beheld fall the most faithful head in all the world," Mary Beton, "dumb as death," has been waiting for the expiation, waiting

Even with long suffering eagerness of heart
And a most hungry patience.

It is by her action in forwarding to

Elizabeth the letter in which Mary Stuart summed up all the charges brought against her rival, that the royal captive's doom is hastened, that Chastelard's death is avenged. It would be the height of hypercritical absurdity to find fault with the poet for the use which he has made of a character which can scarcely be called historical. Nevertheless, as it is often from fiction alone that we gather our knowledge of the minor characters of history—of those upon which more serious records, engrossed with the jealousies of crowned heads, with the intrigues of diplomatists and the wrangles of theologians, have no attention to bestow—it does not seem altogether useless at least to point out how little resemblance there is between the Mary Beton of real life and the Nemesis of the drama.

V.

"The second wyf of the said Lord George (Marie Pieris, ane Frenche woman, quha come in Scotland with Quene Marie, dochter to the Duik of Gweis) bar to him tua sonnys and ane dochter . . . the dochter Marie." This extract from Sir Richard Maitland's "History of the House of Seton" gives us the parentage of the fourth of the Marys. She was the daughter of a house in which loyalty and devotion to the Stuarts was traditional. In the darkest pages of their history the name of the Setons is always found amongst those of the few faithful friends whom danger could not frighten nor promises tempt from their allegiance. In this respect Mary Seton's French mother was worthy of the family into which she was received. At the death of Marie de Guise, Dame Pieris transferred not only her services, but her love also, to the infant Queen, and stood by her with blind devotion under some of the most trying circumstances of her short career as reigning sovereign. The deposition of French Paris gives us a glimpse of her, attending on Mary and conferring secretly with Bothwell on the morning after the King's murder. At a later date we find her conspiring with the Queen's friends at what was known as the council "of the witches of Atholl," and subsequently imprisoned, with her son, for having too freely expressed her loyalty to her mistress. We

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may, therefore, almost look upon it as the natural result of Mary Seton's training, and of her family associations, that she is pre-eminently the Queen's companion in adversity. It seems characteristic of this that no individual mention occurs of her as bearing any part in the festivities of the court, or sharing her mistress's amusements. Her first appearance coincides with the last appearance of Mary Livingston in connection with Mary Stuart. When the Queen, after her surrender at Carberry, was ignominiously dragged in her night-dress through the streets of her capital, her faltering steps were supported by Mary Livingston and Mary Seton. At Lochleven Mary Seton, still in attendance on her mistress, bore an important part in her memorable flight, a part more dangerous, perhaps, than Jane Kennedy's traditional leap from the window, for it consisted in personating the Queen within the castle, whilst the flight was taking place, and left her at the mercy of the disappointed gaolers when faithful Willie Douglas had brought it to a successful issue. How she fared at this critical moment, or how she herself contrived to regain her liberty, is not recorded; but it is certain that before long she had resumed her honorable but perilous place by the side of her royal mistress. It is scarcely open to doubt that the one maid of honor who stood with the Queen on the eminence whence she beheld the fatal battle of Langside was the faithful Mary Seton.

Although, so far as we have been able to ascertain, Mary Seton's name does not occur amongst those of the faithful few who fled with the Queen from the field of Langside to Sanquhar and Dundrennan, and although the latter actually states in the letter which she wrote to the Cardinal de Lorraine, on the 21st of June, that for three nights after the battle she had fled across country, without being accompanied by any female attendant, we need have no hesitation in stating that Mary Seton must have been amongst the eighteen who, when the infatuated Mary resolved on trusting herself to the protection of Elizabeth, embarked with her in a fishing-smack at Dundrennan and landed at Workington. A letter written by Sir Francis Knollys to Cecil, on the 28th of June, makes par-

ticular mention of Mary Seton as one of the waiting-women in attendance on the Queen, adding further particulars which clearly point to the fact that she had been so for at least several days :—

Now here are six waiting-women, although none of reputation, but Mistress Mary Seton, who is praised by this Queen to be the finest busker, that is to say, the finest dresser of a woman's head of hair, that is to be seen in any country whereof we have seen divers experiences, since her coming hither. And, among other pretty devices, yesterday and this day, she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a perewyke, that showed very delicately. And every other day she hath a new device of head-dressing, without any cost, and yet setteth forth a woman gaylie well.

For the next nine years Mary Seton disappears almost entirely in the monotony of her self-imposed exile and captivity. A casual reference to her, from time to time, in the Queen's correspondence, is the only sign we have of her existence. Thus, in a letter written from Chatsworth, in 1570, to the Archbishop of Glasgow, to inform him of the death of his brother, John Beton, laird of Creich, and to request him to send over Andrew Beton to act as Master of the Household, Mary Stuart incidentally mentions her maid of honor in terms which, however, convey little information concerning her, beyond that of her continued devotion to her mistress and her affection for her mistress's friends. "Vous avez une amye en Seton," so the Queen writes, "qui sera aussi satisfayte, en votre absence, de vous servir de bonne amye que parente ou aultre que puissiez avoir aupres de moy, pour l'affection qu'elle porte à tous ceulx qu'elle connait m'avoyr esté fidèles serveurs."

The royal prisoner's correspondence for the year 1574 gives us another glimpse of her faithful attendant, "qui tous les jours me fayct service tres agreable," and for whom the Archbishop is requested to send over from Paris a watch and alarum. "La monstre que je demande est pour Seton. Si n'en pouvez trouver une faite, faites la faire, simple et juste, suivant mon premier mémoyre, avec le reveilmatin à part."

Three years must again elapse before Mary Seton's next appearance. On this occasion, however, in 1577, she assumes special importance, and figures as the chief character in a romantic little

drama which Mary Stuart herself has sketched for us in two letters written from her prison in Sheffield to Archbishop Beton.

It will be remembered that when, in 1570, death deprived Queen Mary of the services of John Beton, her Master of the Household, she requested that his younger brother should be sent over from Paris to supply his place. In due time Andrew Beton appeared at Sheffield and entered upon his honorable but profitless duties. He was necessarily brought into daily contact with Mary Seton, for whom he soon formed a strong affection, and whom he sought in marriage. The maid of honor, a daughter of the proud house of Winton, does not appear to have felt flattered by the attentions of Beton, who, though "*de fort bonne maison*," according to Brantôme, was but the younger son of a younger son. Despairing of success on his own merits, Andrew Beton at last wrote to his brother, the Archbishop, requesting him to engage their royal mistress's influence in furtherance of his suit. The Queen, with whom, as we know, match-making was an amiable weakness, accepted the part offered her, and the result of her negotiations is best explained by her own letter to the Archbishop :—

According to the promise conveyed to you in my last letter, I have, on three several occasions, spoken to my maid. After raising several objections based on the respect due to the honor of her house—according to the custom of my country—but more particularly on the vow which she alleges, and which she maintains, can neither licitly nor honorably be broken, she has at last yielded to my remonstrances and earnest persuasions, and dutifully submitted to my commands, as being those of a good mistress and of one who stands to her in the place of a mother, trusting that I shall have due consideration both for her reputation and for the confidence which she has placed in me. Therefore, being anxious to gratify you in so good an object, I have taken it upon myself to obtain for her a dispensation from her alleged vow, which I hold to be null. If the opinion of theologians should prove to coincide with mine in this matter, it shall be my care to see to the rest. In doing so, however, I shall change characters, for, as she has confidently placed herself in my hands, I shall have to represent not your interests, but hers. Now, as regards the first point, our man, whom I called into our presence, volunteered a little rashly, considering the difficulties which will arise, to undertake the journey himself, to bring back the dispensation, after having con-

sulted with you as to the proper steps to be taken, and to be with us again within three months, bringing you with him. I shall request a passport for him; do you, on your part, use your best endeavors for him; they will be needed, considering the circumstances under which I am placed. Furthermore, it will be necessary to write to the damsel's brother, to know how far he thinks I may go without appearing to give too little weight to the difference of degree and title.*

After having penned this interesting and well-meaning epistle, the Queen communicated it to Mary Seton, to whom, however, it did not appear a fair statement of the case, and for whose satisfaction a postscript was added :—

I have shown the above to the maiden, and she accuses me of over-partiality in this, that for shortness' sake, I have omitted some of the circumstances of her dutiful submission to me, in making which she still entertained a hope that some regard should be had for her vow, even though it prove to be null, and that her inclination should also be consulted, which has long been, and more especially since our captivity, rather in favor of remaining in her present state than of entering that of marriage. I have promised her to set this before you, and to give it, myself, that consideration which is due to her confidence in me. Furthermore, I have assured her that, should I be led to persuade her to enter into that state which is least agreeable to her, it would only be because my conscience told me that it was the better for her, and that there was no danger of the least blame being attached to her. She makes a great point of the disparity of rank and titles, and mentions in support of this that she heard fault found with the marriage of the sisters Livingston, merely for having wedded the younger sons of their peers, and she fears that, in a country where such formalities are observed, her own friends may have a similar opinion of her. But, as the Queen of both of them, I have undertaken to assume the whole responsibility, and to do all that my present circumstances will allow, to make matters smooth. You need, therefore, take no further trouble about this, beyond getting her brother to let us know his candid opinion.

With his mistress's good wishes, and with innumerable commissions from her ladies, Andrew Beton set out on his mission. Whether the dispensation was less easy to obtain than he at first fancied, or whether other circumstances, perhaps of a political nature, arose to delay him, twice the three months within which he had undertaken to return to Sheffield had elapsed before information of his homeward journey was received.

He had been successful in obtaining a theological opinion favorable to his suit, but it appeared that Mary Seton's objections to matrimony were not to be removed with her vow. This seems to be the meaning of a letter written to Beton by Mary Stuart, in which, after telling him that she will postpone the discussion of his affairs till his return, she pointedly adds that Mary Seton's letters to him must have sufficiently informed him as to her decision, and that she herself, though willing to help him by showing her hearty approval of the match, could give no actual commands in the matter. A similar letter to the Archbishop seems to point to a belief on Mary's part that, in spite of the dispensation, the match would never be concluded, and that Beton would meet with a bitter disappointment on his return to Sheffield. It was destined, however, that he should never again behold either his royal lady or her for whom he had undertaken the journey. He died on his way homewards; but we have no knowledge where or under what circumstances. The first intimation of the event is contained, as are, indeed, most of the details belonging to this period, in the Queen's correspondence. In a letter bearing the date of the 5th of November she expresses to the Archbishop her regret at the failure of her project to unite the Betons and the Setons, as well as at the personal loss she has sustained by the death of a faithful subject and servant.

With this episode our knowledge of Mary Seton's history is nearly exhausted. There is no further reference to her in the correspondence of the next six years, during which she continued to share her Queen's captivity. About the year 1583, when her own health had broken down under the hardships to which she was subjected in the various prisons to which she followed Mary Stuart, she begged and obtained permission to retire to France. The remainder of her life was spent in the seclusion of the abbey of St. Peter's, at Rheims, over which Renée de Lorraine, the Queen's maternal aunt, presided.

The last memorial which we have of Mary Seton is a touching proof of the affection which she still bore her hapless Queen, and of the interest with which,

* The original is written in French.

from her convent cell, she still followed the course of events. It is a letter, written in October, 1586, to Courcelles, the new French ambassador at Holyrood; it refers to her long absence from Scotland, and concludes with an expression of regret at the fresh troubles which had befallen the captive Queen, in con-

sequence, it may be supposed, of Babington's conspiracy:—

I cannot conclude without telling you the extreme pain and anxiety I feel at the distressing news which has been reported here, that some new trouble has befallen the Queen, my mistress. Time will not permit me to tell you more.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

NEITHER by training nor disposition was Edward Wollstonecraft fitted for agricultural pursuits, yet a farmer he chose to be. His farming operations were a succession of failures; he wasted over them a considerable fortune inherited from an industrious father. He was always changing his place of residence, appearing now in one county, now in another, yet without improving his condition. Quick-tempered by nature, disappointment rendered him morose; and when he took to drinking—which he did at last—his fits of violence were a terror to those about him. His wife was a quiet, submissive woman, whose one aim was to keep him in good humor.

Their eldest daughter was named Mary. Of her appearance, as a girl, nothing has been recorded. Her portrait by Opie, taken in later life, shows her to have possessed an abundance of wavy hair, fine expressive eyes (of a "light brown," writes Southey), and full lips. Like most other children with sound constitutions, reared in the country, she was healthy and active, liking rather to romp with her brothers than dandle dolls. She was a favorite with neither of her parents. Often was she scolded without reason, or punished for what she had not done. This very treatment was the cause of her getting to think for herself, and act independently of others, while still young. As she advanced in years, her force of character obtained her a distinct influence at home. Her brothers and sisters looked to her for advice, her mother for assistance. Her father, even when most enraged, would yield to a reproof from her, and become gentle for a space.

In 1774, when Mary was between fifteen and sixteen, the Wollstonecraft

family moved from Beverley, where they had passed seven years, to Hoxton. This step was taken to allow Mr. Wollstonecraft to pay close attention to some commercial speculation on which he had entered, and from which he expected to reap golden profits. His usual ill-luck, however, attended him in the venture, and he lost instead of making money.

It was at this time that Mary made the acquaintance of a needy family named Blood. She and Fanny Blood, the eldest daughter, conceived, at first sight, a strong affection for each other. They were unlike. Mary had excellent natural abilities, but little or no education. Fanny, though slow, was studious. She undertook to instruct her friend, and her lessons were not thrown away. When Mary, later on, had to take to her pen for a livelihood, she found how much she owed to the other's teaching.

In 1780, Mrs. Wollstonecraft died. Mr. Wollstonecraft, soon afterwards, married again, and settled down permanently in Carmarthenshire, where he continued to drown care in the bowl. This was the signal for a general break-up in his family. His two younger sons, still boys, remained with him for a bit, but his three daughters departed. Mary went to live with the Bloods, and earned enough by her needle to pay for her board and lodging; the second sister, Everina, undertook to keep house for her eldest brother, who was practising as an attorney in London; the third, Eliza, made a hasty, imprudent marriage with an objectionable man named Bishop, from whom she separated after enduring much ill-treatment.

Mary had long since decided that teaching, for which she had a real turn,

was her vocation in life. It seemed a fitting moment, now that her sister was homeless, to make a beginning. It was arranged that she and Eliza should open a school, and that Fanny Blood, from whom she was unwilling to part, should live with and assist them. Lodgings were therefore procured at Islington, and a few pupils obtained; but things did not go satisfactorily. Fanny soon returned home, while Mary and Mrs. Bishop removed to Newington, where their brother, the attorney, helped them to start afresh. This time, the prospect seemed brighter. The number of their pupils rose steadily: they also received lodgers. Prompted by this seeming prosperity, they induced their sister Everina to join them, and installed themselves in a larger house—an unwise step, which brought them into debt.

Early in 1785, Fanny Blood married a Mr. Skeys, a merchant settled in Portugal, and went with him to Lisbon. Before the year was out, Mary heard of her friend's serious illness, and started at once for Lisbon, to nurse her; but she arrived only to find her dying. She had a stormy voyage home, with a narrow escape from shipwreck. Her cares had not decreased in her absence. Owing to her sisters' mismanagement, the school had dwindled to nothing: the lodgers too, for the same cause, had taken themselves off. In addition to this, she learned that Mr. and Mrs. Blood, Fanny's father and mother, were in the utmost pecuniary distress. The thought that she was unable to help them afflicted her keenly. The following extract from a letter, written to a friend at the time, will show what was her state of mind:

"Let me turn my eyes on which side I will, I can only anticipate misery. Are such prospects as these likely to heal an almost broken heart? The loss of Fanny was sufficient of itself to have thrown a cloud over my brightest days; what effect then must it have when I am bereft of every other comfort? I have too many debts. I cannot think of remaining any longer in this house, the rent is so enormous; and where to go, without money or friends, who can point out? My eyes are very bad, and my memory gone. I am not fit for any situation; and as for Eliza, I don't know what will become of her. My constitution is impaired. I hope I shan't live long, yet I may be a tedious time dying."*

* "William Godwin, his Friends and Con-

But she strove to shake off despondency, and set to work at her first literary effort, a pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters." For this she received from the publisher ten guineas, which sum she handed to the Bloods, to enable them to get to Ireland, where Mr. Blood hoped to obtain employment.

Their school-keeping having failed, the three sisters agreed that it would be advisable to seek their fortunes separately. Mary was not sorry at the dissolution of partnership. Her sisters were not constituted as she was. To one of her energetic spirit, their constant presence was a drag. In the summer of 1787, both Everina and Eliza obtained situations as governesses, while Mary herself, in October of the same year, accepted a similar post in the family of Lord Kingsborough, in Ireland, at a yearly salary of forty pounds. She did so with great reluctance:

"I by no means like the prospect of being a governess," she writes. "To live only on terms of civility and common benevolence, without any interchange of little acts of kindness and tenderness, would be to me extremely irksome."

With such misgiving did she set out for Mitchelstown Castle, the home of the Kingsboroughs. The present Castle of Mitchelstown is a splendid edifice—an imposing collection of towers, turrets, and battlemented walls. It stands in a broad breezy valley, through which a river ripples windingly. To the south rises the Kilworth, to the north the Galtee range of mountains—the latter with points soaring to a height of three thousand feet. A castle occupied this picturesque site at the time we speak of; but it was small compared to the present one. It was a stately building nevertheless, and in keeping with the character of the surrounding scenery. Its aspect rather awed than pleased Mary:

"There was such a solemn kind of stupidity about this place," says she, writing a few days after her arrival, "as froze my very blood. I entered the great gates with the same kind of feeling as I should have if I was going into the Bastille."

Had her spirits not been hopelessly

temporaries," by C. Kegan Paul, vol. i., p. 80. From this work most of the quotations in the present paper are made.

depressed, she might have been contented, for she was received by her employers in a friendly manner, and her duties were not onerous. She speaks of Lady Kingsborough as "civil, nay kind," and of the rest of the party (the house was full of guests) as treating her "like a gentlewoman." Yet the atmosphere was uncongenial. The people surrounding her were of a type she had never met before, and for their foibles she could hardly make allowance. Lady Kingsborough was an odd mixture of shrewdness and affectation. Except to bully them occasionally, she took little notice of her children. She made a ridiculous fuss though about her dogs, to which she lisped out endearments in French. After a fortnight's acquaintance, Mary dismisses her ladyship and her friends thus, "Confined to the society of a set of silly females, I have no social converse; and their boisterous spirits, and unmeaning laughter, exhaust me." Retiring from such intercourse, she would seek solitude in the schoolroom, and there listen to the moaning of the wind, form figures in the fire, or watch the clouds settling on the mountains.

Mary had not held her situation a year, before a trifling difference with Lady Kingsborough led to her amicable dismissal. She hailed her emancipation with joy. While in Ireland, she had continued to correspond with Mr. Johnson, the publisher of her pamphlet on education. It was to him she turned at this juncture. He received her encouragingly, and offered her literary employment. She had confidence enough in her own powers to snatch at the proposal.

"I am going to be the first of a new genus," she tells her sister Everina. "I tremble at the attempt; yet, if I fail, I only suffer. Freedom, even uncertain freedom, is dear. This project has long floated in my mind. You know I am not born to tread in the beaten track; the peculiar bent of my nature pushes me on."

Very soon she was settled at a little house in George Street, Blackfriars, and working away busily. She had already finished a tale called "Mary," which Mr. Johnson hastened to publish. She now completed another short work entitled "Original Stories from Real Life." This last went forth to the

world with the advantage of illustrations by Blake—illustrations sometimes graceful, sometimes ghastly; wherein women and children are pleasingly drawn, but men are given heads too fiendish for description. She also translated from German and French, and contributed articles to the "Analytical Review," besides "reading" for her publisher. It was no selfish motive that spurred her to work, but a determination to be useful to her relations, all of them in difficulties. She was able to offer a home to her sisters when out of place. She summoned her two younger brothers from South Wales, afforded them some much-needed education, and started them in life. She took in hand the settlement of her father's affairs, now sadly involved; but this proved a hopeless task. Her father, for the remaining years of her life, continued, in a great measure, dependent on her for support. In this manner, two years fled by. When weary of toil, she would repair to the house of Mr. Johnson, in St. Paul's Churchyard, where she was always welcome. A talk with this good friend would calm and reassure her when in trouble. Beneath his roof she met many people whose society interested her, among them the author William Godwin, and the artist Henry Fuseli.

She was at heart a Republican. The outbreak of the French Revolution enlisted her warmest sympathy. When Burke's celebrated "Reflections" on that event appeared, she was the first among many writers to come forward with a reply. This reply, which was widely read at the time, is violent throughout, and in parts vigorous. After flying at Burke himself and his "slavish paradoxes," she deals stunning blows at established authority in its various forms. The House of Commons, the clergy (as a class), and hereditary nobility, the law of primogeniture, the game laws, are felled promiscuously. Her rather wild *brochure* caught the public ear. Before long her voice was again raised. This time the subject was one on which she had long been meditating. Her "Vindication of the Rights of Women" is the work by which her name is chiefly remembered. She intended that it should fill two volumes; but there is little reason to regret that it never ad-

vanced beyond one. It is pitched in the same shrill key as her reply to Burke, but is far more daring and outspoken. As an essay it is too long; there is little or no arrangement; the same ideas, clothed in different words, recur; she is always rambling from her subject, and returning (when she does return) as if by accident. There is, nevertheless, much that is just and true in what she advances; and it must be remembered that many of the changes she advocates so zealously in the condition of women have since come to pass. Her main argument seems to have been that the women of her day were fools, and would infallibly continue so, till an improved education gave scope to their reason. Men, she declared to be despots, anxious to keep women ignorant for fear of losing authority over them.

"Strengthen the female mind by enlarging it," she pleads, "and there will be an end to blind obedience; but as blind obedience is ever sought for by power, tyrants and sensualists are in the right when they endeavor to keep women in the dark, because the former only want slaves, and the latter a plaything."

The remedy she suggests for this state of things is the establishment of government elementary day-schools, free and open to all classes, wherein little boys and girls may be educated together. Their childhood over, these young people—youths and maidens still together—are to continue their studies at more advanced day-schools, there obtaining instruction suitable for the careers they have severally chosen. In defence of this system, she asserts that

"Marriage will never be held sacred till women, being brought up with men, are prepared to be their companions rather than their mistresses; for the mean doublings of cunning will ever render them contemptible, whilst oppression renders them timid."

In pursuing her theme, she pauses now and then to gibbet vice and hypocrisy, or lay bare the worst flaws in our social system. Nor does she mince her words. The ugliest things are called by their right names. Her work was received with a storm of censure. Men were provoked, and women shocked, by its subversive tendency.* At the same time it had an extensive sale, and was

translated into French and German, besides securing for the writer a notoriety by no means distasteful to her.

But questions of political and social reform did not exclusively occupy her mind. Notwithstanding her opinion that men were "systematic tyrants," she was fully prepared, herself, to give their tyranny a trial. The following confession, written three years later, proves it:

"For years have I endeavored to calm an impetuous tide, laboring to make my feelings take an orderly course. It was striving against the stream. I must love and admire with warmth, or I sink into sadness." *

It has been mentioned that she often met Fuseli, the artist, at Mr. Johnson's. Fuseli was abrupt and overbearing in manner, but clever, cultured, and entertaining. He and she thought alike on many public questions, and their intimacy was a source of pleasure to both. We learn from Knowles, in his "Life of Fuseli" (and Godwin, who certainly ought to have known, confirms the story), that Mary, starting no doubt with sentiments the most platonic, fell by degrees in love with the artist, who was already provided with a wife. Fuseli, perceiving this, tried to avoid her; but she acted with strange impetuosity. While writing her "Vindication," she had been in danger of becoming a sloven. "She wore," says Knowles, "a habit of coarse cloth, black worsted stockings, and a beaver hat, with her hair hanging lank about her shoulders." She now began to dress becomingly, left her modest residence in Blackfriars for well-furnished rooms in Bloomsbury, and spent much of her time in writing letters to Fuseli full of professions of regard. According to Knowles, she had "the temerity to go to Mrs. Fuseli, and tell her that she wished to become an inmate in her family." Mrs. Fuseli, however, declined the proposal.

Mary resolved to try what change of scene might do, to enable her to forget this attachment. A desire seized her to witness the events proceeding in France, where the tempest of revolution was raging. She fired a parting epistolary shot at Fuseli, begging his pardon "for having disturbed the quiet tenor of his life," and then set out for Paris. She

* Horace Walpole, writing to Hannah More, pronounces Mary a "philosophizing serent."

* "Letters from Norway."

got there in the middle of December 1792. As she came with letters of introduction, she made acquaintance with many notable people, among them some revolutionary leaders. She was oftenest to be found at the house of a couple named Christie, country people of her own. It was here that she met an American, one Gilbert Imlay, who had served in the army during the War of Independence. Our information regarding this person is wholly derived from herself. She alludes to him, in writing to her sister Everina, as

"a most worthy man, who joins to uncommon tenderness of heart and quickness of feeling, a soundness of understanding and reasonableness of temper rarely to be met with. Having also been brought up in the interior parts of America, he is a most natural, unaffected creature."

We find him credited too, in her letters to himself, with "an honest countenance," also with "eyes glistening with sympathy," and "lips softer than soft." So the outward man, it would seem, was attractive—at any rate to her.

In February 1793, France declared war against England. A decree for the imprisonment of all English residents in the country, till peace should be made, soon followed. For some time before this, English folks had been scrambling for passports, and hurrying off. Mary, however, did not move. The deep interest in her, and her position, shown by Gilbert Imlay—an interest to which her susceptible nature at once responded—detained her. In order to avoid observation as much as possible, she moved from Paris to Neuilly, where she received constant visits from Imlay. Between them, love quickly succeeded friendship. There was a difficulty in the way of their marrying, even had either of them wished it. Had such a ceremony taken place, Mary would have had to declare herself a British subject, and thereby have incurred danger: whereas, by putting herself under the protection of an American, and assuming his name, she was safe from molestation. This, with other excuses less valid, has been urged to account for her consenting to live with Imlay as his wife, without being married to him. Yet facts are stubborn things, and it is a fact that, among other advanced theories, she held the sanction of Law and

Church to the union of man and woman to be superfluous. Even afterwards, when her connection with Imlay had brought her nothing but misery, she clung to this opinion, merely admitting that she had neglected to take "vulgar precautions," and had shown, perhaps, "want of prudence."

In August, she and Imlay were living together in Paris. The following month, he went to Havre on business, leaving her behind. Her letters to him, commencing from this date, were published after her death. They are, as Mr. Paul observes, "the letters of a tender and devoted wife, who feels no doubt of her position." Her tone is now and then a little petulant, for Imlay's obdurate silence alarmed her. She upbraids him for his neglect. He chides her in return, alleging that, in both their interests, he must devote himself to money-making. This brings her to her knees at once, and she cries:

"Pardon the vagaries of a mind that has been almost 'crazed by care,' as well as 'crossed in hapless love,' and bear with me a little longer."*

The shadow of approaching trouble was already darkening her path. She was expecting to become a mother: she was cut off from correspondence with her family: she was all alone in the midst of the Revolution. Although a sincere sympathiser with the cause of liberty, the cruelties daily perpetrated by those in power revolted her. At last, after four months had elapsed, Imlay agreed to her joining him at Havre, which she did about the middle of January 1794. In the following May, her daughter Fanny was born. Soon after, Imlay betook himself to London.

When Imlay first embarked in business, he had a definite plan for the future. It was to accumulate a thousand pounds, buy a farm in America, and settle down thereon with the companion he had chosen. But now his ideas soared far above farms. Nothing would satisfy him but to amass wealth, and secure what he called "a certain situation in life." He had promised to rejoin Mary as early as he could, but he never came. She wrote to him regu-

* This declaration of having been "crossed in hapless love," refers doubtless to her attachment to Fuseli.

larly, but he seldom answered her. When he did, it was only to explain that some freshly-conceived plan needed all his attention. She strove to win him back, now entreating, now warning.

"Beware!" she writes. "You seem to be got into a whirl of projects and schemes which are drawing you into a gulph that, if it do not destroy your happiness, will infallibly destroy mine. Fatigued during my youth by the most arduous struggles not only to obtain independence, but to render myself useful, not merely the pleasures for which I had the most lively taste—I mean the simple pleasures that flow from passion and affection—escaped me, but the most melancholy views of life were impressed by a disappointed heart on my mind. Since I knew you, I have been endeavoring to go back to my former nature, and have allowed some time to glide away winged with the delight which only spontaneous enjoyment can give. Why have you so soon dissolved the charm?"

It is impossible to reflect on her position without pity. She was dependent for money-supplies on a partner-in-business of Imlay's, whom she particularly disliked: sometimes, rather than apply to him, she would endure privation. Her suspicion that Imlay really meant to abandon her increased till it became a maddening conviction. Anxiety on her child's account, far more than on her own, was undermining her health. Thus eight miserable months passed away. Suddenly, in April 1795, Imlay summoned her to join him in London. His reason was that he required her to see to his affairs, during a journey which his interest in the timber-trade obliged him to make to Norway. She accordingly set out for England—"a country," to use her own words, "that has not merely lost all charms for me, but for which I feel a repugnance that almost amounts to horror." On their meeting, Imlay was cold and constrained: his replies to her questions were evasive. Presently the truth slipped out. He was living with an actress. However distressing may have been this discovery, it is surprising that to one with Mary's strong religious feeling (for such she unquestionably had) and store of philosophy, suicide should have appeared the only resource. She resolved to abandon her helpless child, and die. Imlay, somehow, was apprised of her intention, and succeeded in dissuading her from carrying it out. At the same time, he desired to be rid of her. It occurred to him that she might

go to Norway in his place. He had perfect confidence in her good sense, judgment, and devotion to his interests. He pointed out that the journey would be good for her broken health; and she, poor woman, readily consented, thinking that by performing her mission successfully, she might earn his gratitude and regain his heart. Accordingly he gave her a written commission, signed and witnessed, empowering her to act in his behalf. In this document he described her as his "best friend and wife."

In company with her child (now a year old) and a little French maid, Mary set out on her journey. Her well-known "Letters from Norway" give an account of her adventures. They were addressed to Imlay, and, in their original state, contained much that referred to matters of business. This was struck out in preparing them for publication. "If ever there was a book," observes Godwin, in allusion to these letters, "calculated to make a man fall in love with its author, this appears to me to be the book." They certainly possess a genuine charm, and can be read with interest still. The writer moved about with her eyes open, observing everything and making sensible remarks on the condition of the country and its inhabitants. After the terrible time she had passed in France, surrounded by crime and bloodshed, she seemed to have entered a realm of peace. It was the month of July, and a glorious spell of summer weather had set in. Reclining on a grassy eminence near Tonsberg, she gazed with rapture on the stupendous rocks that gird the Norwegian coast, on the bay with its verdant islets, on the calm sunlit sea flecked with white sails. Yet even as she gazed, her sorrow welled up, and the remembrance of her wrongs made her eyes overflow. The pure invigorating air she breathed soon restored her to health. With health, hope began to revive. Her fancy, always active, dwelt fondly on a vision of happiness in the future.

Imlay had given her a sort of promise that he would meet her at Hamburg on her return from Norway. On getting there she found, instead of himself, a chilling letter, in which he hinted that a permanent separation between them would be desirable. He would continue

though, he assured her, to take an interest in her welfare, and provide for her maintenance.

Impatient to know the worst, and bring things to a point, she hurried to London. Here her gravest suspicions were confirmed. Imlay made no pretence of welcoming her. For transacting his business for him in Norway (with results on the whole satisfactory) he hardly thanked her. She quickly discovered that he had set up a new mistress. A violent scene ensued between them, the result being that Mary, for a second time, determined to take her own life. She addressed Imlay in a final letter.

"I shall make no comments on your conduct," were her words, "or any appeal to the world. Let my wrongs sleep with me! Soon, very soon, shall I be at peace. When you receive this, my burning head will be cold."

It was on a misty October evening that she approached the river at Battersea. Her intention was to seek death on this spot; but, fancying she might be observed, she hired a boat, and had herself rowed to Putney, where she landed. Night had meanwhile descended, and with it a downpour of rain. She walked up and down Putney Bridge for half an hour, in order to let her clothes become so soaked as to ensure her sinking. During that time nobody passed her. At last she mounted the parapet, and plunged in. As her fall was long, she sank deep. She remained acutely sensible throughout her immersion, and on rising again to the surface drew her clothes tightly around her lest they should, by spreading, keep her afloat. Again she sank, with the hissing flood above and beside her. And now she began to experience the agony of suffocation, which, though really brief, seems interminable to the drowning. But Providence did not will that she should die thus. Some men in a passing boat beheld her inanimate body borne toward them, and by them she was saved. She was taken to the nearest house, and slowly brought back to life. It is said that those snatched from death by drowning suffer indescribable torture while being restored to consciousness. We learn from Godwin that the pain Mary underwent on this occasion was such that "it would have been impossi-

ble for her to resolve upon encountering the same sensations again."

From her first asylum, she was removed to the house of her friend Mrs. Christie, in Finsbury Square. Here she regained her strength, but that was all. Her desire to quit the world continued unabated. She was not long in resuming her pen, and addressing her deserter:

"I have only to lament that when the bitterness of death was past, I was inhumanly brought back to life and misery. But a fixed determination is not to be baffled by disappointment, nor will I allow that to be a frantic attempt which was one of the calmest acts of reason."

Imlay, it appears, had sent a doctor to see her, and had written to remonstrate with her on her rashness. He abstained, however, from visiting her himself. She was much incensed by this, as also by his continued assurances that he would gladly supply the means of support to herself and her child:

"I want not such vulgar comfort," she responds, "nor will I accept it. I never wanted but your heart; that gone, you have nothing more to give. Had I only poverty to fear, I should not shrink from life. Forgive me then if I say that I shall consider any direct or indirect attempt to supply my necessities as an insult which I have not merited, and as rather done out of tenderness for your own reputation than for me."

The moment had now arrived for her to break completely with Imlay, and root out all remembrance of him from her heart. But this, with all her resolution, she could not do. The pertinacity with which she clung to this unworthy man is beyond belief. But Imlay had not the slightest intention of renewing the tie. He returned her a heavy bundle of her letters, and begged of her not to torment him any longer. After this, she gave up the chase. Of Imlay we hear no more.

Five years had elapsed since Mary had met William Godwin for the first time at Mr. Johnson's. Godwin was then planning his "Political Justice," while Mary had just given to the world her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." The impression they made on each other was scarcely favorable. Godwin, though he admitted her to be "a person of active and independent

thinking," considered that she talked over-much, and too vehemently; while she was tempted to put him down as a pedant. A chance meeting at the house of a mutual friend brought them together again now. Her "Letters from Norway," which he had just been reading, had fairly enchanted him. The appearance of the writer, softened and humbled by misfortune, interested him deeply, and he did not disguise his feelings. Nor was she disposed to repel his advances. In the author of that gloomy, powerful romance, "Caleb Williams," she saw before her the most celebrated literary character of the day. Her heart yearned for sympathy and affection. Here, at least, she felt that she could trust. She lost no time in establishing herself at a lodging near her admirer's residence in Pentonville. "From that time," Godwin tells us, "our intimacy increased by regular, but almost imperceptible degrees."

Mary's opinions respecting marriage were unchanged. Godwin thought as she did on the subject. That people of opposite sexes should pair, like birds in the spring, was, they considered, quite right; but that they should be bound together by any religious or legal tie, if they wished to separate, was quite wrong. They therefore dispensed with a wedding, and set up house together. They changed their minds, though, some months later, and proceeding to old St. Pancras Church, were made one in due form. This fact was soon after revealed to their friends. Here is Godwin's account of the affair:

"The principal motive for our complying with this ceremony, was the circumstance of Mary's being in a state of pregnancy. She was unwilling, and perhaps with reason, to incur that exclusion from the society of many valuable and excellent individuals, which custom awards in cases of this sort. I should have felt an extreme repugnance to the having caused her such an inconvenience. And, after the experiment of seven months of as intimate an intercourse as our respective modes of living would admit, there was certainly less hazard to either in the subjecting ourselves to those consequences which the laws of England annex to the relations of husband and wife."

Their marriage was a tardy concession

to the world's opinion—so tardy indeed that it may be said to have failed in its purpose. There were some of their acquaintances, who, though aware of what Mary's relations with Imlay had been, and with Godwin were, eagerly sought their society. Yet, strange to tell, these same persons, when informed of their marriage, dropped them at once. The Godwins did not allow this to disturb them much. They were entirely happy in each other—yet of the days that they were to pass together, very few remained. In September 1797, Mrs. Godwin died in giving birth to a daughter. She had not completed her thirty-ninth year. She was buried in old St. Pancras Churchyard. Godwin survived her thirty-nine years. In 1836, his remains were laid beside hers. Their resting-place was at last invaded by the construction of the Midland Railway, which runs through the centre of the once peaceful enclosure. The bodies of both were then removed to Bournemouth.

Mary left two children. The younger of these, her daughter by Godwin, became the wife of the poet Shelley. The elder—who, although Imlay's daughter, bore the name of Godwin—came to a sad end. She grew up an amiable, attractive girl, and proved a useful companion to her step-father and his second wife, from the latter of whom she did not always receive the most considerate treatment. Though habitually cheerful, she was subject to fits of despondency. For many years she was ignorant of the circumstances attending her birth; but they were at length disclosed to her by her mother's sisters, whose acquaintance she only made in 1816. In October of that year, she set out alone to pay these aunts a visit in South Wales. The last stage on her journey was Swansea, and she rested for the night at an inn there. The next morning she was found dead in her room, having poisoned herself with laudanum. Near her lay a slip of paper, on which she had inscribed her determination "to put an end to the existence of a being whose birth was unfortunate."

—*Temple Bar.*

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARM OF WAR.

It must, we fear, be admitted that, except with a very few men upon whom the feminine side of Christianity—the side which preaches resignation—has taken a strong hold, or who realize with painful thoroughness the horrors inseparable from battle, war, as such, has for cultivated mankind a distinct intellectual charm. It attracts them as nothing else does, until in its presence they cannot turn their eyes away, and every other subject of thought becomes comparatively insipid, and this even if the war is not one in which they are personally concerned. Of course, if they are, their absorption is easily explained. The results of a war are so tremendous and far-reaching, they affect all interests so deeply, and they may involve the future of a country so inextricably, that it is impossible for men who have any patriotic or political imagination at all not to study its progress, and even its minute details, with concentrated attention. One big blunder in war may prostrate a nation. Even when, as is rarely the case, invasion is out of the question, the incidents of a campaign, the conduct of the troops, the capacity or imbecility of the Generals, become matters of personal and vital interest,—a victory seems a pleasure beyond all others, a defeat a cruel and individual catastrophe. Men's interests, their hopes, their virtues, their foibles, and their fears are so involved in a war in which the nation is engaged, that every turn of fortune is an event of personal moment, and the excitement becomes as intense as if the onlooker were himself engaged. Men have been known to go mad with joy after a great victory, and to sicken mortally of the grief produced by a great defeat, and this in cases when, as it turned out, neither victory nor defeat lingered long in the general memory. There is nothing to be explained in that kind of interest; but the intellectual charm of war extends much further than this. Wars which are not ours interest us nearly as much as wars which are. Scores of thousands of Englishmen followed the great American Civil War with an attention which missed no detail; and the European world watched the duel between France

and Germany with a gaze which was almost painful in its intensity of watchfulness. The journals, which always reflect the popular curiosity better than the popular thought, were full of nothing else; and the excitement was felt as keenly by men ordinarily devoted to study as by men who had been soldiers, or—a curiously common case in a nation so devoted to civil pursuits—were soldiers by inner prepossession. It is usual to ascribe this attraction to unconscious self-interest, a desire that one or the other side should win; but we do not think that has very much to do with the matter. The onlookers in a war take sides, no doubt, often enthusiastically, and with a persistence which it is not easy to explain; but it is not because of their hopes or fears that they become so absorbed. They are hardly less attracted by the wars of history, which they ought to regard without passion; and there may be keen excitement, though they fail to decide which side they wish to win. The English people in the Franco-German War swerved distinctly from one side to the other; but they watched Gambetta and Chanzy with as much interest as they had watched Bismarck and Von Moltke. Moreover, invisible wars, though they may strongly affect the interests of men, do not exercise this attraction. The war waged by France in Tonquin has hardly been watched at all, while the two great Chinese wars of our day have hardly received anything beyond casual mention, and never, even when in progress, excited the slightest popular attention. Yet the war in Tonquin was in many respects the most important Colonial war of our time; and the two Chinese wars were, in the strangeness of their incidents and their awful consumption of human life, among the phenomenal occurrences of the century.

We suspect the truth to be that it is the variety of the excitements offered by war which, when the details are visible, so rapidly diffuses interest in them through classes the most diverse or far apart. Some, perhaps the majority, are attracted almost solely by the dramatic effects of a campaign. The changes in

war are so rapid and so wonderful, the action is so continuous, the situations are so scenic, that the spectators who perceive these things are lost in a kind of excitement. War fevers them as a spectacular drama fevers children. The sense of surprise which lies so deep in human nature, and is the mainspring at once of laughter and of rage, is constantly being evoked, as it is evoked by nothing else. No battle is ever quite certain, nor was there ever a campaign in which it was not possible that individual genius might create situations, or cause catastrophes of the most entirely unexpected kind. History itself—which, being past, is unchangeable—seems modified when the old army is beaten by the new one; and when Napoleon crushes the Austrians, or Von Moltke crushes the French, there is as much of material for amazement as if new forces from Heaven had descended into the field. Men love surprise; and no surprise could be greater than that of the skilled onlooker when Koeniggratz revealed the powers of the needle-gun, and Speichen showed to what kind of dreadful discipline the Prussian army had been wrought-up. Many spectators, again, who care less for dramatic effects, feel intensely the historic aspect of war, the light it throws on the martial capacities of the different peoples, on their organisation, and on their aspirations. "These Germans, then, are not dreamers." "These French are only great when they win." "These Russians die in heaps uselessly." "These Arabs are heroes." Such revelations as these, palpable and unmistakable, beyond argument as beyond alteration, enchant observers with historic minds, and seem to them to throw on the past a stronger light even than on the present. They feel in themselves that they know what they previously only fancied, and are as delighted, sometimes, we fear, as callously delighted, as physiologists with a successful experiment on the living. To this writer, for example, the true "charm" of the Soudanese war, which he followed in every detail, was the marvellous light it flung on the whole history of the Arabs, the difference it made to his whole view of Asia, to see that there were tribes still existing in whom were all the capacities for war

which once changed the fate, and the face, of half the world. Then there is the passionate interest excited by great individualities. Nothing arouses this like war, because no human being, except sometimes a great king, is so visible, so transparent as far as his capacities are concerned, as a great General. His strokes, his ideas, his shifts, are studied like those of a superior being, and whole nations wince if he has made a palpable mistake, or is cut off before he has executed his plans. The portrait-gallery of the mind, which to many men—to all good diplomatists, for example—is more interesting than even history, gets thoroughly filled in war. It is Wellington who interests, not the British army; it is the fate of Gordon that attracts, not that of Khartoum. So widely-spread is this feeling, that between 1800 and 1815 the thoughts of nations fixed themselves upon Napoleon till he filled an unnatural space in their imaginations, and came to be regarded as if he had supernatural methods of controlling war. For ten years at least, his death would throughout Europe have instantly altered every soldier's opinion of the chances of his own army. And finally, there is the interest in the mighty "game" itself, in the moves on the "measureless table dread," which secure victory or ensure defeat. If the faculty of strategy—strategy as distinguished from tactics—is not much more widely-spread than is believed—and we have heard good soldiers say that every first-rate huntsman is a General spoiled—the interest in strategy is; and it is one of the most absorbing kind. Of the thousands who watch the turns of a campaign, hundreds, whether qualified or not, form an opinion as to the merits of the last move, and the necessity for the next; and when it is made, feel all the delight or pain of personal success or failure. One rarely meets the mute, inglorious Milton; but the non-fighting Jomini is at every corner, and though often a fool, is occasionally singularly sharp-witted. Add to the lovers of the great drama, to the lovers of history, to the enthusiasts for ability, and to the men who delight in chess with a country for table and brigades for pieces, the uncountable crowd who only feel alive when emotions are strong and dangers

great, and events cataclysmal, and we shall understand pretty fairly the wide diffusion of the interest in war, which develops in some minds, often belonging to sedentary people, into a consuming passion. To such a man—and he is

not always as bad as Quakers think—life is never vivid or interesting, except when nations, among whom perhaps he has never lived, are struggling with each other to make history go their way.—*Spectator.*

THE COMING WAR.

BY PRINCE P. KROPOTKIN.

IF I were asked to give my opinion, as a geographer, on the pending conflict on the Afghan frontier, I should merely open the volume of Elisée Reclus's *Géographie Universelle, L'Asie Russe*, and show the pages he has consecrated under this head to the description of the Afghan Turkistan. Summing up the results of his extensive, careful, and highly impartial studies of Central Asia, Reclus has not hesitated to recognise that, "geographically, the upper Oxus and all the northern slope of the Iran and Afghan plateaux belong to the Ural-Caspian region," and that "the growing influence of the Slavonian might cannot fail to unite, sooner or later, into one political group, the various parts of this immense basin." And, surely, nobody who has studied these countries without being influenced by political or patriotic preoccupations will deny that the Afghan Turkistan cannot be separated from the remainder of the Ural-Caspian region. Afghanistan proper may remain for some time the bone of contention between England and Russia; and if it be divided, one day or the other, into two parts by the two rivals—no geographical or physical reasons could be alleged for the partition; but the vassal Khanates of Maimene, Khulm, Kunduz, and even the Badakshan and Wakhran, certainly belong geographically and ethnographically to the same aggregation of tribes and small nations which occupies the remainder of the basin of the Amu-daria. "Arrangements" concluded by diplomatists may provisionally settle other frontiers: these frontiers will be, however, but provisory ones; the natural delimitation is along the Hindoo-Kush and the Paropamisus; Afghan Turkistan must rejoin the now Russian Turkistan.

The necessity, in Central Asia, of holding the upper courses of rivers which alone bring life to deserts, and the impossibility of leaving them in the hands of populations which to-morrow may become the enemies of the valleys; the necessities of traffic and commerce; the incapacity of the populations settled on the left bank of the Upper Amu to defend themselves against raids after they have lost in servility their former virile virtues; nay, even the national feelings of the Uzberg population, however feeble—all these and several other reasons well known to the explorers and students of those regions contribute to connect the whole of the basin of the Amu and the Murghab into *one* body. To divide it for political purposes would be to struggle against physical, ethnographical, and historical necessities. As to the Wakhran, the Shugnan, the Badakshan, and even the small khanates west of the Pamir, perhaps they could struggle some time for their independence if they were able to rise in arms like the Circassians; but they would necessarily succumb before the power which already holds the high pasture-grounds of the Pamir, since it has taken a footing on the Trans-Alay and about Lake Kara-kul. The fact is, that the Roof of the World already belongs to the generals of the Russian Tsar.

As soon as the Russian Empire had stepped into the delta of the Amu, the conquest of the whole of the basin of the Oxus, with its thinly scattered oases, with its populations which had not yet succeeded in constituting themselves into national units, became a sad necessity. The march on Khiva already implied the occupation of Merv; and, as soon as a footing was taken on the eastern coast of the Caspian, the conquest of Geok-

Tepe, of Merv, and of the last refuges of the Saryks at Penj-deh were unavoidable. The advance no longer depended on the will of the rulers : it became one of those natural phenomena which must be fulfilled sooner or later. Notwithstanding its seeming incoherence, its floating population, its small tribes now at war with one another and to-morrow allied together for a common raid ; notwithstanding the continuous wars between the desert which besieges the oasis—the whole of the Steppe is *one organism*. The separate parts are perhaps still more closely united together than the settled populations of valleys separated by low ranges of hills. Owing to the impressionability of its populations, the Steppe may remain for years together as quiet as an English village ; but suddenly it will be set on fire, be shattered in its farthest unapproachable parts, be covered with outbreaks stopping all intercourse for thousands of miles. African travellers know well how rapidly the physiognomy of the desert changes : the same is true with the Central Asian Steppe. Its internal cohesion cannot be destroyed by frontiers colored on our maps. Those who have entered the Steppe with their military forces have no choice ; either they must retire immediately, or they will be compelled to advance until they have met with the natural limits of the desert. This is the case with England in the Soudan, and so it is with Russia. She cannot stop before she has reached the utmost limits of the Steppe in the "Indian Caucasus" and the Hindoo-Kush.

Such is the opinion which a geographer, whatever his nationality, ought to give, and which I should give, but with sadness of heart. For, during the years I spent in Eastern Siberia I was enabled closely to appreciate what the anomalous, monstrous extension of the frontiers of the Russian Empire means for the Russian people. One must have stayed in one of our colonies to see, to feel, and to touch the burden, and the loss of strength which the population of Russia in Europe have to support in maintaining a military organisation on the absurdly extended frontiers of the Empire ; to reckon the heavy cost of the yearly extension of the limits of the Empire ; the demoralisation which re-

peated conquests steadily throw into the life of our country ; the expense of forces for assimilating ever new regions ; the loss resulting from emigration, as the best elements abandon their mother-country, instead of helping her to conquer a better future. The expansion of the Russian Empire is a curse to the metropolis. We must recognise that. But life in our Asiatic colonies teaches us also that this continual growth is taking the character of a fatality : it cannot be avoided ; and even if the rulers of Russia did nothing to accelerate it, it still would go on until the whole of the process is fulfilled.

Of course the expansion might have been slower ; it ought to have been slower. When the St. Petersburg Geographical Society was besieged in 1870-73 with schemes of exploration of the Amu basin, it was in the power of Government either to favor them or to abandon them to their proper destiny. Abandoned to itself, private initiative would have done but very little ; and none of the scientific expeditions which used to be the precursors of military advance would have started at all were they not literally, very literally, supported and patronised by Government. While geologists, botanists, engineers, and astronomers came to us every day to offer themselves for penetrating further and further into the Transcaspian region ; while we naïvely interested ourselves in discussions about the testimonies of Greek and Persian writers as to the old bed of the Amudaria, and planned detailed explorations, the Government took advantage of this scientific glow for planning its advance into the Turcoman Steppes, never refusing either money or Cossacks and soldiers to escort the geographers who dreamed of resolving the long-debated question as to the Uzbergs. While the Irkutsk geographers and geologists were compelled to start with a few hundred roubles and a broken barometer for the exploration of the great unknown Siberia, thousands of roubles were immediately voted by all possible Ministries for pushing forward the learned pioneers into the Transcaspian. This willingness to support scientific exploration, precisely in that direction, was obviously the result of a scheme long ago

elaborated at the Foreign Office for opening a new route towards the Indian frontier. Far from checking the advance—as it does on the Mongolian frontier—the Government favored it by all means.

Recently, we have been told by the *enfant terrible* Skobeleff what was the real meaning of this advance, "*vid Herat, to Constantinople*"—such, we are told, is the watchword of a group of Russian politicians; and when we consider the energy and consciousness displayed by Government in that matter, instead of the formerly quite unsystematical advance in Central Asia, we cannot but recognise that the advance in the Transcaspian region has been really made with a determined aim—the seizure of Herat. But in this case, the Afghan frontier question is no more a geographical or ethnographical question. It is not a question of more or less rapidly aggregating into one political body the loose populations scattered north of the "Indian Caucasus" and the Hindoo-Kush: it becomes a political question, and, as such, an economical one.

There was a time when so-called national jealousies were nothing more than personal jealousies between rulers. Nations were moved to war and thousands were massacred to revenge a personal offence, or to satisfy the ambition of an omnipotent ruler. But manners have changed now. The omnipotent despots are disappearing, and even the autocrats are mere toys in the hands of their *camarillas*, which *camarillas*, however personal their aims, still submit to some influence of the opinions prevailing among the ruling classes. Wars are no longer due to personal caprices, and still they are as numerous as, and much more cruel than, they formerly were. The Republican faith which said, "Suppress personal power, and you will have no wars," proved to be false. Thus, for instance, in the pending conflict between England and Russia no personal causes are at work. The Russian Tsar entertains personally quite friendly relations with English rulers, and surely he dreads war much more than any of his soldiers who would be massacred on the battle-fields. As to the English Premier, it is a secret to nobody that he tenderly, much too tenderly, looks on the "Tsar

of All the Russias," and still both countries are ready to fight. Not that the eighty millions of our peasants sing very warlike songs just now, as they are asking themselves how they will manage to keep body and soul together until the next harvest, the last handful of flour already having been swept up and eaten, together with dust and straw. Not that the English miners or weavers, who also ask themselves how to go through the industrial crisis, are inspired with much hatred towards the famine-struck Russian peasants. But it is so: gunpowder smells in the air, and a few weeks ago we were so near fighting that if we escape from war, it surely will be a very narrow escape. The reason is very plain. Wars are no more fought for personal reasons, still less are they occasioned by national idiosyncrasies: they are fought *for markets*.

What is, in fact, the chief, the leading principle of our production? Are we producing in order to satisfy the needs of the millions of our own countries? When launching a new enterprise, when creating a new branch of industry, when increasing an old one, and introducing therein the "iron slaves" we are so proud of—does the manufacturer ask himself whether his produce is needed by the people of his country? Sometimes he does; but, as he produces merchandise only *for selling*, only to realise certain benefits on selling, he seldom cares about the real needs of his own country—he merely asks himself whether he will find customers in any quarter of the earthball or not. The English people need some less cottons, and want some cheaper shoes—for instance, for the 110,585 boys and girls *under thirteen years of age* employed in Great Britain's textile industries—less velveteen, and some more cheap clothing for the inhabitants of Whitechapel; less fine cutlery, and some more bread. His only preoccupation is to know whether the Indian, the Central-Asian, the Chinese markets will absorb the cottons, the velveteen, and the cutlery which he will manufacture; whether new markets will be opened in Africa or New Guinea. And the producers themselves, the laborers, being reduced to live on twenty, on fifteen, and even twelve and ten shillings a week for a whole family,

are no customers for the riches produced in England; so that English produce goes in search of customers everywhere: among Russian landlords and Indian rajahs, among Papuans and Patagonians, but not among the paupers of White-chapel, of Manchester, of Birmingham. And all nations of Europe, imitating England, cherish the same ambition.

To produce for exportation—such is the last word of our economical progress, the watchword of our pseudo-economical science. The more a nation exports of manufactured ware, the richer it is; so were we taught in school, so are we told still by economists. All this, however, was very well with regard to England as long as England's manufacturing development was by a whole fifty years in advance of that of other countries of Europe, and all markets were open to her produce. But now, all other civilised countries are entering the same line of development; they endeavor, too, to produce their merchandise for selling throughout the world; they also produce for exportation; and, therefore, all our recent history becomes nothing but a steeple-chase after markets,—a struggle for customers on whom each European nation may impose the produce which her own producers are rendered unable to purchase. The "colonial politics" of later years mean nothing more. England has in India a colony to which she can export 20,000,000*l.* of cottons, and whence she can export 11,000,000*l.* of opium, realising on both some twenty millions of profits. No wonder that the ruling classes of France, of Germany, and of Russia try in their turn to find anywhere advantageous customers, that they endeavor to develop their own manufactures, also for exporting—no matter that their own people may go barefoot, or starve for want of a *Mehlsuppe* or of black bread. Russia is now beginning to enter on the same road. Her manufactures being not yet sufficiently developed, she exports the corn taken from the mouths of her peasants. When the tax-gatherer comes, our peasant is compelled to sell so much of his harvest that the remainder will hardly do to give him a scanty allowance of black bread for nine months out of twelve. He will mix grass, straw, and

bark with his flour; each spring one-third of our provinces will be on the verge of starvation; but the exports will rise, and economists will applaud the rapid economical development of the Northern "Empire;" they will foretell the time when the peasants, "having been liberated from the burden of land," will gather in towns and feed the ever-growing manufactures; when Russian merchants also will send their steamers on the oceans in search of customers and good profits. A new mighty runner joins thus the steeple-chase for markets and colonies.

Of course we may foresee that this anomalous organisation of industry, being not a physical necessity, but the result of a wrong direction taken by production, cannot last forever. Already we hear voices raised against this anomaly. We begin to perceive that, not to speak of countries so thinly peopled as Russia is, even the United Kingdom, with its 300 inhabitants per square mile, could yield for the whole of its population the necessary agricultural produce, and give them, together with a healthy occupation, a wealth not to be compared with the actual poverty of the millions. Already Belgium nourishes her 497 inhabitants per square mile with her own produce, and needs to add to her own yearly crops but one-twentieth of their amount imported from other countries. Yet Belgian agriculture is still very far from the pitch which might be reached, even under the present conditions of agricultural knowledge, not to speak of further improvements. Those are surely not far from the truth who say that, if all Great Britain were so cultivated as some of her estates are, if all ameliorations of her machinery were employed, not for weaving cottons for the earthball, but in producing what is necessary for her own people, she would give to all her children wealth such as only the few may now dream of. The time will come when it will be understood that a nation which lives on her colonies and on foreign trade is subject to decline, like Spain and Holland, and when applying their experience, their industry, their genius to the benefit of their own people, the civilised nations of Europe will no more consider the Far-East

and West as "markets," but as fields for diffusing the true principles of humanity and civilisation.

But we are still in that period when manufacturing for exportation is considered the only means of giving wealth to a country, and Russia's rising industry follows the example it has in its predecessors. Her manufactures are rapidly developing, and, notwithstanding many obstacles, her exports are steadily increasing. A free issue to the ocean becomes a necessity under these conditions; but this outlet is precisely what fails to the young competitor. The outlet of the Baltic may be shut up at a moment's notice, and that of the Black Sea depends on the good-will of those who will rule at Constantinople. At the same time Southern Russia is daily acquiring more and more importance, not only in consequence of the richness of the soil and the rapid growth of population, but also on account of the development of industry. The commercial and industrial centre of gravity of Russia slowly moves towards the south; but this south has no outlet to the ocean. Under more normal conditions the circumstance would be of no moment, though in foreign hands the Bosphorus still would remain open to pacific navigators. But with the actual nonsensical competition for markets the want of a free issue becomes a real danger. And it is obvious that the Russian Empire will never cease to struggle to conquer the outlet it is in need of. It will recoil before no sacrifices, no difficulties. It is already planning to reach this issue through Asia Minor, perhaps through the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates; it will bleed itself nigh to death, but it will still endeavor to reach its aim: and there will be no peace in Europe and Asia until the problem has been solved in one way or another.

Three times during our century—in 1828, 1853, and 1877—Russian statesmen have tried the direct way—that of conquering the Balkan peninsula. Happily enough for civilisation, they have not yet succeeded; but it must be acknowledged that, if they failed, it was not on account of the obstacles put in their way by English diplomatists. These last, to speak frankly, have been very awkward. Lord Beaconsfield found

nothing better to oppose to Russian advance than the disintegrating body of the Turkish Empire, or so fantastic a scheme—at least it is attributed to him—as that of uniting Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan into a common action! As to the Liberal Ministry, they patronised the Russian Tsar during the war and opposed him only when his decimated armies were unable to move farther. The Liberal Ministry came into power, to some extent, in consequence of the sympathies with the revolted and massacred Slavonians which were awakened in the people of England. But the Slavonians were forgotten as soon as Mr. Gladstone was in office. Obeying the influences which represented to him the Russian Tsar as a liberator, he founded the cause of the Slavonians with that of the Moscow manufacturers and St. Petersburg diplomatists; as to the Servians, the Bulgarians, the Bosnians, and the Herzegovinians, they were handed over, manacled, to Russian despotism and Austro-Hungarian militarism. Neither Conservatives nor Liberals perceived the only right way of preventing once for all any further attempt of Russia, and of Austria too, on the Balkan peninsula: that of recognising the rights of the South Slavonians to independence, and of helping them to conquer it, that of opposing to Russian autocrats—a South Slavonic Federation. Neither France nor England understood at that time that a South Slavonic Federation would be the best dam against Russian and Austrian encroachments; that if the Servians and the Bulgarians accepted Russian intervention surely it was not from mere sympathy: they would have sold themselves to the devil himself, provided he would promise to free them from the Turkish yoke. Once free, they would care as little about "Russian protection" as about Turkish rule. But apart from a few war correspondents, who cared in England about Slavonians?

Therefore, even the partial success of the Russian Empire during the last war brought about such sad consequences that several generations will hardly repair the evil already done. The Russian people gave the lives of their best children to help the oppressed Bulgarians, and they succeeded only in giving them

new oppressors worse than the former. The intervention of the Russian autocracy in Servia, its rule in Bulgaria, have killed in the bud all the excellent germs of healthy development which were growing up in Servia, and even in Bulgaria, before the war. It has lighted up internal war, it has opened an era of internal discords, which will not be pacified for twenty or fifty years. The heart bleeds when one learns what is now going on in Servia, since Russian generals inspire the Court and diplomatists struggle for "influence." Will it then never be understood in Europe that the only way of resolving "the Eastern question" is to guarantee a South Slavonic Federation a free life? As to the question of a free issue for Russian merchants it is quite different from that of keeping Constantinople, and the former can be resolved without endangering anybody's liberty in Europe.

And now, to return to Afghanistan. After having said so much about European interests, is it not time to say a few words, at least, about the interests of the Mohammedan population of Central Asia and of the 250,000,000 inhabitants of British India, for the possession of whom we are so ready to fight? Surely the loose aggregations of Central Asia will finally fall under the influence, or the rule, of some European Power. But, at the risk of shocking some of my readers, I must avow that it seems to me most desirable to see them remain as they are, free of that influence, as long as possible—until the Europeans, more civilised themselves, will be able to come to them, not as conquerors, but as elder brethren, more instructed and ready to help them by word and deed to ameliorate their condition. Two years ago the benefits of Russian "civilisation" were ably enumerated before the London Geographical Society, and the fact was dwelt upon that Russia had liberated slaves wherever they were found. The statement is quite true, and we have good reason to believe M. Petrusevitch when he says that the slaves in the Turcoman Steppes immediately left their masters as soon as a Russian traveller made his appearance. Surely the liberation of slaves is a great progress, but all is not yet done by saying to a slave, "You are free; go away;" for the thus liber-

ated prisoner will return to his former or to another master if he has nothing to eat. Let any one read the elaborate work published by the Tiflis Geographical Society on the liberation of slaves in the Caucasus, and he will see *how* the Russian Government has accomplished it; and we have no reason to suppose that it has been accomplished better in Central Asia.

As for the agrarian relations, perhaps nowhere in Europe have they the same importance as in Central Asia, on account of the necessities of co-operative work and common agreement for the digging out and utilisation of irrigation-canals. In such countries, the slightest error of the administration in agrarian contests may have, and often has had on the Caucasus and in Russian Turkistan, countless consequences; a simple error, a confirmation of supposed rights, turns a rich garden into a desert. All European administrations are liable to such errors as soon as they come into contact with the Mohammedan agrarian law, and their consequences are too well known with regard to India to dwell upon. True that, as a rule, the Russian Administration, familiarised at home with village communities, does not interfere much with agrarian questions among the Mohammedan population which falls under its rule. But the direction prevailing at St. Petersburg with regard to agrarian questions is continually changing. For ten years the St. Petersburg rulers may favor self-government in villages, they may take the village communities under their protection; but for the next twenty years they will abandon the peasants; they will rely in the newly-conquered regions upon an aristocracy they will try to create at the expense of the laborer. The history of the Caucasus is nothing but a series of such oscillations, which resulted in the growth of the Kabardian feudal system and the servitude of the Ossetians.

In Russian Turkistan, too, the reckless confirmation of imaginary rights in land which was carried on on a great scale at the beginning (we do not know if it continues) endangered the very existence of the Uzbek villages. And one cannot but remember, when speaking on this subject, the scandalous robbery of Bashkir lands which was carried on

for years at Orenburg and became known only when the Bashkir people were deprived of their means of existence. Of course, the cruelties of a khan at Khiva, or of a Persian shah, will not be repeated under Russian rule; but the creation of a Turcoman, a Khivan, and a Bokharian aristocracy, adding the temptations of European luxury to Asiatic pomp, surely will be a much greater evil for the Central-Asian laborers than the atrocities of a khan. With regard to Russian administration itself, we must certainly admit that during the first years after a conquest the choice of administrators is not very bad; but as time goes on and all enters into smooth water one will be perplexed to make his choice between them and the officials of a khan. Finally, the time is not far off when Russia will send to Central Asia her merchants, who will ruin whole populations, of which we may see plenty of proofs in Siberia, and not only in Siberia, but also everywhere else where Europeans have made their appearance.

And what, on the other side, could England give? It is time, quite time, to cease repeating loud words about civilisation and progress, and closely to examine what British rule has done in India. Progress is not measured by the lengths of railways and the bushels of corn exported. It is time to examine

what the creation of the class of *samin-dars*, followed by the sub-infeudation and subdivision of rights, which is so well described by Sir John Phear, has produced in Bengal. It is time to ask ourselves whether the millions of Bengals have, each of them, even the handful of rice they need to live upon. It is not enough to admire at the Indian Museum in London the ivory chairs and chess-boards brought from India by Mr. A. and Mr. B., and each piece of which represents a human life. It is time that the English people should consider and meditate over the model of an Indian *bazaar* exhibited at the same Museum. and ask themselves how it happens that the incredible riches exhibited in the rooms were brought about by the same naked and starving people who are represented in the bazaar around a woman whose whole trading-stock consists of a few handfuls of rice in a bowl. Perhaps they will discover that the very origin of the above riches must be sought for in the nakedness of the starving human figures whose portraits were exhibited in 1877 at the doors of the Mansion House. And perhaps they will agree then that, before carrying our present civilisation to Central Asia and India, we might do better to carry it to the savages who inhabit the den-holes of Moscow and Whitechapel.—*Nineteenth Century*.

AT THE STATION ON AN AUTUMN MORNING.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIOSUÉ CARDUCCI.

BY H. COURTHOPE BOWEN.

[THE first edition of the *Odi Barbare*, from which the following poem is taken, appeared in 1877: "No book," says Doctor Ugo Brilli, "has given rise to a controversy more ardent, more varied, more wide-spread, more serious, more learned, more fruitful of good results than the *Odi Barbare* of Giosu  Carducci." Into this controversy I do not propose to enter here, beyond noting that one German critic calls Carducci "the Italian Heine," and gives good reasons for the name. The strange mixture of romantic sentiment and startling realism is what will strike an English reader most, and it certainly renders the poems as unlike the rest of modern Italian poetry as they well can be. As to the metre, the example given will show that the poems attempt to revive in modern Italian the classical measures of antiquity. Carducci himself looked upon them as little more than experiments, and says, "I have called these Odes '*Barbare*' because such would they sound to the ears and minds of the old Greeks and Romans." Later on in his interesting and beautifully written preface he adds: "I have thought that if to Catullus and Horace it was lawful to introduce the metres of the  olian Muse into the Roman tongue; if Dante was able to enrich Tuscan poetry with the *cara rima* of Provence; if Chiabrera and Rinuccini might add to its wealth the verse-forms of France, I ought in reason to be able to hope that for what constituted the praise of the great poets and verse-makers I have mentioned, I should at least be granted a pardon. I ask pardon also for having believed that the classical revival of lyric measures was not condemned and finally brought to

an end, with the more unpoetical experiments of Claudio Tolomei and his school, and the slender attempts of Chiabrera. I crave pardon for not having despaired of our noble Italian tongue, believing it well fitted to do for itself what the German poets from Klopstock onwards have been doing with happy enough results from theirs; and I beg to be forgiven for having dared to introduce into our modern lyric measures some little variety of form, in which respect they are not by any means so well off as some of us seem to imagine."]

LAMP after lamp how the lights go trooping,
Stretching behind the trees, dreamily yonder;
Through the branches adrip with the shower
The light slants and gleams on the puddles.

Plaintively, shrilly, piercingly whistles
The engine hard by. Cold and grey are the heavens
Up above, and the autumn morning
Ghostlike glimmers around me.

Oh quel fanali come s'inseguono
accidiosi là dietro gli alberi,
fra i rami stillanti di pioggia
sbadigliando la luce su 'l fango!

Flebile, acuta, stridula fischia
la vaporiera da presso. Plumbeo
il cielo e il mattino d'autunno
come un grande fantasma n'è intorno.

Whither and whence move the people hurrying
Into dark carriages, muffled and silent?
To what sorrows unknown are they rushing—
Long tortures of hopes that will tarry?

You too, oh fair one, are dreamily holding
Your ticket now for the guard's sharp clipping—
Ah, so clips Time, ever relentless,
Joys, memories, and years that are golden.

Far-stretching the dark train stands, and the workmen
Black-capped, up and down keep moving like shadows;
In his hand bears each one a a lantern,
And each one a hammer of iron.

And the iron they strike sends a hollow resounding
Mournful; and out of the heart and echo
Mournfully answers—a sudden
Dull pang of regret that is weary.

Now the hurrying slam of the doors grows insulting
And loud, and scornful the rapidly-sounding
Summons to start and delay not:—
The rain dashes hard on the windows.

Puffing, shuddering, panting, the monster
Now feels life stir in its limbs of iron,
And opens its eyes, and startles
The dim far space with a challenge.

Then on moves the evil thing, horribly trailing
Its length, and, beating its wings, bears from me

Dove e a che move questa che affrettasi
a i carri oscuri ravvolta e tacita
gente? a che ignoti dolori
o tormento di speme lontana?

Tu pur pensosa, Lidia, la tessera
al secco taglio dà de la guardia,
e al tempo incalzante i belli anni
dài, gl' istanti gioiti e i ricordi.

Van lungo il nero convoglio e vengono
incappucciati di nero i vigili,
com' ombre; una fioca lanterna
hanno, e mazze di ferro: ed i ferrei

freni tentati rendono un lugubre
rintocco lungo: di fondo a l' anima
un' eco di tedio risponde
doloroso, che spasimo pare.

E gli sportelli sbattuti al chiudere
paiono oltraggi: scherno par l' ultimo
appello che rapido suona:
grossa scroscia su' vetri la pioggia.

Già il mostro conscio di sua metallica
anima sbuffa, crolla, ansa, i fiammei,
occhi sbarra; immane pe' l buio
gitta il fischio che spida lo spazio.

Va l' empio mostro: con traino or ribile
sbattendo l' ale gli amor miei portasi.

My love—and her face and her farewell
Are lost to me now in the darkness.

O sweet face flushed with the palest of roses!
O starlike eyes so peaceful! O forehead
Pure-shining and gentle, with tresses
Curling so softly around it!

The air with a passionate life was a tremble,
And summer was glad when she smiled to greet me;
The young sun of June bent earthward
And kissed her soft cheek in his rapture.

Full 'neath the nut-brown hair he kissed her—
But though his beauty and splendor might circle
Her gentle presence—far brighter
The glory my thoughts set around her.

There in the rain, in the dreary darkness
I turn me, and with them would mingle my being;
I stagger; then touch myself grimly—
Not yet as a ghost am I moving.

O what a falling of leaves, never-ending,
Icy, and silent, and sad, on my spirit!
I feel that forever around me
The earth has grown all one November.

Better to be without sense of existence—
Better this gloom, and this shadow of darkness.
Would I, ah, would I were sleeping
A dull sleep that lasted forever.

Ahi, la bianca faccia c'è bel velo
salutando scompar ne la tenebra.

O viso dolce di pallor roseo,
o stellanti occhi di pace, o candida
tra' floridi ricci inchinata
pura fronte con atto soave !

Frema la vita nel tepid' aere,
frema l' estate quando mi arrisero ;
e il giovine sole di giugno
si piaceva di baciare luminoso.

In tra i riflessi del crin castanei
la molle guancia : come un' aureola
più belli del sole i miei sogni
ricingean la persona gentile.

Solto la pioggia, fra la caligine
torno ora, e ad esse vorrei confondermi ;
barcollo com' ebro, e mi tocco,
non anch' io fossi dunque un fantasma.

Oh qual caduta di foglie, gelida,
continua, muta, greve, su l' anima !
Io credo che solo, che sterno,
che per tutto nel mondo è novembre.

Meglio a chi 'l senso smarris de l' essere,
meglio quest' ombra, questa caligine ;
io voglio io voglio adagiarmi
in un tedio che duri infinito.

Macmillan's Magazine.

MR. SWINBURNE'S POETRY.

BY W. L. COURTNEY.

THE strong side of a nation's character, some French critic has observed, is often the weak side of its poetry. The remark has essential justice, though in a perverted form ; for the truth would seem to be, that when the strong side of national character is not represented in its poetic art, then we may be sure that such poetry as may be produced is not conspicuously national. On the other hand, it is very rare that there is such complete accordance between character and artistic product as can assure us that the one is the effect of which the other is the cause. Whenever such union is realised there is what the Germans call a genuine art-epoch. History teaches us that such periods are short-lived, and whatever causes philosophers of æsthetics may assign, one thing is clear, that it is only in times of greatly superabundant energy that the national forces issue in artistic creation. The sudden brilliance of Greek art, the capricious activities of mediæval Italy, the glow and glory of Elizabethan literature, all tell the same tale. When art is recommended or de-

fended "for art's sake," there is the beginning of the end. If it be not the spontaneous overflow of restless power, which neither asks the reason of its exercise, nor craves the acknowledgment of a specific end, then it may be "precious," or "thankworthy," or "divine ;" it may exhaust all the adjectives of an enthusiast's vocabulary, except that it is not national.

The modern poetry of England has a curiously artificial air when judged by this standard. Once, and once only, in the history of English literature was a strongly-marked national character wedded with a perfect artistic expression. The bride was the drama : she had as wedding guests men like Raleigh, Sidney, Bacon, and Essex ; while the high-priests and grooms of the marriage ceremony were Marlow and Shakespeare, Jonson and Fletcher, Webster and Ford. In a modern day the leading poets have characteristics which, so far from being representatively English, are in reality alien and exotic. Nowhere do the forensic and rhetorical tendencies of

Englishmen, their measured activities, their unmeasured emotions, the majestic poise and balance of their diction, the illimitable wealth of their language find better artistic expression than in the drama. But our modern poets are not conspicuously successful in drama. The strong side of modern English life is its science, its practicalness, its sanity. But the poets are not run in this mould; they are over-thoughtful, as Browning—a gift or defect which is not English but German; they are over-refined and pretty, as Tennyson—a characteristic which he shares with the Italians; they are over-sensuous, as Swinburne—not in this instance alone reminding us of his French models. It is not in any spirit of disrespect that such judgment is passed. One can but judge a literature by its own highest realisation in history, and if such standard makes us speak lightly of honored names, the fault is not ours nor theirs, but the solitary and cruel pre-eminence of Shakespeare.

Poetic art has possibly other functions than to be national. It is above all things cosmopolitan and catholic. And even though its more modern forms may hardly lay claim to such vague though unlimited empire, they may at least make apology that no art can be representative of materialism. In this our modern poets are undoubtedly right. A few years ago the attempt to make science speak the language of common human emotion and feeling was made in her later novels by George Eliot. A more definite effort to idealise the philosophy of Herbert Spencer in rhythmical verse, to find the poetic equivalents for "environment" and "social medium," and "change from homogeneity to heterogeneity," bore the name of that talented agnostic, Miss Bevington. Such efforts are not supremely happy, and so far as materialism has conquered or is conquering the national tone and temper, poets are right to disregard the current philosophy and abandon themselves to their own fine careless rapture. But there are certain rigid tests to which the creations of every artist become liable, even though the touchstone of ready correspondence with social medium be abandoned. Is the thought of the artist independent of

language and expression? If not, he may be full of musical voices, but he is a singer and not a poet. Is he a master builder? Is his genius original, creative, architectonic? If not, whatever may be his individual brilliancies, however rich may be his decorative imagery, he remains only an amateur, not an artist. Of the three poets recently named, there is no doubt that Browning, by his profound thoughtfulness, and Tennyson, by his lyrical sweetness, have won their way to an acknowledged eminence. The question, however, may be held to be still open with regard to the third. The announcement that a new poem from his prolific pen is on the verge of publication affords a convenient opportunity for the attempt to see in what relation Mr. Swinburne stands to such tests as have been mentioned.

There is much in the development of Mr. Swinburne's genius which throws light upon the position which he holds amongst his contemporaries. His earliest work was published in 1861, containing two plays, *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond*, both of which bear obvious traces of juvenile immaturity. Neither of them, however, are without interest, from the evidence they furnish of early poetic influences. In *Rosamond* there are touches here and there of Browning, whose peculiar characteristics are singularly alien to the more mature stage of Swinburne, but still leave marks of their power in that most discerning criticism on Browning which is to be found in the opening pages of the much later study on Chapman. Bouchard, for instance, in the play often talks the language of Browning, and single lines occur which, transplanted from their context, would never be supposed to belong to Swinburne.

"So his tooth

Bites hard in France and strikes the brown
grape hot,
Makes the wine leap, no skin-room leaves for
white."

"Beaten and blown i' the dusty face of the
air."

"Being no such sinewed ape,

"Blunder of brawn, and jolted muscle-work."

Such expressions convey the distinct flavor of Browning's verse. *The Queen Mother*, on the other hand, is formed on a different model. It is by no means a

successful drama, some of the incidents—for instance, the scene in which Catharine poisons her clown—being brought into harsh and unnecessary relief. But here and there the style is copied from Shakespeare.

"The sea's yellow and distempered foam."

"Towers and popular streets
Should in the middle green smother and
drown,
And havoc die with fulness."

"She is all white to the dead hair, who was
So full of gracious rose the air took color,
Turned to a kiss against her face."

Lines such as these have more than a distant echo of Elizabethan verse. In this stage the poet, it is clear, is only looking for such models as might satisfy his aspiration, and making those preliminary essays, without which the yet undeveloped wings cannot learn to soar in their own proper air. Then came the happy inspiration, born of a long training in classical languages, which produced a Greek play worthy to rank with the most successful specimens of this kind of work in our literature. For there is hardly anything like *Atalanta in Calydon* in our modern verse. Its hard, clear outline, like that of some Greek temple in the pure Attic sky; its wonderful richness and variety of music, together with its strong grasp of the central situation of Hellenic tragedy,—the irony of a human being in the toils of relentless fate; its rhymed choruses, combining the melodiousness of modern verse, with the reticent music of the Dorian lyre—all these characteristics make *Atalanta in Calydon* an unique and almost faultless work of art. The third venture was of a different kind. If we omit for the present *Chastelard*, to which we shall return later, two years after *Atalanta*, in 1866, Mr. Swinburne published the notorious *Poems and Ballads*. The volume produced a keen literary warfare between the poet's champions and detractors. Mr. W. M. Rossetti was the author of a criticism on the book; and finally Mr. Swinburne himself in certain *Notes* felt obliged to protect his own offspring against the maledictions of outraged propriety.

Even thus early there are supplied for the critic's guidance important data in forming an estimate of Mr. Swinburne.

Two points have been placed in clear and conspicuous relief—the linguistic skill and the sensualistic interest. *Atalanta in Calydon* is only one evidence out of many of Mr. Swinburne's extraordinary proficiency in languages not his own. The instinct which enables a man to transplant himself into conditions of thought and existence, which are not those into which he has been born, has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. To Mr. Swinburne nothing seems to have been so easy as to feel, so to speak, in another language. He was, it would appear, a natural scholar, and the Greek tongue which he could bend so easily to purposes of his own, was the sister of that modern French poetry whose turns and phrases from Ronsard down to Victor Hugo he has so exhaustively explored. But a training in languages gives rather facility of expression than the penetrative insight of thought. The fatal ease with which the ideas of another age and another country are acquired, however much it may improve style and chasten expression, leaves the student without the power of appreciating or interpreting the insistent problems which vex the soul of his contemporaries. It is the weakness of classicalism that it yields no philosophy of life; and if the student be brought to say his word to his own age, it either wears a curiously old-world air, or else is couched in the language of frivolous cynicism. To such a man there is no such thing as modern thought. He has the trick of the old manner which knows nothing of modern burdens, or else he turns in daily practice to epicurean principles. For there is nothing in the ancient thought which can help the modern inquirer in his struggle to keep alive the soul of man amidst the imposing mechanisms of science, and if it suggests a philosophy, it is only the contemptuous advice to get the full sensational equivalent out of each minute as it flies. In Mr. Swinburne, at all events, the alternative takes a clearly accentuated form: linguistic culture on the one hand, a culture which makes the verses throb with the fire and fervor of the Hellenic spirit; and for practical moral in daily life nothing but the undisguised sensualism of *Poems and Ballads*.

It is not right perhaps to condemn with such a short and easy method the Cyrenaic mood of *Poems and Ballads*. Certainly it is not intended to deny their poetic graces. The sumptuous imagery, the affluence and variety of music, the curious felicities of diction remain unimpaired, however much the spirit may be criticised. But Mr. Swinburne must not be judged as a lesser poet might be, in whose case we might thankfully acknowledge the brilliancy of style and fervor of poetic flow. In his case the severer canons of criticism have to be applied as to one who in mould and stature claims to be in the first rank of poetry. We desire to know whether he is an artist or a stylist, a poet or an amateur. Shall we say that with him the expression is sought for its own sake; or shall we say that he is in the true sense original and creative? The criterion, so far at all events, is easy, for if he be veritably creative he can be so, not in virtue of certain powers of wearing the garment of his poetic forefathers, nor in virtue of a musical utterance which can make our rhetorical mother tongue sing with all the airs and graces of southern languor, but either because he has grappled directly and sincerely with thoughts which are lifted above the common level of our ordinary intellectual moods, or because he has interpreted with more passionate intensity the experience of the men and women of our contemporary age.

It is quite clear that Mr. Swinburne is not, at all events in his earlier work, a philosopher. No such excuse can be given for *Poems and Ballads* as that we are here presented with a sensationalism which is the natural and inevitable outcome of a particular theory of the world, as a phantasmagoria of passing effects. History, it is true, gives us a sensationalism so based in the doctrines of Aristippus the Cyrenaic, as modelled on a Heracleitean doctrine of universal flux; and Mr. Pater in his recent book has once again revealed the dependence of his peculiar æsthetic theories on an avowed acceptance of the dogmatic standpoint of the old Ephesian thinker. But if sensationalism be not founded on a philosophic theory, it must be defended as a loyal acknowledgment of concrete facts of experience, as the unim-

paired reflection of the simplest data which go to form both our beliefs and our practice. Can, however, Mr. Swinburne's sensationalism be accounted for on such a ground? Is it experience, or morbid fancy, that dictates such poems as those on an extinct type of Roman lust, or a love fragment of Sappho, or on the statue of the Hermaphrodite in the Louvre? If nothing else stood in the way, at least the strained and artificial expression would serve to show that we have here not the creative melody of one who, like Shelley, was nourished on musical thoughts, but rather the recondite ravings of an artificer of impotent emotions.

Will it be said that the connection thus traced between such different studies as *Atalanta* and *Poems and Ballads* is forced and arbitrary? It can be so only if we forget the principles of a deeper criticism. Its task should be to exhibit all the different phases of activity as they spring from one common soil, to retrace the various branches of artistic workmanship to the single root of the artist's own personality. The problem which the early years of Mr. Swinburne present us with is the contrast between classical studies (wherein should be, as we think, all the calm dignity and confident repose of Greek *Sôphrosyne*) and the perfervid glow and hurry of sensual imagination. One suggested solution is the fact that studies in the antique afford a poor discipline in life problems; another might be the real absurdity of the attempt to write Greek plays in a modern tongue. Take the acknowledged successes in this department of literature: Matthew Arnold's *Merope*, Goethe's *Iphigeneia at Tauris*, Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. Keat's *Hyperion* being only a fine torso hardly comes into the question, and Mr. Bridges' *Prometheus the Fire Giver*, has not yet attained the dignity of a classic. Arnold's *Merope*, however, full of classical grace and insight, is stricken with the mortal palsy of dulness. Goethe's *Iphigeneia* is only as good as Euripides' play on the same subject, because it is modern in conception, and deals with essentially modern problems and ethics: dramatically, especially in the ἀνταγωνισμός between Iphigeneia and Orestes, it

is immeasurably inferior. Milton's *Samson Agonistes* is successful, according to the unanimous verdict of competent critics, but why? Because it is *not* a transcript from the Greek, but while the treatment is Greek, it takes its subject from a cycle of legendary history which stands in the same relation to Milton's readers as the heroic myths stood to a Greek audience. What is the fault of Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta*? However perfect in execution and flawless in workmanship, however musical in its range of poetic voices and rhythms, however full of the old Greek idea of resistless destiny, it has a defect whether viewed from the ancient or the modern side. From the modern standpoint it fails because it is too remote from that sum of common interests and difficulties which it is alike the task and the privilege of modern poets to interpret; and from the ancient standpoint, it fails, because it connects the powerlessness of man before destiny, not with reverential submission and quiet self-restraint, but with a noisy intolerance and an almost frantic atheism. When the poet has not before him a Greek model, on what line of thoughts is his poetical contemplation to run? The charm of the Hellenic world being for him its æsthetic fascination, and not its essential spirit of sobriety, moderation, and self-control, the poet throws the reins on the neck of a fiery imagination; the sage remark of Socrates in the republic—that the true love must have no taint of vice or madness—will soon be forgotten; æsthesis will lead to acrasia, and art will pander to incontinence. And so the chaste *Atalanta* has for her unruly sisters *Faustina Imperatrix*, and "the splendid and sterile *Dolores*, our Lady of Pain."

The most decisive advance on the conceptions with which Swinburne was occupied in his earlier studies is found in two works bearing the dates of 1871 and 1874. In those years were produced *Songs before Sunrise* and the tragedy of *Bothwell*, the first being a glorification of the principles of Pantheism and Republicanism, and the second a serious dramatic study on lines not too far removed from contemporary interests. If the first of these works exhibits Swinburne as attempting to lay the foundations of a creed, the second

is the best answer to that easy criticism which complained of the want of serious purpose and the absence of hard work in the writings of the poet. To estimate these works aright is a matter of considerable importance, for here, if anywhere, is to be found the high-water mark of Swinburne's genius, the most virile and statuesque productions which are associated with his name.

Songs before Sunrise is an interesting book from two points of view. In the first place it contains the speculative foundation for the reckless sensualism of *Poems and Ballads*, and in the second place it adopts a definite political programme in relation to the great revolutionary movements of modern society. Whether, however, in either of these aspects the book is a successful one is another matter. The psychology of Mr. Swinburne is very simple, so simple, indeed, that we are hardly prepared for the superabundant rhetoric with which he adorns so elementary a scheme. Appetite and desire are the only motive impulses of humanity. It is true that the human being is sometimes acted on by reason, by deference to established custom, by conscience. But these, we are told, are blind guides, because not only in themselves the pale and colorless reproductions of what in sensation is positive and definite, but also because they have been connected, as history shows, with all sorts of tyranny, superstition, and wrong. The simple human being, with primary desires and strong, ineradicable appetites, is the only version of humanity whom Mr. Swinburne would admire. Two elemental principles (whom the poet, as his custom is, envisages as goddesses) are provided for the adoration of true believers. One of these is earth, "The ghost of God, the mother uncreated," whose connection with natural impulses is too obvious to require illustration. The other, in a highly mystical poem, is called "Hertha," and is apparently an embodiment of Heraclitus' doctrine of the identity of contraries, the old Ephesian philosopher here as elsewhere serving as the name to swear by, to all who espouse a sensationalistic creed. Such a restoration of the human being to his primitive and inalienable birthrights naturally involves the doctrine of free-

dom, a freedom which is very like the license claimed by the animals in the Platonic version of Democracy, who refuse to get off the pavements in the streets, as a proof of the universal equality and brotherhood professed by the State. Freedom and liberty are indeed the watchwords of Mr. Swinburne's pyrotechnical triumphs. They blaze in the midst of a coruscation of rhetorical verbiage and metrical effects which it would be difficult to parallel in any other English poetry. Curiously enough, the volume is dedicated to Mazzini, whose constant doctrine was that there could be no rights without duties. In Mr. Swinburne, however, freedom, the right to enjoy, appears to involve no duties, whether of self-denial or of self-protection. At most there is the duty of self-realisation in the narrowest and most limited sense of the word self, which confines its activities to pleasure and passion. Nor is Swinburne's political propaganda less theatrical and meretricious. Here the sacred name of Shelley is invoked, as though his example consecrated all revolutions and every attempt to upset existing religions. Possibly no serious comparison with Shelley is intended; if it be, the issue is doubly disastrous to the younger poet. The conditions of the revolutionary programme, to begin with, are different. There is no longer any talk about the beheading of kings, or the downfall of dynasties, or the wild upheaval of chaotic disorder. Language of this sort strikes one as thrasonical and insane, for the modern revolutionary creed is confined to certain practical issues, especially the organisation of labor against capital, and the confiscation of property. Shelley, too, was, of course, an atheist, but in attacking the prevalent superstitions of the world he is at once more graceful and more plain-spoken than the younger apostle. He would not, for instance, have employed biblical phraseology in an attack on the Bible, nor would he have made use of the Litanies of the Prayer Book in an assault on all forms of worship. As a mere question of taste, Swinburne's poems entitled *Before a Crucifix*, *Blessed among Women*, and *The Hymn of Man* are as revolting as they are essentially ludicrous. No one, of course, desires to ob-

ject to Mr. Swinburne's profession of Pantheism so long as it is reasonably argued and coherently deduced from logical principles, but a wild dithyramb in favor of atheism, couched in terms which are actually borrowed from the books of Christianity, is neither rational, humorous, nor artistically tolerable. When Mr. Swinburne is content to be simply poetic, as in some of his apostrophes to Italy and to Greece, there let us accord him all the praise that is his due. But his so-called philosophical foundation is too narrow, too rhetorical, too full of feminine hysteria.

Fortunately, Mr. Swinburne has provided us with better materials for estimating his poetic maturity. The drama of *Bothwell* is the second in a noble trilogy on the character and fortunes of Mary Queen of Scots. If it be right to depreciate the value of Mr. Swinburne's ancient studies, the poet himself has testified to the greatness of the change which came over him when, after *Atalanta in Calydon*, he composed *Bothwell*. In two ways his advance is a conspicuous one. Not only do we get the more manly and catholic study involved in a change to drama from a subjective and not entirely healthy exercise of the erotic imagination, but, instead of the pale ghosts of the Hellenic world, we have before us the substantial flesh and blood of those characters who, whether by their vices or their virtues, helped to build up the fabric of our nation. *Chastelard*, the first of the trilogy, belongs, indeed, to the earlier period. There is no firmness in the characterisation, no grasp of the dramatic elements of a situation: and the same insistence on the sensual and passionate aspects of love appears which is to be found in the juvenile drama of *Rosamond*. In *Bothwell*, however, a great deal of this is changed. Queen Mary is no longer exhibited as a baneful and criminal Eros luring men to destruction, but as herself brought under the subjection of a stronger will and a more brutal resolve. Moreover, there are so many traces in the drama of careful and conscientious use of authorities that we are almost dazed by the series of historic scenes and the introduction of countless historic personages. If the critic said in his haste that Mr. Swinburne was

deficient in seriousness and study, with the drama of *Bothwell* before him he must recant his error. Nor can it be said that there is any want of clear and definite characterisation, at all events in the principal parts. The successive changes in Mary's character, from the time of the murder of Rizzio, through the domination of Bothwell and the complicity in the destruction of Darnley at Kirk-o'-field, down to the final surrender of herself to Elizabeth in view of a possible future revenge, are traced with a conscientious fidelity to nature which is the best gift of the dramatist. The character of Bothwell himself is clear in outline and consistent in details. His warlike prowess, his brutal frankness, his innate strength of resolve, his power of at once subduing the Queen of Scots and yet binding her to himself with stronger chains than she had ever worn in all her previous amours, throw the whole savage personality out in conspicuous relief from the multitude of subordinate characters. Moreover, there is a good dramatic use of materials, witness the fine scene when Mary and Darnley have their last interview at Kirk-o'-Field. Here most of the incidents are historical, especially the terrible words of Mary: "'Twas just this time last year David was slain;" and Darnley's application to his own case of the words of the Psalmist, "the deadly Scripture," wherein he complains that it was not an open enemy that had done him this dishonor, but his own familiar friend with whom he had so often taken sweet counsel.

On the other hand, the drama suffers from all the inherent defects of so-called "literary" dramatic writing. It is much too long and diffuse, and too complicated in historic characters and historic detail. The list of *Dramatis Personæ* is enough to appal the stoutest heart; for sixty-three personages struggle and writhe on Mr. Swinburne's stage. Five hundred and thirty-two pages of close print are required to evolve the tragic incidents of the play; and after all, the fifth act is not properly the close of a completed dramatic evolution, but the prelude for the *Mary Stuart* which ensues. The fourth act is undoubtedly the best, for the reason especially that it includes the famous sermon

of John Knox; but the third and second acts are very tedious, being devoid of that power of artistic selectiveness which enables a dramatist to concentrate his action on two or three salient points. The fifth act falls absolutely flat after the grandeur of the fourth, the only excuse being the necessary preparation of ground for the ensuing play. In these and other points, it may be regretted that Mr. Swinburne should not have attempted to write professedly for the stage, in which case he might have learned that pregnant conciseness, both in incident and characterisation, without which no practical dramatist can win the ear of a busy and somewhat impatient audience.

Mary Stuart, the concluding part of the trilogy, is by no means so fine or so powerfully written as its predecessor, though it undoubtedly adds somewhat to the great dramatic and poetic achievement of its author, the discovery, namely, of the true character of the Queen of Scots. For here was a personality which, in its subtlety and weakness, essentially suited the forcible yet narrow capacities of Mr. Swinburne's poetic genius. *Mary Stuart* he may claim to have thoroughly understood, because the hysterical, passionate, subjective nature of that strange woman struck certain answering chords in her biographer's temperament—

"She shall be a world's wonder to all time,
A deadly glory watched of marvelling men,
Not without praise, not without noble tears,
And if without what she would never have,
Who had it never, pity,—yet from none
Quite without reverence and some kind of love
For that which was so royal."

But it is to Mr. Swinburne's credit that he has almost made live before our eyes two other personalities with whom he has little or nothing in common—the brutal Bothwell and the puritanical Knox, both intense, arrogant, and impetuous forces, devoid possibly of spiritual interest, yet instinct with natural and imperious fire. And the character of Mary Beaton, though its importance is probably unhistorical, is full of interest, and has a noticeable influence on the development of the tragedy in serving as a link to connect the three dramas together. In such characterisations the dramatist must have his due.

A happy specimen of Mr. Swinburne's later manner is furnished by the Greek tragedy called *Erechtheus*, in many respects one of the most completely enjoyable poems which the author has produced. Full of musical sound, and furnished with many magnificent lines, *Erechtheus* is perhaps superior to *Atalanta* in that it has more breadth and stateliness of action, and exhibits a more perfectly Hellenic repose. It has less sweetness but more majesty, and frantic declamation against the gods is conspicuously absent. What it loses in graceful juvenility it gains in maturity of grasp and virile self-control. The legend which Mr. Swinburne follows groups together the two events of Chthonia's sacrifice and Eumolpus' defeat as contemporaneous incidents, instead of exhibiting the immolation of the daughter as the recompense required by Poseidon for the death of his son. He is thus enabled to bring into prominence the character of Erechtheus's wife, Praxithea, who has on one and the same day to bear the loss of daughter and of husband, and yet, through her noble devotion to the cause of Athens, for whom no sacrifices are too costly, is still able to say with peaceful resignation, "I praise the gods for Athens." In other respects, Mr. Swinburne's arrangement leads to some awkwardness of construction. For two messengers have successively to present themselves, the first with tidings of how Chthonia met her death, "with light in all her face as of a bride;" and the second with the story of the great battle, in which Erechtheus drives his spear "through the red heart's root" of Eumolpus, and himself falls smitten by a "sheer shaft of lightning writhen." The intimate connection between the two events is left for the reader to surmise, where a clear statement of cause and effect might have led to a better dramatic development. But the chorus which divides the speeches of the two messengers is in Mr. Swinburne's finest style. The verse heaves and pants with the furious riot of the battle-scene which the Chorus are imagining, and eye and ear alike are dazed with the wonderful affluence of the diction:—

"From the roots of the hills to the plain's dim verge, and the dark, loud shore,

Air shudders with shrill spears crossing, and hurtling of wheels that roar.
As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of a lion that foam as they gnash,
Is the shriek of the axles that loosen, the shock of the poles that crash.
The dense manes darken and glitter, the mouths of the mad steeds champ,
Their heads flash blind through the battle, and death's foot rings in their tramp."

So the picture goes on for three pages, rich in wild hyperbole of effective imagery, as is Mr. Swinburne's wont. There appears to be something very congenial to the author's temperament in such a worship of "Mother Earth" as the autochthonous inhabitants of Attica professed. In reality Chthon is the divinity, who protects her children against the sea's offspring, Eumolpus, rather than the Athena, who appears, as Greek tragic custom demands, at the end of the play, when the "dignus vindice nodus" has been reached. To celestial gods the poet is disinclined to do homage; to the bountiful mother of all being, the material element from which things receive their frame, which contains in itself, as Professor Tyndall once declared, "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life"—to such a dark negation of all spiritual force, Mr. Swinburne here, as elsewhere, pays his tribute of enthusiastic devotion. This is the link which connects the poet with an age of materialistic science. There remains, however, even in *Erechtheus*, that sense of unreality and fruitless ingenuity to which all such adaptations from the classics must, in the nature of things, be exposed. Here, for instance, are some lines put in the mouth of the blameless Chthonia, when she first appears on the scene:—

"Forth of the fine-spun folds of veils that hide
My virgin chamber toward the full-faced sun,
I set my foot not moved of mine own will,
Unmaidenlike, nor with unprompted speed
Turn eyes too broad or dog-like unabashed—"

Faultlessly Greek, but absolutely fatuous. Did not Mr. Lowell once write an ingenious caricature of such Hellenism in a *στιχομυθία*, commencing, "Foolish who bites off nose, his face to spite?"

Mr. Swinburne's later contributions have not added much to the promise or the realisation of his poetic powers, albeit that his admirers are fond of bringing them in evidence that he has outlived

the errors of his youth. Doubtless they are more restrained in expression; they do not exhibit so much exuberance of emotional riot, while at the same time they prove that the musical gift has not waned with the passing years. "Boy poet" Mr. Swinburne can no longer claim to be, and our judgment must perforce be harder on anything which reminds us of juvenile rhodomontade and bombast. Yet if we ask what new ideas the years which bring the philosophic mind have contributed, what thoughts of clearer or deeper insight have enriched our common heritage, the answer reveals the infertility of the soil from which we expect a second harvest. Two subjects inspire all the later work of Mr. Swinburne—the sea and babies. The worship of the baby, as practised by its latest devotee, is not perhaps an inspiring spectacle. But the praise of the sea is even more significant, for it is nothing if not sensuous; it is the conscious ecstasy of the wash of waves over the naked body of a swimmer, the delirium of solitary exposure to the blind fury of elemental strength. When a strong man, like Byron or Shakespeare, praises the sea, he describes it as its master. The poems of Mr. Swinburne on the same subject reveal the attitude of the slave, or rather the passionate, submissive joys of some creature of a tyrant's whims. Is there any later thought to be culled from his verse? If so, possibly it may be found in the wonderful verses which exhibit his antagonism to the House of Lords in the *Midsummer Holiday*. But a caricaturist of Mr. Swinburne's versification could not possibly outdo in extravagance of diction these most characteristic odes. No parody or burlesque could do its subject such perfect justice.

Mr. Swinburne's prose criticisms in his *Essays and Studies* afford convenient material for a summary of the chief points in his literary character. That his prose style is a good one few would be prepared to admit; it has too much artificial and meretricious brilliancy. Nor is his critical instinct wholly trustworthy or admirable, for it is too petulant, and suggests too few ideas. There is a sentence in one of the essays which serves exactly to represent the ordinary reader's feelings in this matter. "We

do not always want," says Mr. Swinburne, in unconscious self-criticism, "to bathe our spirit in overflowing waters or flaming fires of imagination: pathos, and passion, and aspiration, and desire are not the only springs we seek for song." Yet if we take the essays in hand, just as when we read the poems, we are always being bathed in overflowing waters and flaming fires. There is no repose of spirit, no beauty of calm, we never find ourselves saying it is good for us to be here. Sympathy is a precious quality for the critic, and the faculty for praise sometimes argues a richly endowed nature. Yet the constant use of superlatives in discussing poetic work does not help our judgment or impress our minds. Reading each essay by itself, we might suppose that Mr. Swinburne is in turn introducing us to the greatest poet of the age. Rossetti, Morris, Matthew Arnold, Coleridge, Shelley—each is the most magnificent artist that ever lived to confound the Philistine. It is true that Matthew Arnold, who has more sanity and less poetry than Mr. Swinburne, only affects him on his classical side, and not on that by which he has most influence on his generation; but that is explicable to antecedent considerations. Only Wordsworth, as the chosen poet of Philistinism, is left out in the cold. Even Byron gets bespattered with some frothy praise, though subsequently Mr. Swinburne has seen fit to qualify his judgments. But the most servile adulation is of course reserved for Victor Hugo, "the master," as he is usually styled, in whose presence Mr. Swinburne always takes the shoes from off his feet, and crawls in prostrate reverential awe. Within the limits of his Pantheon there is no such ecstatic worshipper as this most intolerant of atheists, for his nature is essentially yielding and receptive, with stormy gusts of passion and indiscriminating impulses of emotion. There is no strong masculine formative quality about him, which explains why he uses so many adjectives and suggests so few thoughts. Is there anything in the philosophy of *Songs before Sunrise* to compare with the long soliloquy of Empedocles in Matthew Arnold's poem? Is there any thoughtfulness of characterisation in his dramas which can be put

by the side of Browning's *Djabal*, or *Anael*, or *Strafford*? Moreover, there is an entire absence of humor—a serious defect in any poet claiming to be intellectual. For clumsiness of irony it would be difficult to beat the pages (pp. 29, 30) in *Essays and Studies*, in which he comments on the action of the Belgian Government towards Hugo. The power of satire depends largely on terseness, as wit depends on brevity, and Swinburne's periods are far too prolix to be effective. There remains the indubitably picturesque qualities of his style, the wealth and fluency of rhetoric, and the unique command of music. Sometimes the result is marred by alliterative tricks; at other times it is heightened by the graceful touches of classical culture. Here, for instance, on two successive pages of one of Mr. Swinburne's essays, are passages which illustrate this contrast. He is describing one of Hugo's heroines:—

"But now we have her from the hands of a poet as well as student, new blown and actual as a gathered flower, in warm bloom of blood and breath, clothed with live color, fair with significant flesh, passionately palpable."

The force of tawdry alliteration could no farther go; but on the next page is a fine passage, instinct with the life and spirit of Greek tragic verse:—

"We seem to hear about her the beat and clash of the terrible timbrels, the music that Æschylus set to verse, the music that made mad, the upper notes of the psalm shrill and strong as a sea-wind, the 'bull voiced' bellowing under-song of those dread choristers from somewhere out of sight, the tempest of tambourines giving back thunder to the thunder, the fury of Divine lust that thickened with human blood the hill-streams of Cithæron."

Perhaps some of Swinburne's best studies are on Elizabethan dramatists, John Ford, for instance, in *Essays and Studies*, or the criticism on George Chapman. It is in the latter that some of the most discriminating remarks occur which have perhaps ever been made on Browning. The obscurity which arises from wealth of ideas is most carefully distinguished from that which is due to confusion of thought, a distinction which ought to be always present to the student of our modern poet of enigmas. But the total impression left on us by Swinburne's prose is the same as that of his verse. Brilliantly gifted, profusely voluble, passionately rhetorical, it puts before us too often phrases instead of thoughts, verbal contortions instead of conceptions. It errs in point of taste, not rarely nor unwittingly. Professional poet of regicides, official mouthpiece of democratic atheism, self-chosen champion of a creed of glorified sensationalism, Mr. Swinburne is, however, artistic, yet not an artist, and however cultured, yet still an amateur: for he is not creative, not original in the best and largest sense of the word, because not instinct with illuminating ideas. There clings to him too much of the feminine quality. Like the Mary of his own trilogy, he has fallen under many fascinations, he has been the victim of constant amours. Landor was his Chastelard; Hugo is certainly his Bothwell. Will the sombre tragedy end by leaving him in the hands of some hard-headed Philistine Elizabeth?—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE ADVANCE OF RUSSIA TOWARDS INDIA.

BY COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

[It is possible that the readers of the *National Review* will look for an indignant denunciation of the Government for the fresh and final perils in which they have involved the Empire; and, truly, materials abound for the bitterest Indictment. But no mere words avail to arraign the Government as they deserve to be arraigned; and the Situation into which they have brought our

affairs, speaks for itself. There is no one who does not now see that we owe the predicament in which we find ourselves, of having to suffer intolerable shame or to enter upon a gigantic war bristling with difficulties and dangers, to the vain and vindictive Rhetorician whom the majority of the nation insanely selected as their Chief, and his pliant and unpatriotic accomplices.

We have, therefore, thought it best to allow the offences of the Cabinet and the complicity of the Liberal Party to pass for the moment, save for these few words, *sub silentio*, and to allow the writer of the following paper to indicate the past, present, and future aspects of the grave Question that occupies all minds. No one speaks upon it with more knowledge and authority. In season, and out of season, and notably in his admirable work, *Herat, the Granary and Garden of Central Asia*, published five years ago, he warned the English people of the stealthy approach of the perils with which they now find themselves sharply confronted. But indeed the hand writing on the wall was so clear that it needed no interpreter. Verily, we have had a Belshazzar's Feast, and "praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know." We can only pray that it will not again be written, "Darius the Median took the Kingdom."—EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."]

"ALTHOUGH these Kirghizes are a roaming and fickle people, their steppe is the key and gate to all the countries of Central Asia." These words were uttered by Peter the Great when, visiting Astrakhan in 1722, he gazed in the direction of the eastern shore of the Caspian. They form the key to the policy which Russia has persistently pursued since that date, and is pursuing at this hour with accelerated vigor.

When these words were uttered the south-eastern frontier of Russia skirted the northern shore of the Caspian as far as Guriev on the Ural. Thence it turned northward, following the course of that river, and touching Uralsk, Orenburg, and, again running eastward, Orsk. From Orsk it ascended the river in a northerly direction to a point near its source in the mountains of the same name. From this point it extended nearly due east for a hundred and seventy miles as far as Omsk. Thence, making a turn southeast by south, it ascended the Irtysh to a point about forty miles short of Lake Zaisan.

That very year Peter gave effect to the thoughts which had prompted his words by conquering and annexing the

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towns of Derbend and Baku, the provinces of Ghilan, Mazanderan, and Astrabad. Some sixteen years later, however, those towns and provinces were won back for Persia by Nadir Shah.

A new policy was formulated and acted upon by Elizabeth, daughter of, and fifth in descent from, Peter. This policy, based on the system familiar to the Thugs of India, of insinuating one's self into the confidence of an intended victim before destroying him, extended the Russian empire to the lower ranges of the western Caucasus, at the expense of the Nogais, the Circassians, and the Calmucks.

By a similiar method Russia assailed Georgia. Georgia was a dependency of Persia, garrisoned by Persian troops but ruled by its own chiefs, who, bearing the name of Vali or Governor, received in succession investiture from Ispahan. Into the good graces of the then reigning Vali Russia, during the time when Persia was suffering from the disorganization which followed the death of Nadir Shah, contrived to insinuate herself. In 1783 she persuaded the Vali to recognise the paramount authority of the Czar. In 1798 that autocrat deposed his successor, and published a ukase incorporating Georgia with the Russian Empire.

The acquisition of Georgia was but a step to further advance. In 1804 Russia made a stealthy attempt to capture Erivan, a hundred and fifteen miles south-south-west from Tiflis: Fatteh Ali Shah armed to protect that city. The war which followed was disastrous to the Persian army. It was brought to a conclusion in 1814. By the Treaty of Gulistan, concluded that year, Russia gained, besides Georgia, the cession of which Persia then for the first time recognised, the provinces and districts of Imeritia, now known as Kutais, of Mingrelia, of Daghestan, of Karabagh, of portions of Mogan and Talish, and of the towns of Derbend, Baku, Shirvan, and Ganjeh. Persia engaged likewise to maintain no vessels of war on the Caspian.

Well would it be if the treatment meted out by the conqueror for the inhabitants of the countries thus transferred could be brought to the understanding of the races occupying the borderland between the frontier of British

India and the advanced posts of Russia. Of the ceded provinces and districts the inhabitants of all, except those of Georgia, Imeritia, and Mingrelia, were almost wholly Muhammadan. With the races of that faith Holy Russia had no sympathy. She employed, then, all the means which she has so well at her disposal to drive them from the homesteads which they and their forefathers had cultivated for centuries. She succeeded entirely. The chiefs, harassed by espionage, by plots to drive them to rebellion, by false charges, were, without a solitary exception, driven to abandon their possessions and seek refuge in Persia. Russia might still, had she so willed, have conciliated the people. But she preferred to exterminate them. Deliberately, then, did she set to work to insult their faith, to scoff at and to rob the pilgrims to the holy shrines, to treat them as slaves who deserved no consideration. Treatment of this nature provoked retaliation. Hatred of the Russian conqueror became the one living idea of the conquered. This feeling, acting on the minds of a high-spirited but uncultivated race, led, whenever opportunity offered, to assassination. This was the goal to which the efforts of Russia had been directed. The assassination of a Russian was invariably followed by the indiscriminate slaughter of every man, woman, and child belonging to the village or villages supposed to have harbored the assassin. Enthusiasts who, maddened by insults offered to their faith, had preached a religious war, were, when captured, cut open or hung up by the feet and left to die!

But, for these people, a time was approaching. Shortly after the signature of the Treaty of Gulistan, Russia, not yet satisfied, seized the whole of Talish, admitting, at the same time, that her claims to it were solely the claims of the strongest, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the Shah, refused to restore it. Emboldened still further, she seized Goktscha, a strip of land bordering the lake of that name, on the road from Baku to Erivan. This, likewise, she refused to restore. To still the remonstrances of Persia she despatched, in 1825, a splendid embassy, at the head of which was Prince Mentschikoff, to Teheran. It was a solemn farce,

designed like the embassy conducted by the same nobleman to Constantinople in 1853, to bring about war. Arriving at Teheran, Mentschikoff declared that he had powers to treat upon every subject except upon that which he had avowedly come to settle. He could not speak upon the subject of Goktscha. On his return he was detained a few days at Erivan until certain movements of the troops, which the Court of Teheran desired to conceal from him, should have been effected. This detention, though explained and apologised for, was treated as a *casus belli*. In the war that followed, the oppressed inhabitants of the provinces annexed by the Treaty of Gulistan rose in revolt in sympathy with Persia. Thanks to their efforts, victory inclined at first to the troops of the Shah. But as strong Russian reinforcements poured in, the tide turned. Erivan, after sustaining three attacks, was stormed by Prince Paskievitch, 13th October 1827. The month following, the Shah sued for peace. By the Treaty of Turkmanchoi, which followed (22nd February 1828), Persia yielded the provinces of Erivan and Nakhchivan.

Russia had demanded these provinces because, she declared, it was necessary to the safety of her empire that she should possess the frontier-line of the Aras (Araxes). But Talish was on the Persian side of that river. Fairly, then, using the Russian argument, Persia might claim the retention of the district. But Talish extended from the Persian district of Ghilan, direct, by the western shore of the Caspian, to the mouth of the Aras, where that river was not fordable. It formed a wedge, in fact, very valuable for future aggression, thrust in between Persia and the western shore of that sea. To the remonstrances of Persia, Russia replied by offering the renewal of hostilities as an alternative. I need scarcely add that Russia kept Talish.

The Treaty of Turkmanchoi still constitutes the agreement between Persia and her powerful neighbor. Since its signature, however, the advance of Russia along her northern frontier has made her existence little more than an existence upon sufferance. The conquest of the Tekke Turkomans, the construction of a railway along that frontier,

and the occupation of the line of the Tejend and the Heri-rud as far as the Zulfikar ford, will place her absolutely at the mercy of the persistent aggressor.

The frontier of Russia at the close of the last century, with reference alike to Turkey and Persia, was a frontier which seemed designed as a natural barrier against an enemy. It was flanked by the Black Sea on one side, by the Caspian on the other, both seas connected by the ranges of the Caucasus—the Caspian again flanked to the eastward by the desert of Kara Kum. In 1828, however, the frontier had been pushed on the Persian side as far as the Aras, with the wedge-like strip beyond it up to Astara. North of the Caspian the frontier-line had gradually been advanced from the point where the Ural debouches into that sea south-eastward to the mouth of the Emba, and thence to a point on the river Tschu, below the Lake of Balkasch, the two being connected by a semi-circular ring, the apex of which was Turgai. No sooner had Russia gained all that she had demanded from Persia by the Treaty of Turkmanchoi, than she began to steal stealthily southward from the westernmost point of this semi-circle—the mouth of the Emba. In pursuance of this plan she erected, in 1833, at the apex of the projecting peninsula, Mangischlak, a fort known as Fort Novo-Alexandrovosk. She proceeded then to connect the fort of Orenburg with the Caspian by means of a fort built at Uralsk on the Ural. To obtain, next, a firm hold of the Sea of Aral, she despatched, in 1846, a competent engineer to report upon the capabilities of the country immediately to the north of the Jaxartes; to sound the channel eastward from that mouth; and to select a convenient spot for the erection of a fort. The officer executed his mission thoroughly. The first result of it was the construction of Fort Aralsk, about thirty-three miles from the point where the Jaxartes flows into the Sea of Aral.

In this manner Russia gained a footing on the Jaxartes. Suspiciously did the wild tribes who fringed the desert of the Kizil Kum note the approach of the foreigners. Such men Russia might conquer, but could not cajole. Hostilities between the tribes and the new-com-

ers began at the very outset. They were carried on with a steady mercilessness on both sides. Neither party asked for or gave quarter. Life was invariably taken whenever a chance offered. After seven years of contest, in the course of which Russia completed Fort Aralsk, the conviction dawned upon the Nomads that the expulsion of the foreigners was not within their capacity; upon the Russians, that their best chance of permanent predominance lay in the further extension of their territory.

The Russians determined, then, to utilise their lodgment on the Jaxartes to launch on that river steam-vessels which should enter and navigate the Sea of Aral. To this purpose they ordered, in Sweden, the construction of a steamer and a steam-barge. Whilst they were yet expecting these, the officer commanding at Fort Aralsk organized a survey party to examine the right bank of the Jaxartes with a view to secure without hindrance the passage of the vessels. The party proceeded by Kasalinsk, which they marked as a site for a new fort, and by Karmaktschi, which they similarly noted, as far as Ak Mechet, now known as Fort Perowsk. The Kokanian Governor of Ak Mechet, distrusting the purposes of the foreigners, refused to allow them to proceed farther. With rage in their hearts, and firmly resolved to make the Kokanian pay for his audacity, the party returned to Fort Aralsk. In spite of the heat of the weather, for it was May, they set out again immediately, their numbers increased to four hundred and fifty, taking with them two 9-pounder guns. The Kokanians, scenting the storm, endeavored to embarrass their assailants by destroying the dam which had been built to divert the waters of the Jaxartes into Lake Ber-kasan, by a canal which, beginning just below Ak-Mechet, ran through the lake and rejoined the river at Karmaktschi. In spite of the difficulties thus caused, the Russians reached Ak Mechet on the sixteenth day after leaving Fort Aralsk. Vain, however, were their efforts to gain the place. Scarcely had they effected a lodgment in the outer works when they were overpowered by numbers, driven out, and forced to retreat. They returned, however, in the spring of the following year,

to the number of two thousand, well equipped and well provided, led by Count Perowski in person. This time there was no mistake. Perowski stormed Ak Mechet, and re-baptised it with his name. The same year the steamer and the steam-barge entered the Sea of Aral.

The war with France and England, which broke out the same year, whilst it caused no intermission in the contest between Russia and the nomadic tribes who had for centuries occupied the banks of the Jaxartes, prevented the former country from putting forth her strength. Reduced to the defensive, Russia had to repel attacks, not to make them. Emboldened by this change in her attitude, the Kokanians made a desperate effort, towards the close of 1853, to recover Fort Perowsk. They were repulsed, but, like their antagonists of 1852, they fell back with a firm resolve to renew the struggle in greater strength the following year. Their purpose was, however, frustrated by the attitude of the Amir of Bokhara. In an evil moment for his House, that Prince made a diversion in favor of Russia so formidable that the Kokanians were forced to renounce their design. They succeeded, however, during the two years that followed in greatly harassing the strangers.

The close of the Crimean War, 30th March 1856, left Russia free to pursue her conquests with greater freedom in Central Asia. Again did she succeed in blinding Europe as to her real intentions. The new Czar, Alexander II., announced ostentatiously to the world that, for Russia, the era of war had passed; that she was about to devote all her energies to internal reforms. He began his peaceful procedure by granting, September 1856, an amnesty to the Poles; less than two years later, and July 1858, he partially emancipated the serfs; the year following he posed before Europe as the reprover of the warlike demonstrations of the princes of Northern Germany during the Italian War; on the 1st January 1861, he concluded a treaty with China for the enlargement of commerce; and, on the 3rd March following, he issued a decree for the total emancipation, within two years, of twenty-three millions of serfs!

Before these benevolent actions Europe bowed the head in admiration. There never was such a prince, so enlightened, so generous, such a lover of peace and mercy! Not even the Radicals of England could utter a word of reproach against a character so noble. Praise of the Czar of Russia became a stock subject at Liberal meetings all over the country. Dissenting ministers thundered from their pulpits the good deeds of the Prince who had redeemed the mistake of his birth by the splendid example he had set to his fellow men. The rugged apostle of peace himself, pointing to the actions of the Czar, denounced, with increased bitterness, the English folly which had led to the Crimean War!

Yet, during this time, whilst the Czar was posing before Europe as a saint and a deliverer, his armies were being hurled, recklessly and ruthlessly, against the ranges of the Caucasus. The inhabitants of these ranges were descendants of the same Circassians whom Elizabeth had attempted to subdue in 1741-5, and who, rather than submit to the yoke of Russia, had fallen back from the slopes into the passes. These men were as daring, as fond of freedom, as had been their ancestors. But the Russian army was too strong to be withstood. The Russian general, Orbelliani, gained three successive victories over them in June, November, and December, 1857. In April 1858 the same general occupied a large portion of their territory, expelling the inhabitants. Still, however, their leader, the illustrious Schamyl, resisted. But, on the 7th September 1859, Schamyl, fighting at the head of the noblest members of his race and tribe, was defeated and taken prisoner. But, though by this victory Russia gained the most important passes of the Caucasus, the resistance was not overcome; nor was it until the 6th June 1864, when Vaidar, the last of the Circassian strongholds, was stormed, that the Grand Duke Michael was able to declare that, for Russia, there was no longer a Caucasus!

Whilst the contest for that magnificent range was continuing Russia had still stealthily pursued her operations in the Transcasian territories. In 1856, the year in which she made her peaceful

professions to Europe, she began the occupation of the country between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, descending southward along the shores of the former sea to Kulmugir, in the Bay of Karabugas. Thence, year after year, she continued to descend till she reached Hassan Kuli Bay, where the Atreck flows into the sea, building, as she proceeded, one fort at Krosnovodsk in 1869, another at Chikishliar in 1870, and improving and increasing her steam communications with Baku, a place which was soon after brought into railway communication with all the arsenals and important centres of Russia.

From the eastern shores of the Sea of Aral the advance was delayed somewhat longer. Gradually and stealthily, however, after the first victories over the Circassians had been achieved, Russia began to creep up the right bank of the Jaxartes, until, in 1863, she entered the rich, fertile, and well-populated districts between that river and the range of the Karatan. In this district are the important cities of Turkestan, of Tchemkend, and Tashkend. Russia hesitated not a moment. Caring little for the fact that Turkestan was garrisoned by the troops of the Amir of Bokhara, she captured the place. Within a few weeks Tchemkend followed the fate of Turkestan.

Then Russia paused. Tashkend was a town of far greater importance than the two I have mentioned. Eight miles in length and five and a half in breadth, it possessed 80,000 inhabitants and a strong garrison. Before marching to attack such a place Russia thought it a wise policy to reassure Europe, and especially England. England, in fact, was beginning to feel some alarm. Not only had the proceedings of Russia in the Caucasus and Central Asia got wind, but the acts of the Czar nearer home—the repression of a revolt in Poland by measures of unparalleled severity—had begun to shake the faith even of the Radicals and Dissenters in the benignity of Alexander II. To reassure England, then, Prince Gortschakoff issued one of the many manifestoes with which Russia has deluded the world. The manifesto might well have been written by General Komaroff. It breathed the sentiments, it used almost the words, which that

general employed to describe his recent battle with the Afghans. Russia, be it remembered, was ascending the Jaxartes, was entering a country not belonging to her, a country inhabited by an industrial population, in whose hands was a very large portion of the rice and cotton trade of Central Asia. Entering that country, she attacked and captured two considerable rice and cotton depôts, signified by the cities Turkestan and Tchemkend. Prince Gortschakoff justified these attacks on the ground that the nomadic and predatory character of the populations on her frontier had forced them upon Russia! Well might it have been asked—if the tribes occupying the captured cities were nomadic and predatory, were not the Russians who attacked them far more so?

To combat the idea that the aggression had been premeditated, and to assure Europe that the capture he defended was purely an isolated act which would not be repeated, Prince Gortschakoff proceeded to imply that the limits of Russian advance had been reached. "We are now," he added, "in the presence of a more solid and compact, less unsettled and better organized social state; fixing for us, with geographical precision, the limit up to which we are bound to advance and where we must halt."

This manifesto was dated November 1864. The ink with which it was penned was scarcely dry before its implied promises were broken. On the flimsiest pretext a quarrel was picked with Bokhara. In the June following (1865) Tashkend was attacked and taken. Then followed a second manifesto, in which Russia repudiated all desire to add to her territories. This manifesto did not, however, prevent her from capturing (1866) Khojend, a city on the left bank of the Jaxartes, and the key to the dominions of the Khan of Kokan. The conquest of that principality, and its annexation to Russia by a ukase, dated July 1867, under its ancient name, Ferghana, followed immediately after. This annexation brought Russia into contiguity with Zarafshan. Of this principality the famous city of Samarkand is the capital, and Russia, then represented by General Kaufman, eager to seize it, forced a quarrel upon

the Amir. The unhappy prince had no desire to quarrel, but he had to fight or to submit without fighting. Compelled to choose the former alternative, he was beaten, and had to yield Zarafshan to Russia, November 1868, and to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Czar!

This conquest was followed by a third, and, in view of the existing state of affairs, a very important assurance on the part of Russia. Lord Clarendon, alarmed at the progress of that power towards India, proposed, in 1869, the constitution of Afghanistan as a neutral zone, into which neither country should enter. The Russian Chancellor hastened to assure Lord Clarendon that his master, the Czar, "looks upon Afghanistan as completely without the sphere in which Russia may be called upon to exercise her influence!"

The excitement caused amongst the populations of Asia by the capture of the holy city of Samarkand had scarcely died away when the report spread far and wide that Khiva was threatened by the conqueror. The fabled wealth of that city had indeed for more than a hundred years excited the cupidity of the sovereigns of Russia, but up to the period at which we have arrived every attempt to capture it had ended in failure. An expedition despatched by Peter the Great in 1716 had reaped only disaster; an agent, sent thither in 1731, had been plundered by the nomads; Blankenagel, a Russian oculist, lent by the Empress Catharine in 1793 to cure the uncle of the reigning Khan, had been scurvily treated; Count Orloff, proceeding thither by order of the Emperor Paul, had returned on hearing of his master's murder; Mouravieff, who had succeeded in reaching the city in 1819, had been imprisoned as a spy; Perowski, who marched against it from Orenburg with 5,325 men and 22 guns in 1839, had been compelled to retrace his steps; Ignatieff, sent thither in 1858 to enforce a treaty on the Khan, had returned without accomplishing his object; finally, an expedition despatched under Markazoff, in 1872, had been ignominiously defeated. Khiva had, in fact, baffled for nearly a century and a half the curiosity and cupidity of Russia.

But it was written that Khiva was to

fall. In compassing that end Russia displayed her usual duplicity. Whilst the Czar was directing the despatch on the same errand of an expedition, under the famous Kaufman, his Minister was carefully assuring England that Russia had no intention whatever of moving on Khiva. The expedition, said the Chancellor to the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is a very small one, designed only to punish some predatory tribes. As for Khiva, he added, "far from its being the intention of the Czar to take possession of that place, he has given positive orders to prevent it." On the 10th June following (1873), General Verevkin took Khiva by assault. Russia promptly annexed the Khivan territory on the right bank of the Oxus, and forced her suzerainty on the wretched Khan!

General Kaufman and the officers of three columns out of the five which had marched against Khiva had had no share in the capture of that city. They were greedy for the crosses and honors, which, as we have seen lately in the case of Komaroff and his raid, Russia bestows with no unsparing hand upon those who shed blood in her service. To obtain those crosses and honors Kaufman promptly forced a quarrel upon the Yomud Turkomans, and massacred them, their wives, and their children, by thousands.

The northern part of the Kara Kum having thus been made secure, Russia was in a position to prepare for that great advance upon India which has been the mainspring of all her action in the steppes. Her task was a difficult one. She had to find her way from the eastern shore of the Caspian, skirting the northern frontier of Persia, until she should obtain a footing in the passes which dominate Herat. To reach those passes three conditions were indispensable to her. She had to conquer the Turkomans of the desert; she had to secure the connivance of Persia; she had to hoodwink England. In all those objects she was successful!

The story of the hard fight with the Turkomans has been often told. I will not weary the reader by repeating it. It must suffice to state that to conquer those hardy warriors three defeats and four campaigns were necessary. The

attack upon the desert began in 1877. The desert was only conquered in 1881.

The conquest of the desert brought Russia to Askabad, 182 miles from the north-east angle of the Persian frontier, represented by the fortress of Sarakhs. The road thither was made traversable, but Russia did not depend upon the road alone. The persistent prescience of her statesmen and her soldiers had transported to the eastern shore of the Caspian rails ready to be laid down as soon as the Turkomans should be subdued. In an incredibly short space of time skilled workmen were transported to the spot. A point, Michaelovsk, at the re-entering angle of the bay below Krasnovodsk, to be reached in a small steamer from that fort in a few hours, was fixed as the starting point. Thence the line was laid as speedily as possible to Kizil Arvat, just above the northernmost part of the Persian frontier, 144 miles from Michaelovsk. From Kizil Arvat it is now being continued with all possible speed to Askabad—135 miles—and to Sarakhs, 186 miles farther!

For the conquest of the Turkomans was simply the prelude to an advance upon Merv and on Sarakhs. To be able to accomplish this, Russia required, I have said, that two conditions should be observed: that Persia should be cowed into connivance, and that England should be hoodwinked into indifference. With respect to the first condition, I may state that every British officer who has visited Persian Khorásán has represented the inhabitants of its towns and its villages as being more afraid of Russia than of the Shah. The province is, in fact, honeycombed by Russians. Every town has its agent, every important village his deputy. These men are of incalculable service to Russia. They talk of the greatness of their master, of the power and the resources of their country; and they point to the humiliating position of England, not daring to permit its officers to travel there, not presuming to question even the right of Russia to advance!

On the subject of the other condition, the hoodwinking of England, it is not necessary for me to say anything. The men who were not hoodwinked, the Rawlinsons and the Freres, the MacGregors and the Hamleys, wrote and

spoke, and urged and advised, till they were regarded as men who had but one idea. They were not listened to. But it is useless to go back to that subject now. The time for recrimination is past. We are in the presence of a great danger, and it becomes every true Englishman to aid in repelling it.

The occupation of Merv in the beginning, and of the plains round Sarakhs in the summer, of 1884, gave Russia positions whence she could march at any moment to seize the passes which dominate Herat. England scarcely questioned her right to occupy those places, and she had leisure to look about. Very soon did she recognise the fact that her new conquests were excellent as places of departure, but as nothing more. They gave her no new base for an army. They provided in sufficiency neither forage nor grain. In all other respects they had no claim to be regarded as repayment for the trouble and the expense already incurred. The able men who directed the forces of Russia soon recognised the fact that to gain a position on the Khushk and the Murgháb, whence they could make a rapid forward move on Herat, they must seize Penjdeh; to obtain a flanking position on the Heri-rúd, they must occupy the ford of Zulfikar.

But, again, certain conditions were held to be as indispensable before the forward move could be made on those points. The frontier of Afghanistan, to which Russia had blindly assented in 1872-73, which had been marked as the frontier in all the German, Russian, and English maps since that date, that frontier must be abolished; advantage then was to be taken of the presence of English troops in the Soudan, of the peaceful sentiments and presumed embarrassments of England, to seize another frontier, a frontier better fitted to the carrying out of the long-cherished ulterior views of Russia.

We all know what followed. Russia acceded with difficulty to the proposal of the English Cabinet to the despatch to Penjdeh of the commissioners from both nations to mark out the new frontier. She sent no commissioner. She sent instead an armed force, which, failing to provoke the Afghans to attack it, fell upon the troops of that people,

peacefully occupying the positions in their own territory to which they had been despatched before the frontier question had arisen, and massacred them almost to a man. The report of their general announcing his success is, as I have said, almost identical in words, exactly identical in spirit, with the manifesto in which Prince Gortschakoff announced, in 1864, the capture of Turkistan and Tchemkend!

So far the first condition had been fulfilled. The Russians had gained a dominating position. Why and how it is a dominating position has been explained by Sir Edward Hamley in a letter addressed to the *Times*, on the 18th April:

"While the general intention," wrote that distinguished officer, "of the Russian advance—namely, to open the way to Herat—is well known, the particular effect of the movements is by no means fully realized. But at this juncture it is very desirable that the change thus made in the situation should be appreciated by the public here, as it certainly is by the instructed soldiers of the continent.

"In seizing the junction of the rivers Kushk and Murghab at Penjdeh the Russians have not only deprived the defenders of Afghanistan of a position of great value both tactically and strategically, but have also secured for themselves—

"1. The principal road to Herat, which lies along the Kushk valley to an easy pass leading into the valley of the Heri Rud at Kushan.

"2. The power of turning the pass opposite the Zulfikar ford if occupied for the defence of Herat.

"3. The command of the chief road (that described in No. 1 is part of it) between Herat and Balkh, and thence on Cabul, which passes through Penjdeh; leaving the communications by this road between those Afghan towns dependent on the permission of the Russians.

"4. The means of thereby advancing from the Caspian upon Cabul.

"Several hill roads on Kushk leading by other passes on Herat.

"By seizing the Zulfikar ford a way from the Persian town of Meshed (where two great highways through Khorassan meet) to the Afghan bank of the Heri Rud is secured. Any concession of the pass opposite the ford to the Afghans is illusory, for their position there would be turned, not only by the route from the Kushk mentioned in No. 2, but by other roads up the valley of the Heri Rud.

"If the Russians should retain possession of these points, they will be able to march on Herat by many roads, not one of which was open to them so long as the Afghans held Penjdeh, Akrobat, and the Zulfikar ford, and to maintain throughout perfect co-operation and communication between the columns moving by the two valleys of the Kushk and the Heri

Rud. From Penjdeh they can also direct their forces on Cabul as well as on Herat. The distance of Penjdeh from Herat is about fourteen days' march, from the Zulfikar ford about ten or eleven."

Many circumstances combine to complicate the situation. Russia is in force in the positions she has seized; Herat is incapable of standing a siege against an enemy well provided with guns; the English troops are distant from Herat nearly six hundred miles; were the English to march thither, they must carry all their supplies; those of Russia can be brought for a part of the distance by railway, and, to a great extent, from the towns on the Persian frontier; the Afghans refuse to admit an English army within their territory. It is, therefore, certain that, if hostilities should break out, Russia will seize Herat. England cannot prevent her. If Russia seize Herat she will never willingly restore it.

What would be the consequences to us of a permanent occupation of Herat by Russia? On this point I cannot add a line to the words I wrote in 1878-80:—

"It is easy to understand," I stated in the argument to my work on Herat, "why a Russian Herat—that is a Herat possessed by a powerful and ambitious Power always enlarging its borders—must ever be a standing menace to Hindustan. The fruitful and fertile valley of the Heri-rud furnishes a new base in which an army can be thoroughly equipped and whence it can march south-eastward. In that valley all the munitions of war can be produced or can be manufactured. The willow and the poplar flourish; mines of lead and iron abound. Russia would require to bring nothing across long, sterile, and sandy deserts. The iron and the lead are there; the saltpetre is there; the charcoal is there; the corn, the wine, and the oil are there; the horses are there; and in a very short time she could drill the hardy population into such a state of efficiency as would enable them to vie even with the Sikhs of the Punjab and the Pathans of the frontier. But that is not all. Secure in a fertile country which provided all the supplies requisite for her army; possessed, by the occupation of Herat, of the markets of Central Asia—a magnificent trade from which England would thus forever be excluded—Russia could afford to wait while she put in practice in the native courts and the bazaars of Hindustan those devices in which she is a proficient, and which she has worked so successfully in Bulgaria, in Servia, and in Roumelia. Thenceforward there would be no peace for the people of India. The English in that country would live in a continual fear of the intrigue which corrupts native soldiers, which wins over native allies, which makes every man doubtful of the morrow."

Since those words were penned the situation has become a thousandfold more intense. Russia has conquered and enlisted in her ranks those splendid Turkoman horsemen who have always formed the vanguard of an invading army of India; and she stands now, with an armed force, literally at the very gates of Herat, whilst we, to whom her occupation of that city would be pregnant with mischief, have not been able to wring from the Amir an assent to the entrance of a single Englishman within her walls!

On every side arises the cry, "What is to be done if Russia, pursuing the advantage she has treacherously gained, should suddenly seize and occupy Herat?" We could not easily assail her there. She would have close at her back all the resources of her vast empire. "From Odessa," we have been told by Sir Edward Hamley, "troops can be conveyed across the Black Sea to Batoum in two days, from thence by rail to Baku in twenty-four hours; another twenty-four hours would see them landed at Krasnovodsk, transferred in lighters to the shallow water by Michaelovsk, and the entertainment of them begun, when the journey to Kizil Arvat, the present, but by no means the final, terminus of the Transcaspian line, occupies twelve hours." Let the reader contrast that position with our position, six hundred miles from Herat, with no railway to carry our supplies, and separated from it by an uncultivated and, in many respects, a difficult and inhospitable country, and he will admit that an advance on Herat occupied by Russian troops in close communication with Russia, across an Afghanistan which by that time Russia might have enlisted on her side, would be a very perilous venture.

Almost equally impossible will it be to remain where we are. Not only would a quiescent attitude, in the presence of a rebuff such as the seizure of Herat, enormously weaken our prestige in India, it would tempt Russia to move on still farther. At Herat she would be three hundred and sixty-nine miles from Kandahar, only two hundred and ninety-four miles from the important position of Girishk on the Helmund. If we were to

permit her to seize those places, she would occupy a position of menace within a hundred and forty-five miles of the British frontier, and she would command nearly a hundred passes leading into the valley of the Indus. Her presence there could not be tolerated. Our first answer, then, to the seizure of Herat by Russia should be the re-occupation of Kandahar and Girishk by England. That is the one safe solution yet remaining to us. With a fortress of the first rank at Kandahar, and the present fort at Girishk enlarged and re-armed, England might yet defy the Machiavellian policy of Russia in the East. What at the present moment is most to be feared is that there will be a patched-up compromise; that Russia may propose that both Powers shall remain where they are: she, in possession of the places she has fraudulently acquired, we, holding our existing frontier; that neither shall advance farther. No sane man can doubt the result of the acceptance by England of such a proposal. England would, undoubtedly, remain true to her obligation: Russia, employing the means used so successfully on countless occasions—with the Nogais of the western Caucasus; with the Valis of Georgia; with the populations of Turkestan and Tchemkend; with the Governor of Samarkand; with the Khans of Kokan and of Khiva; with the Afghans of Penjdeh—would suddenly seize Herat. She would take the opportunity of doing so when she had troops on the spot to support her action; when England was more embarrassed and less wide awake than she is at the present moment. She would excuse the action on the plea that "the nomadic and predatory character of the population had actually forced the capture upon her." Of all possible arrangements, that arrangement would be for England the most humiliating and the most unsafe. It would sanction the attack by Russia on an ally's position, the seizure of the passes dominating his capital, in a time of profound peace. Open war were a thousand times preferable; for this arrangement would not even give us peace. We should have but an armed truce to be broken at the pleasure of our enemy!—*National Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

REPRESENTATIVE GERMAN POEMS, BALLAD AND LYRICAL. Original Texts with English Versions by Various Translators. Edited, with Notes, by Karl Knortz. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The object of this excellent anthology is to present the reader with a clear historical outline of the best lyrics and ballads of Germany, and certainly no country has within the last century and a half been more prolific in noble literature of this order. The heart of Germany has expressed itself in this way with a fulness and freshness almost unrivalled in the world's history. The national love of music is to a great degree responsible for this, as the tendency has been almost irresistible to embody its aspirations and feelings in a form which could be easily and naturally sung. We believe no one will question, at least no German, that in the *Lieder* and those forms of modern poetry most closely allied to them, we have the most characteristic examples of German poetic genius. This is even the case with Goethe, for in the longer and more elaborate developments of Goethe's poetic power, he belongs to the world and not to a single nation. The author, or rather editor, has shown a wide and catholic taste. Among the authors represented are Arndt, Bodenstedt, Bürger, Chamisso, Claudius, Eichendorff, Freiligrath, Geibel, Goethe, Anastasius Grün, Heine, Herder, Herwegh, Von Hoffman, Holtz, Kerner, Körner, Lenau, Lessing, Müller, Von Platen, Rückert, Schiller, Tieck, Uhland, Vogelweide, Wieland, and Zedlitz. We have only mentioned the most distinguished, but there are many other minor poets, from whom delightful specimens are given. An interesting feature of the book is found in the *Lieder* whose authors are unknown, and which sprang straight from the hearts of the people; and in the example of the Minnesingers' and the Meistersingers' song. These have been chosen with excellent taste and knowledge to preserve the historic continuity of German song. A successful attempt has been made to use only the most literal translations, many of which have been made by distinguished English poets with great success in the preservation of the beauty of the originals. The student of German, as well as the adept, will hardly fail to find great pleasure in the volume. At the end of the book brief biographical notes are given, sufficient to freshen the mind of the reader. The publish-

ers have issued the book in a charming dress, and the typographical work is more than usually elegant, even with a house noted for its care in this respect.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COOKING. By W. Matthew Williams, author of "The Face of the Sun," "Science in Short Chapters," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book was published firstly in serial chapters in the English magazine *Knowledge*, and afterward in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Originally they were delivered as lectures to ladies as a part of a course on "Household Philosophy," or at least the material out of which these lectures were woven was, then collected and arranged. Mr. Williams has contributed a very interesting, suggestive and valuable little book, and no ordinarily intelligent person will read it without grasping a good many useful ideas. The matter is so simply and untechnically stated that no one will have any difficulty in following his argument. The author tells us that he has not merely embodied the substance of the investigations of other chemists, but has put forth his own explanations of many simple phenomena concerning the changes effected by cookery. He very modestly, but no less firmly, controverts some of the notions put forth by other authors, and he certainly shows sound cause for his divergence. It is not necessary that a good cook or mistress of a household should be deeply versed in the chemical changes effected in cooking, but it cannot be disputed that some knowledge on this topic, to the extent at least furnished by Mr. Williams, is very distinctly valuable. The ordinary plain cook, who does her work in a perfunctory and mechanical way by the rule of thumb—and that is about all the average family can aspire to—certainly needs a mistress who knows something about the simpler facts in the chemistry of cooking.

Our practical philosopher begins at the A B C of the business, and so the first chapter is given up to the boiling of water. Some notions of the scope of the book may be shown in the captions of the chapters: "Albumen," "Gelatin Fibrin and the Juices of Meats," "Roasting and Grilling," "Frying," "Stewing," "Cheese," "Fat-Milk," "Cookery of Vegetables," "Gluten-Bread," "Vegetable Casein and Vegetable Juices," "Rumford's

Cooking and Cheap Dinners," "Count Rumford's Substitute for Tea and Coffee," "Condiments," "The Cookery of Wine," "The Vegetarian Question," "Matted Food," etc. Mr. Williams approves and follows in great measure the investigations of an American philosopher, a contemporary of Franklin and an equally remarkable man, though less well-known, Count Rumford.

Firstly a Massachusetts 'prentice-boy and schoolmaster, he became successively a British soldier and diplomatist, Colonel Sir Benjamin Thompson, then colonel of horse and general aide-de-camp of the King of Bavaria, then major-general of cavalry, privy counsellor of State, and head of the War Department of Bavaria, then Count Rumford of the Holy Roman Empire and Order of the White Elephant, then military dictator of Bavaria, with full governing power in the absence of the king, then a resident of London and the founder of the Royal Institution, then a citizen of Paris and the husband of the "Goddess of Reason," the widow of the great Lavoisier. Among all Count Rumford's investigations there were none he valued so highly as those on the chemistry of cooking, in which branch of science he may be regarded as the great pioneer. Count Rumford insisted that the quality and value of cooked food depended upon the quantity of solid nutritious food used, than on the choice and mingling of ingredients, and a proper management of the fire in the combination of them. In a word, much more stress was laid on the art and skill of the cook than on the sums laid out in the market.

It would be impossible for us to do more than to give a very general notion of the scope and character of the book. Its value is not merely that of rules of information, but it stimulates the action of thought and common sense. This the cook and often the mistress of a household lack. If every one performing such function should be made to read and inwardly digest such a book as that under notice, we have no doubt that the world would be far better off.

A COMPANION TO THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT. By Talbot Chambers, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

The purpose of this volume is clearly given in the title. It is intended to furnish a convenient key and a manual to those readers of the Old Testament who wish to acquaint themselves with its origin and aim, and the principles on which it was carried out. Dr. Cham-

bers was one of the American Revision Committee, and, it need hardly be said, executes his task with great thoroughness, as well as good judgment. The author does not attempt to defend the work of the revisers, conscious that it must stand or fall on its own merits, but contents himself with clearly indicating just what these changes are. A brief digest of some of the most interesting of these alterations will be in place at this time.

The New Testament Revision was issued in May, 1881, and more than three millions of copies were sold before the close of the year. The sale of the Old Testament is not likely to equal that of the New Testament. It will probably be more favorably received, as it involves no changes of the Hebrew text—no older manuscripts than the Masoretic having been discovered—and the idiom of the Authorized Version is most carefully preserved, out of regard for the conservative feeling of the Church in its attachment for the language of the old version. It is not in any sense a new translation, only a *revision* of the common version. The simple aim has been to correct the errors of the translation and make the revision as perfect as possible. It presents the results of the combined labor of a large number of the best Hebraists and Biblical scholars of England and the United States, most of them professors of Hebrew in universities and seminaries. It has, moreover, the advantage of the great advances of the last fifty years in Oriental philology, biblical geography, history and antiquities, all of which were but imperfectly understood by the forty-seven translators of King James' Bible.

Whatever may be the final general verdict as to the merits of this revision as a whole, it cannot but be regarded as the most important event in the history of the English Bible since 1611, when the Authorized Version was given to the English-speaking world. And, whether it be accepted and adopted or not, its influence on Biblical exegesis and interpretation will be wide-spread and pronounced. No intelligent man anticipates that the Revised Bible will at once supplant the common version. Thousands of self-constituted critics will object to manifold specific changes which have been made, as unwarranted and unwise. Still it admits not of a doubt that the revision is a more intelligent and accurate representation of the original than our present Bible. It could not well be otherwise, as no pains have been spared, under wise and comprehensive rules, to get the best results of the most advanced

and accomplished scholarship of the day. Though the revision will not afford universal satisfaction, yet it is a good beginning and a grand advance toward a complete and universally accepted revision of the Bible. If the present revision were *perfect*, or as nearly so as Christian scholarship and painstaking can ever make it, it would not at once displace the old.

Among the leading features of the revision, it need hardly be said, are the changes of obsolete words for those which clearly express the meaning according to the current phrase of to-day. Again there are many renderings declared to be incorrect by all lexicons and critical commentators. For example, the word *hypocrite* is found eight times in the Book of Job, yet in not one of them does the original term have that meaning. So one of the oblations mentioned often in the Pentateuch and elsewhere is called a "meat offering," which leads the reader to suppose that it is an animal sacrifice, whereas the Hebrew means an unbloody oblation, and is correctly rendered "meal offering." Space prevents us from giving any extended illustrations of such alterations, but the work of the revision has been very complete in this direction, the idea being to insure unmistakable clearness.

A feature which at once challenges universal attention is the printing of the poetical passages in the form of verse. We have instances in the blessing of Jacob (Gen. xlix.), the song of triumph at the Red Sea (Ex. xv.), the rapt utterances of Balaam (Num. xxiii., xxiv.), and the song and the blessing of Moses at the end of his life (Deut. xxxii., xxxiii.). Also as in shorter texts, as the song of Lamech (Gen. iv.), the prophecy of Noah (Gen. ix.), the Lord's answer to Rebecca (Gen. xxv.), the blessings by Isaac (Gen. xxvi.), the song of the well (Num. xxi.), and the abrupt ode on the downfall of Moab (*ibid.*). The form of these passages shows that they belong to that poetical feeling and habit which pervaded the entire life and history of the Hebrews. Whatever moved the heart was expressed in song, whether it was the discovery of a fountain in the desert or joy over some great victory. The revision has wisely given the verse form only to those passages which by their origin and structure compel one to see in them an outburst of poetical feeling.

The following selection of passages which have been changed in the revision is intended as a specimen of the work done, and of the principles upon which it has been carried out.

GENESIS.—In the first chapter the putting of each day's work in a separate paragraph aids the common-reader. In iv. 23 the song of Lamech is made more intelligible by making the second couplet read,

For I have slain a man for wounding me,
And a young man for bruising me.

In xliii. 1 "Abraham went up out of Egypt . . . into the South," the printing of the last word with a capital letter shows that it refers to a definite region (the Negeb), and thus avoids the incongruity of the A. V. in leading one to think that the patriarch reached Palestine by going south from Egypt. In v. 18 "the plain of Mamre which *is* in Hebron" is changed to "the oaks of Mamre which are in Hebron," because this is the meaning of the Hebrew, and there is no plain in Hebron or its vicinity. (So xiv. 13 and xviii. 1.) In xviii. 19, "For I know him that he will command his children and his household after him," is changed to "For I have known him, to the end that he may command," etc. In xxiv. 2, "Abraham said to his eldest servant of his house," is made to read, "Abraham said to his servant, the elder of his house," which is what the Hebrew means. In xxxiii. 18, "And Jacob came to Shalem, a city of Shechem," the revision reads, "came in peace to the city of Shechem," because no such city as Shalem is known, and the true rendering shows how God fulfilled Jacob's request (xxviii. 21). In the prophecy of Jacob (Gen. xlix.) are several manifest improvements. Reuben is charged with being not "unstable," but, as the original word means, "boiling over"—that is, impulsive or excitable, which exactly describes his character, as shown by his conduct on various occasions. In the fifth verse, "instruments of cruelty are in their habitations," the margin of the A. V., "weapons of violence are their swords," is inserted in the text, as being both more literal and more expressive. In the ninth verse, instead of saying that Judah couched "as an old lion," the revision returns to Tyndale's more accurate rendering, "as a lioness."

EXODUS (ii. 22) "A stranger in a strange land" is rendered "a sojourner in a strange land." In the song of triumph after passing the Red Sea (Ex. xv.) the vividness and poetical grandeur of the lyric are shown in the revision by the change of the past tense into the present in vv. 5-7, and of the future into the past in vv. 14-16, a change required by the original. In the obscure passage (Ex. xvii. 16) the text retains the rendering of the A. V.,

while the margin gives the more literal sense of the Hebrew. "Because there is a hand (*i.e.*, the hand of Amalek) against the throne of the Lord [therefore] the Lord will have war with Amalek from generation to generation." In the second commandment (xx. 5) we have a slight change, "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me" (the exact sense of the original). The sixth command (v. 13) is, after the pattern of the Prayer Book and the A. V. in Matt. xix. 18, given as "Thou shalt do no murder," and the same at Deut. v. 17. The advantage of this rendering is that it needs no limitation or explanation. To *kill* is often lawful, and sometimes a duty, but to *do murder* is wrong always and everywhere. "Tabernacle of the Congregation" is changed to "Tent of Meeting." In the word "Jehovah," the A. V. is followed, the revisers not thinking it advisable to insert it uniformly in place of "Lord" or "God," which when printed in small capitals represent the words substituted by Jewish custom for the ineffable name. Of technical terms from the Hebrew, one in three seems to have been generally introduced. The word "grove" (Judges vi. 28) has been replaced by "asherah," with its plurals "asherim" and "asheroth."

THE HISTORICAL BOOKS.

JUDGES. (ch. v.) The song of Deborah is amended according to the demands of modern scholarship. Verses 10 and 11 are rendered,

Tell of it, ye that ride on white asses.
Ye that that sit on rich carpets,
And ye that walk by the way.

Far from the noise of archers, in the places of
drawing water

There shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord.

2 SAMUEL. (l. 18.) A. V. reads, "Bade them teach the children of Israel the *use of the bow*," the revision puts it "*song of the bow*." In li. 23, "Abner smote him under the fifth rib," changed in agreement with modern lexicons to "in the belly." In v. 10 we read "David went on and grew great;" the revision resolves this Hebrew idiom "David waxed greater and greater." In vi. 19, instead of a "flagon of wine," the revision properly reads, "a cake of raisins."

2 KINGS. The interrogation in i. 3 as to Ahaziah's folly in consulting the god of Ekron when he was sick, gains much in force and vividness by being put, as the Hebrew demands, in a positive form—"Is it because there is no God in Israel that ye go to inquire

of Baal-zebul?" The addition of the margin to ii. 9 forbids the common mistake of supposing that Elisha asked to have twice as much of the Spirit as Elijah had. He asked a first-born's portion in his master's spirit. In viii. 11 the addition of the words in italics, "*upon him*," to the statement, "and he settled his countenance steadfastly," removes an ambiguity by showing that it was the steady gaze of Elisha that put Hazael to shame. In ix. 8, and everywhere, the term "man child" expresses the full sense, and does away with a disagreeable form of speech. (A similar euphemism is introduced in xvii. 27.) In xii. 4 the phrase "current money," which exactly renders the Hebrew, displaces the obscure statement, "*even* the money of every one that passeth *the account*." Many readers have stumbled at the statement (xxii. 14) that Huldah dwelt at Jerusalem "in the college," but the word means, as the revision has it, "the second quarter" of the city, probably an addition recently made to its inclosure.

In 2 Chron. in A. V. we read of oxen that compassed the molten sea "ten in a cubit," which is impossible. The revision has it "for ten cubits." The word "devils" in xi. 15 is incorrect, and is therefore rendered literally "he goats." The last words of this chapter, "And he desired many wives," which in the A. V. only repeat what has been already said, are made in the revision to have a sense which is legitimate and in harmony with the connection. "And he sought for them [the sons just mentioned] many wives."

IN THE POETICAL BOOKS

"Sheol" replaces "hell," which has been changed in prose passages to "the grave" and "the pit," with "sheol" in the margin. "Of these renderings, hell," says the preface, "if it could be taken in its original sense as used in the creeds, would be a fairly adequate equivalent for the Hebrew word, but it is so commonly understood as the place of torment that to employ it frequently would lead to inevitable misunderstanding." In Isaiah xiv., where "hell" is used in more of its original sense, the revisers have left "hell" in the text, putting "sheol" in the margin.

JOB i. 5 (also ii. and ii. 5, 9), "cursed God" is rendered "renounced God." In iii. 8, the change of "mourning" into "Leviathan" (the marginal reading of A. V.) is demanded by fidelity. In v. 7, 8 the reasoning of Eliphaz is sadly perplexed in the A. V. by making him say "Although affliction cometh not, etc., yet

man is born to trouble, etc.;" whereas what he says is really as the revision gives it:

For affliction cometh not forth of the dust,
Neither doth trouble spring out of the ground;
But man is born unto trouble,
As the sparks fly upward.

Sorrow does not come from natural causes, but from man's sinful nature. In viii. 13, as in seven other places, "hypocrite" is changed to "godless man," which is the true meaning of the word. In ix. 29 "If I be wicked" is justly, and with great advantage to the sense, made to read, "I shall be condemned." In the very difficult verse, xi. 12, the revision renders

But in vain man would be wise,
Though man is born as a wild ass's colt,

and puts in the margin one of the most probable of the many other renderings, some of which show that if the charge in the text is not true of the race, it is of some members of it. In xii. 5 the obscure comparison of a man ready to fall to "a lamp despised" disappears in the revision, which renders faithfully and clearly,

In the thought of him that is at ease there is contempt for
misfortune;
It is ready for them whose foot slippeth.

We are glad to see that the common version of 13, 15, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him," is substantially retained, though most critics give it a different sense.

In v. 27 the obscure "settest a print upon the heels of my feet" becomes "drawest a line about the soles of my feet"—i.e., keepest me a prisoner. The revision renders xvii. 11 "Are the consolations of God," etc., more literally and forcibly, thus:

Are the consolations of God too small for thee,
And the word that *dealeth* gently with thee?

So in xvi. 21 it makes Job express the wish that his witness, God, would see right done him both with God and with men. The touching passage xvii. 15, 16, "where is now my hope? They shall go down," etc., is so altered as to show Job's conviction that the hope held before him by his friends, instead of being realized, will go down with him to Sheol when once he finds rest in the grave. Thus:

Where, then, is my hope?
And as for my hope, who shall see it?
It shall go down to the bars of Sheol,
When once there is rest in the dust.

In xviii. 15 the meaningless words "It shall dwell in his tabernacle because it is none of his," become "There shall dwell in his tent that which is none of his"—viz., strangers.

The notable passage xix. 25-27 is greatly clarified. The offensive and needless mention of "worms," to which there is nothing answering in the Hebrew, is dropped. Job had just expressed a wish for a perpetual record of his words, that coming generations might know his claim to rectitude. This, however, was not enough. Hence he adds, "But I know"—whatever their opinion may be; "I know"—that my Redeemer liveth. This vindicator will stand up upon the earth in a future day, and Job will see him. That vision of God will be all that he needs, as it is an assurance of peace and reconciliation. It will be from his flesh, and as his body is said to have been destroyed, it must be from a new body, which implies a resurrection. In the margin are stated the other and more generally accepted views, which consider the vision as made "without the flesh"—i.e., in a disembodied state, and that Job sees God "on my side"—i.e., favorable, and "not a stranger"—i.e., not hostile or estranged. The last clause, "My reins are consumed within me," is an expression of intense longing.

THE PSALMS are definitely divided into five books, the last four beginning respectively at Psalms xliii., lxi., xc. and cvii. In Ps. viii. 5 man is said "to have been made a little lower than God," which exactly conforms to the Hebrew. The A. V.'s "lower than the angels" was taken from the LXX. (and copied by the Vulgate, and quoted in Hebrews ii. 7), where they answer the needs of the writer's argument. But the quotation in the N. T. affords no reason for overlooking the strength of the Hebrew. The use of JEHOVAH (in place of LORD) in the first verse and the last adds to the force and beauty of the psalm. In Ps. ix. the confusion and obscurity of v. 6 are removed by a version which brings God's overthrow of the wicked into marked contrast with the fact that HE sits as king forever. In Ps. x. every verse except the first is more or less changed, with the effect on the whole of greatly increasing the vividness of the characterization. In xi. 2 the substitution of "in darkness" for "privily" is one of many instances in which a literal version is more expressive than any paraphrase. The 16th Psalm is greatly improved. Its general theme is that God is all in all to the believer, and this is well given in the new rendering of v. 2,

I have said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord;
I have no good beyond thee.

In v. 10 the revision substitutes for the misleading "in hell" the literal rendering "to

Sheol," which means that the singer's soul is not to be abandoned to the state of the dead. The change of the same word in xviii. 5 shows that the writer there was not complaining of hellish sorrows, but of the net-work of the unseen world closing around him.

The cords of Sheol were round about me.

WE PLACE A FEW CHANGES IN PARALLEL COLUMNS.

| AUTHORIZED VERSION. | REVISED VERSION. |
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| Ps. 32: 5. "I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." | "I will set him in safety at whom they mock." |
| Ps. 68: 4. "Extol him that rideth upon the heavens," | "Cast up a highway for him that rideth thro' the deserts." |
| Ps. 68: 19. "Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits," | "Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burdens." |
| Ps. 68: 30. "Rebuke the company of spearmen." | "Rebuke the wild beasts of the reeds." |
| Ps. 82: 7. "As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there. All my springs are in Thee." | "As well the singers as they that dance say, all my fountains are in Thee." |
| Ps. 141: 5. "And let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil which shall not break my head." | "And let him reprove me; it shall be oil upon the head; let not my head refuse it." |
| Prov. 14: 9. "Fools make a mock at sin; but among the righteous there is sin." | "The foolish scorn the guilt offering; but among the upright there is good will." |
| 8: 16. "Carved woods, fine linen of Egypt." | "Striped cloths of the yarn of Egypt." |
| 10: 23. "It is as sport to a fool to do mischief; but a man of understanding hath wisdom." | "And so is wisdom to a man of understanding." |
| 13: 15. "The way of transgressors is hard." | "The way of the treacherous is ragged." |
| 16: 1. "The preparations in man and the answer of the tongue is from the Lord." | "The preparations of the heart belong to man, but the answer of the tongue is from the Lord." |
| Ecc. 5: 14. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." | "All is vanity and striving after wind." |
| 19: 13. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, etc." | "This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard. Fear God, etc." |

THE PROPHETICAL BOOKS.

The revision adheres to the A. V. in the prose form, except in those cases where the poetic form and spirit plainly contrast with that which precedes and follows. *e.g.*, the prayer of Jonah and the sublime ode in the 3d chapter of Habakkuk, and the whole of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which are evidently of a lyric character. The division into paragraphs is suggested either by the short titles given the text, as in Isaiah xxi. 11, 13, where "The

burden of Dumah" and "The burden upon Arabia" obviously imply the transition to a new theme, or by the internal structure to other parts where the prophet passes from one subject to another. The christology of the O. T. is scarcely changed. The crucial passage, Isaiah vii. 14, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son," remains unchanged, except that the margin suggests, "the Virgin is with child and beareth." Isaiah xl. 4, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord," is changed to read "The voice of one that crieth, prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord." ix. 5. Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire," is changed for the better, "For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be for burning, for the fuel of fire." In the 53d chap. the revision removes the confusion of tenses in vs. 2, 3, as "He *shall* grow up;" "when we shall see him;" "He *is* despised and rejected." The correction of these makes the description more correct and impressive, as one continuous picture of lowliness and rejection. In v. 3, instead of "we hid as it were our faces from Him," there is the exacter rendering, "as one from whom men hide their face, He was despised," etc. The difficult 8th verse, "he was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare his generation?" is made plainer by rendering, "By oppression and judgment He was taken away; and who considereth His generation?" In liv. 8 "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee" becomes "In overflowing wrath I hid my face," etc., thus making a stronger contrast with the kindness mentioned in the next clause. In v. 12 the promise to Zion is not "windows of agate," but "pinnacles of rubies." In lvi. 10, 11 the comparison of Israel's rulers to dumb, indolent, greedy dogs, and to faithless shepherds, is brought out much more clearly than in the A. V. The indignant question of Jehovah at offerings made to idols (lvii. 6), "Should I receive comfort in these?" is much better expressed by "Shall I be appeased for these things?" "who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah," etc., is greatly helped by representing the conqueror as "marching" rather than "travelling" in the greatness of his strength, and by a more vigorous rendering of the last clause of v. 6, but especially by preserving the preterite tenses of the original.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A SOCIETY for the study of Teutonic and Romance philology has recently been founded in St. Petersburg. At its third meeting, held a few days ago, "Beowulf" was the subject of the paper read by M. Th. A. Braun. M. Braun has prepared a close prose Russian translation from the text published by the Early English Text Society.

MR. J. A. SYMONDS has returned to his work on Italian history, and is studying the sequel to his "Renaissance in Italy." This book will show the changes wrought in Italian society and culture by the Catholic revival and Spanish influence, during the period between 1530 and 1600.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is now preparing for his approaching departure across the Atlantic, and intends to undertake no fresh literary work until he returns with some more "impressions of America."

THE *Times* records the death at Leipsic, on April 15, of Walther von Goethe, the grandson of the great poet, whose family thus becomes extinct. The deceased had some repute as a musician, and had been a pupil of Mendelssohn. It is said that he possessed a large number of documents relating to his illustrious ancestor, which it is expected will now be made public.

HUNGARIAN literature has suffered a heavy loss by the death at Buda-Pesth on April 14th of Wilhelm Györy, the popular poet and author of several plays. Györy was an Evangelical pastor, and a member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences.

SOME little time ago a gentleman bought for a few pence at a bookstall in London an old book, which was of no particular value, but which he happened to want. It was bound in vellum, and by the lapse of time the skin had become separated from the cardboard to which it had originally been pasted. On reaching home, and when about to commence the perusal of his purchase, Mr. — noticed a something between the vellum and the boards. Without much thought of what he was doing, he unfolded the vellum, when to his great delight he saw what proved to be nearly a whole pack of very rare and ancient playing cards. After keeping his treasures for some little time, and exhibiting them to his friends, Mr. — was at last induced to part with them for a considerable sum to the British Museum. He

has spent all his leisure time since in examining the bindings of old books at stalls and elsewhere.

It has been decided that the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, hitherto closed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, shall, from the 1st of May till the 15th of September, remain open till 6 P.M. A century ago the library was open but on two days a week, and then only from 9 to 2 o'clock. By a decree of 25 Vendémiaire, An IV., it was ordered that it should be regularly opened every day from 10 till 2; in 1832 the time was extended another hour; and in 1858, under M. Taschereau's administration, the closing hour was fixed at 4 o'clock.

M. PAUL BOURGET, the author of "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine" and several other volumes of prose and verse, is engaged on a series of studies on the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England in its literary aspect. These studies will probably ultimately be collected into a volume after their appearance in one or two of the leading French magazines.

MISS CHRISTINA ROSSETTI has prepared for the press a book whose title, "Time Flies, a Reading Diary," indicates its nature. It is to consist of entries of various kinds for every day of the year: adjusted to church festivals and black letter days. The subject matter is nevertheless varied in character; anecdotes, personal reminiscences, discursive remarks, etc., finding constant place in the three hundred pages or thereabout of which the volume will consist.

MRS. MARY HOWITT has written a series of papers which she entitles "Reminiscences of My Life." They are to appear in "Good Words," beginning with the June number.

THE first chapter of Mr. Ruskin's illustrated "Autobiography" has appeared in London. The work is to be completed in thirty chapters (three volumes) which will be brought out monthly. A limited number of large paper copies will be issued with India proof impressions of the plates. The title of the book is "Praeterita: Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts Perhaps Worthy of Memory in my Past Life."

MR. STANLEY's book on the Congo is to be printed in eight different languages, conveying to as many great nations the views of "four river basins," which, to employ the author's characteristically mercantile words, are "offered to civilization at the rate of 14d. per acre, with an annual trade of over 3s. per acre almost guaranteed."

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